

Nos. XXXVI. to XL.]

[Jany. to June., 1876.]

MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES
OF

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE,
INCLUDING CHIEFLY

History and Antiquities, Geography and Travels,
Bibliography and Oriental Literature, Jurisprudence and
Commerce, &c.

EDITED BY

SAMBHU CHANDRA MOOKERJEE.

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MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

January to June, 1876.

A VOICE FOR THE COMMERCE AND
MANUFACTURES OF INDIA.

SECTION IV.

THE *PRESENT* OF THE COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF INDIA.
PART II.—MANUFACTURES.

“THE calicoes and long cloths of Manchester and Paisley have now obtained an undisputed possession of the markets of the East, as the hardwares of Sheffield, Birmingham, and Leeds; and the abundance and cheapness of British manufactures have diffused a taste for these articles among classes who formerly never had a wish beyond the necessaries of life. While the industry of Indian artizans was, in former times, exclusively directed to fabricate only the coarsest articles for the poorer, and the most costly luxuries for the richer classes, the rapid increase of the consumption of a superior sort of fabric, (still much below the Cashmere shawls and brocades of the rich) unknown till within these twenty years in any part of Hindustan, marks the slow but gradual growth under British protection of an intermediate class in society, superior to the naked ryot, but inferior to the pampered Zemindar: while by one of those changes, which bespeak the revolution of ages and measure the difference in the progress of different quarters of the globe, the cotton of India transported to the British shores, and manufactured by the refinements of European machinery, is sent back to the East, and by its greater cheapness, has opened to a class, who never before could enjoy them, the comforts of the original produce of Hindustan.”—*Alison's History of Europe*. Chapter XLVII.

“All the old indigenous industries of these provinces are decaying, such as the muslins and other of the finest cotton fabrics, the coarser cotton cloths, the brass wares, the wicker-work, and others. There was one important industry well sustained, namely, the silk fabrics, but of late this also has rapidly declined.”—*Bengal Administration Report for 1874-75*.

2 *A Voice for the Commerce and Manufactures of India.*

I now come to consider the *present* of India's manufactures. This is a part of the task which I most cheerfully undertake to fulfil, in order to set an example of supplying that much-needed information which always precedes, and paves the way to action. The condition of India, during the present period, is one of rapidly increasing impoverishment. In this condition of our country, there is, I think, no public question of such high importance and absorbing interest, which should occupy the principal share of attention, and which needs a careful study and constant agitation, combined with the display of a clever statesmanship, as the question of the revival of our trades and industries. These offer the best sources to which we can turn for replenishment, and for arrest of the further progress of pauperization. Just as the soil yields a more secure and plentiful subsistence than flocks and herds, does the produce of manufacture represent the greater wealth, comfort, and civilization of a nation than the produce of agriculture. Though of such superlative importance, it is strange to find there is no sign of the recognition of that importance—no due appreciation of the great value of manufactures in the domestic economy of a nation. Nowhere in the country does a word about them fall on the ear, or a symptom meet the eye. Our school-boys have no scope in their education to make them enterprising traders and manufacturers in after-life. Our intelligent young men meet to discuss and descant on all kinds of subjects, but they never choose to express their thoughts on the development of the national resources. Far from being in favour of any project for the restoration of indigenous industry, our Banyans, or mercantile men, have become so demoralised as to regard with fondness, and wish to see perpetuated, the system of business which has made them prosper. The native press, or the native platform, has never shown any zeal in the advocacy of our commercial interests. The Native States are governed without any commercial policy. No more is mankind blind to futurity, than we are to the

Importance of the subject not duly appreciated.

usefulness of the arts and sciences. In proof of the utter indifference of our nation to the fate of our trades and industries, let me cite the instance, fresh in every man's mind, of the agitation of Manchester to get the Indian import duties on cotton goods repealed. When it was first raised, nobody could mistake the object of that agitation, or fail to regard it as less than a deep laid conspiracy to put down our manufacturing rivalry—raising thereby a question of far higher stakes to us than those involved in the deposal of the Gaekwar. "Whoever is warned, is half-saved," says the proverb. From the date the deputation of the English mill-owners first waited on the Secretary of State for India to the enactment of the Tariff Bill, full eighteen months' warning was had; and yet, during this long interval, no stir was made—no step was taken to rouse the attention of the country—no meetings were held in the considerable towns to express the popular feeling—no opinion of the trading and manufacturing classes was invited—and no counter move, characterised as much by intensity as unanimity, was set up to checkmate the foe. The papers did not at all come to the rescue. The *Patriot* remained as silent as ever from its want of sympathy with the cause.* To the political wiseacres, who profess to keep up a representative association, but between whose professions and performances there is always a wide distance which is known only to one conversant with their ways and workings, it did not at all occur to submit a remonstrance. The occasion for a strong and united protest on the part of the Native public was never so emergent. But, in very truth, not a word was uttered, not a line was written in vindication of our rights. The chance for arresting the decay of our trades was entirely thrown away, and the result of our supineness and apathy was the quiet enactment of the new Tariff Bill, strangulating a valuable industry in its very nascence. India has not yet awakened to a proper

* The *Patriot* did not speak out in season. All its principal articles appeared long after the Tariff Bill had been passed. It is the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* that writes every now and then, but not with much painstaking.

4 *A Voice for the Commerce and Manufactures of India.*

commercial life. Its princes, statesmen, capitalists, and journalists, are, as yet, little aware that they have scarcely a nobler task before them than to exert for procuring to the millions of their countrymen better food, better clothing, better houses, better education, and a fairer share of the wealth which they so largely help to create.

There is the greater necessity for an enquiry, such as is proposed to be made here, because in addition to the blindness of our nation, it labours under a most hurtful infatuation.

The loss outweighs the gain.

Instead of deploring the loss of our manufactures as a misfortune, it believes that we are better off now than at any time before. The general idea on the subject being so very far from the truth, it is desirable that an accurate diagnosis should enable us clearly to understand the matter, and arrive at just conclusions. The present of our manufactures embraces a wide and chequered field, and the more minutely we survey that field, the more reason shall we find to dissent from those who imagine that they live in better times, and under a better state of things. Doubtless, the present age has been fruitful of many new advantages. It has made our agriculture receive valuable accessions from the cultivation of opium, coffee, and tea. The working of our coal-mines has made a new era in the history of Indian mining. The railroads and telegraphs are industries of a type that was unknown to our predecessors. The value of the art of printing cannot be measured by silver or gold—the introduction of it alone is a compensating advantage for a thousand injuries. Nobody can ignore these advantages—the impetus they have given to native industry in a new direction, the large demand for labour they have created, and the resources for the livelihood of hundreds of thousands they have opened. Let us be duly grateful for the blessings received. But let us, at the same time, guard ourselves against being imposed upon by the glittering front they present. Once behind the scenes, and all is known—the deep chasms of ruin lying hid beneath a smooth surface of paint and varnish.

A Voice for the Commerce and Manufactures of India. 3

The public is annually treated with an account of the material progress of India. But the systematic effort to carry out a policy solely for the wealth, power, and glory of England, and which has operated as an exhaustive incumbrance on the resources of India, furnishes the best contradiction to the truth of our material prosperity. The improvements, or the new arts and industries which have been introduced, are largely outweighed by the many serious damages sustained. It is a small consolation for our nation, to be a gainer by thousands, but a loser by millions. To quote the *Times*:—"it is a grave question whether in former times India has not been richer, its people better educated, its manufactures more flourishing than now; and if there be but a misgiving on the point, it must materially diminish the complacency with which we contemplate our empire."

Passing on from the *Past* to the *Present* of India's manufactures, the tale told is quite different—the prospect surveyed is the very reverse. On all sides, is widespread and heart-rending ruin. One by one, the handicrafts which once made Hindustan famous, have dwindled, decayed, and disappeared from the land. Our mines are now entirely neglected. Our valuable iron-trade has ceased to exist. Our sugar-trade has met with collapse. Our saltpetre-trade is in a state of stagnation. Our salt-trade is struggling under high-handed suppression. The beautiful fabrics of our looms have been driven out of the markets of the world. No more "the hot activity and flourishing industry," spoken of by Bernier, anywhere meet the eye. No more is Bengal "the great cotton country of India." Instead of supplying, it is now supplied with "a vast quantity of cotton cloths, of every sort, fine and coarse, white and colored." Instead of meeting with "every man, woman, and child in a village engaged in making a piece of cloth," such as Orme witnessed a hundred years ago, we find the weaver class now to be the worst off and in the utmost destitution. The contrast between the *past* and the *present* of India's manufactures can never be so well presented

A glance at the
present of our
Manufactures.

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as after the fashion of Hamlet, who asked his mother first to "look on this"—the picture of his natural father, and next "on that"—the picture of his step father. Similarly let the reader first consider the following passage from De Foe, who, writing in 1708, gives a pleasing vista of the *past*:—

"The general fancy of the people runs upon East India goods. It has crept into our houses, bedchambers, curtains, cushions, chairs; and at last beds themselves were nothing but calicoes or Indian stuffs; and, in short, almost every thing relating to the dress of the women or the furniture of our houses was supplied by the Indian trade. About half of the woollen manufacture was entirely lost, half of the people ruined, and all this by the intercourse of the East India trade."

Let him next dwell on the picture of India's altered condition in the present day.

"Natives for the most part wear Manchester cotton fabrics, children play in the bazars with English and French toys, moonshees write on foreign paper, the sick drink foreign medicines, native ladies wear imitation pearls manufactured in Paris, the toper has his foreign manufactured glass, out of which he drinks French or British brandy, the sportsman of position shoots with a rifle purchased in the Strand, and the English speaking native official has begun to adorn his *understandings* with stockings from Paisley or Leicester, and patent leather boots and shoes made by machinery in Birmingham."*

Never were heels over head so thoroughly placed—never was the reversal of position so complete. There is two-fold conquest—the conquest of our Raj, with the conquest over our very arts and enterprise. Few and faint now are the signs of India's manufacturing life. The Indian manufacturer is now another kind of being. His whole life has become changed. The great machinery of State has crushed and moulded him into a new creature, with a new *rôle* before him. He is now little better than an animated automaton moved by a will far above and beyond his comprehension. He has no choice of his own, but must work at the dictation of others. Thus, from a manufactural point of view, the India we live in, is very different from the India of past

* Extract from the *Indian Public Opinion* by the *Hindu Patriot* of 17th July, 1875.

centuries. Her conqueror has doomed her to be an agricultural country—and her children, moving only in the agricultural groove, have been reduced now to an abject dependance on foreign industry for the supply of necessities which Nature has placed at their very doors.

This sad humiliation has been brought about by causes which have never been the subject of a patient and attentive investigation.

Our stand-still is one of the causes of the decay of our Manufactures.

From an impartial consideration of the matter, it is found to be as much the result of a contest between our fatal *laissez-faire* and the indomitable energy

of the European race, as of our inferior intelligence, and of legislative interference. The progress of a nation in arts and manufactures always depends upon its progress in science, in other words, upon the knowledge of the secrets of nature and its application to purposes of human life. The unprecedented progress of science in modern Europe, has turned the scale in favour of its nations, and reversed their position in relation to the Asiatics. It was a peculiarity of the ancients to subordinate the physical to the moral. But with a new day-spring of knowledge, the world has adopted a new principle, and entered upon a new career. The chief elements of our knowledge are material. The chief work of life is material. We ourselves are material. So, very properly, has the *material* become the chief study of mankind. All nature is now scrutinized by an ever-increasing research. Day by day new explorations are made, and new regions engage our intelligent consideration. The most amazing discoveries are being poured forth from the whole universe—from the depths of earth and sea, from all matter surrounding us, and from the innermost recesses of nature. Unquestionably, this advanced development of the resources of the whole globe would be to the highest well-being of the human race, if there were, at the same time, a corresponding refinement of the ethical code with the march of experimental science,—if the selfish calculations

of individual nations were merged in a common reciprocation to contribute to the common good of mankind,—if race-prejudice did not counteract the spread of benevolent sentiments,—if the weakness of Asia or Africa did not tempt the strength and cupidity of Europe,—if “the systematic plunder of civilization did not take the place of the sporadic robbery of barbarism.” In the great movement of the age—the extension of human dominion over matter, and in the improvements which have changed the destinies of nations and the face of the world, India has not had the least share or participation. She, who was the forerunner in the race, and the pioneer of civilization—the first to understand the rotation of crops, to extract sweets and coloring matters from vegetables, to supersede the distaff and the spindle by the spinning-wheel, and, in short, to practise “the art of inventing arts” with the highest physical results,—she feels now no eagerness to become acquainted with new races of plants and animals, with new mineral treasures, with new mechanical inventions, and with new sets of ideas,—declining thereby to partake in the growing intelligence of a progressive world. Instead of making an effort to keep pace with the nations of Europe, she persists to remain a votary of antiquity and prescription. She would not exchange her dreamy speculations for matter-of-fact knowledge. She would not learn the use of the mariner’s compass, but hold fast to her primitive notions of seas of butter and treacle. She would not vaccinate, notwithstanding inoculation brought pestilence in its train. The age of handicraft is gone—that of machinery has succeeded. But India would still ply her *charká*, and still print by the hand block. She would not allow the light of any new doctrines to break in upon her habitual current of thoughts, but would still maintain the opinion that capital is formed by the precious metals. She would still continue to bury her gold and silver, or convert them into ornaments, rather than acknowledge the advantages of circulation and re-production. By relying in vain confidence on her own resources, and keeping off with an obstinate prejudice

from all new institutions and projects, India has brought on herself a paralytic helplessness and a moral lethargy locking up the faculties of her children,—a circumstance of which the Europeans have taken the advantage to assert the ascendancy which is the reward of superior intelligence. To lack knowledge is to lack power. New ideas are the same for the mind, as new blood is for the body. They bring in fresh accessions of moral strength, renew the vitality and energy of thought, and direct the mind to new plans and resources. But no fresh horizon has opened on the mental vision of India. The Nineteenth Century has done nothing for her in the practical line—every thing for others. It is in the failure of a primitive people in competition with an advanced people, that we must seek for one of those causes which have led to the decay of our manufactures. Not that we have degenerated in them—there yet survives much that calls forth admiration and leads to imitation—but that we have not made the same amount of progress with others, and have been left behind. We remain in *statu quo*.

The next cause is our own silliness. The Emperor Napoleon said, “America is a fortunate country. She grows by the follies of our European nations.” Similarly has England been a fortunate country. She has grown by the follies of the natives of India. By an impartial enquirer, desirous of treating the subject with unreservedness, it cannot fail to be admitted that it is we ourselves who are much to blame for the decline of our arts and industries—who have laid the axe at their root. With a too facile temper—making no calculation, exercising no forethought, and displaying no patriotic self-denial, have we acquiesced in the introduction and taken to the consumption of foreign goods, by which the way has been laid open to the inroads of superior rivalry. Those goods are now largely traded in by the natives. They are regularly ordered out by every mail. They form the stock in thousands of native shops. They are exposed for sale at the obscurest *hâts* in the interior. Not only have they in their turn “crept into our houses, bed-chambers, curtains,

Our abnormal
taste for every thing
foreign is another
cause.

s, and chairs," but they have into our food, drink habiliments, and are used in our very *poojahs* and *Adhs*. As yet, no Native has come forward to raise voice against this general fancy of his countrymen for Europe-made goods, denationalizing in its tendency. It deserves to be condemned in the severest terms. Our women appear to be more sensible when they prefer country-made cottons, silks, brocades, shawls, and jewelry, to any thing they have not been accustomed to use. Be it said to the credit also of the poorer classes that, if they are not positively regardful of their country's interest, they are innocent from their habits and position in life. They are indeed "village Hampdens," and "Cromwells" guiltless of any practices at variance with their traditions and with the orthodoxy of their tastes. The people most untrue to their nation—and who are the great abettors in the falling-off of their national manufactures,—are the Princes, Zemindars, Baboos, and the men of our principal towns and cities, who hold it to be a mark of gentility to appear in a costume of European satin or velvet cut by a European tailor,—who flatter their vanity by driving in English-built carriages with English horses,—who take a pride in patronising European architects to build their houses or European shop-keepers to decorate their rooms,*—who prefer lavender to *attar* and rose-water,—who would rather buy dearer the same goods from the *Bellatee Bungalow* than cheaper from Messrs. Bissonath Law & Co.,—who set a higher value upon the same talent in a

* The Native entertainment at Belgachia given to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, offered an occasion for the display of native decorative art which has been spoken of in the following terms:—"The draping and ornamentation of the Pavilion showed the natives of India to be masters of decorative art at whose feet the nations of the West may well sit and wonder and learn. The management of color by which grandeur was attained without a suggestion of gaudiness, and a profusion of rich tints blended into the most perfect harmony, is deserving of the very highest praise, and the result was quite beyond the power pen to do justice to."—*The Englishman's Saturday Evening Journal*, January 1st, 1876.

And yet the Pavilion was but the handiwork of a pack of Calcutta Baboos,—Cockneys who have neither seen their own country nor been out of it, who know neither to eat and drink, nor to dress, nor to talk, nor even to make a bow, who go to the length of importing Brummagem tinsel for decorating their idols, with snatches of assistance from an invalid scholar!

European than in a Native,—and who would rather themselves to Europeans than sway over their own countrymen. It is more toadyism and infatuity than a desire for cheapness and excellency, in which we should seek for the true cause of this conduct. The idea of cheapness is a mistake,—just calculate, and the mind will be disabused. No apology for their infidelity can be found in the refinement of their taste, when its indulgence costs the country the ruin of its best interests. It is singular to find that taste spreading day by day, notwithstanding the disastrous consequences that have ensued. The vaunted shrewdness of our people has become questionable; rather our doltishness ought to be proverbial. How the short-sightedness of our nation contrasts with the quick political sagacity of the Americans, who offered a spirited resistance to the import and use of duty-levied tea attempted to be forced upon them by the selfishness of the parent state. The whole colony resolved as one man not to consume the article. The cargoes shipped were not allowed to be landed. Those that were put into stores were not permitted to be exposed for sale. At Boston, they were thrown over-board. Failing in coercion by law, the mother-country substituted coercion with arms. But still the colonists remained unshaken in their resolution—and American commercial prosperity took root at the same time with American independence. The people of this country have shown no sagacity or concern of the kind. Puzzled with sophisticated facts, they have been fatally deceived into the belief of their being benefitted by the imports of foreign merchandise, and the idea having circulated through the realm has leavened the national thought. No body has ever been at the pains to test the truth of the matter by a comparison of the annual gains with the annual losses. Foreigners, whose dupes we are, must be very much struck to find that instead of resistance we offer them welcome, supply them with the needed statistics, furnish them with the necessary patterns of things in use and demand amongst us, extend to them the support of our expo-

A Voice for the Commerce and Manufactures of India.

rience and resources, pay with pleasure for their imports, and use them with comfort. The servility and depravity of our race have no paralell. But what the folly of yesterday has undone, may be replaced by the wisdom of to-day. Without using any physical force, without incurring any disloyalty, and without praying for any legislative succour, it lies quite in our power to regain our lost position. Nought but our active sympathy has helped the cause of Manchester. The contrary of that sympathy is sure to produce a contrary effect. It would be no crime for us to take to the only but most effectual weapon—moral hostility, left us in our last extremity. Let us make use of this potent weapon, by resolving to non-consume the goods of England,—and the counter-vailing tendency of such a resolution will put to right all matters that have gone wrong. The country has never been in such a humour to my knowledge. In only one solitary instance do I recollect having ever read, that “a Company of native merchants have been formed at Bangalore to import only cotton goods manufactured in India, and who have agreed not to deal in Manchester goods any more.”* But how far this noble determination has been acted upon, it has not since transpired. If all India were universally of this mind, the end of Manchester’s sway would inevitably follow, the event being only a question of time. It is the height of absurdity to expect sympathy and encouragement from an a’ien government, with an avowedly hostile policy. The sun may rather turn away from its course than England from that policy. So let us bid adieu to all hope of help from Jupiter, and still despair not of success. Self-help is a tower of strength. Let

* The *Bangalore Herald*, quoted by the *Englishman* of 15th December 1874. Since writing the above, the following, communicated by a friend at Rajkote, appeared in the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* of January 6, 1876 :—“ We have made a resolution not to use foreign goods, and we try to increase means to replace English things as we do to create taste for native things. I have got a few handy machines made, one of which is to twist ropes, another to draw iron wires, a third to bore holes in iron plates, a fourth to draw water from a well with improved contrivances, a fifth to make what is called *sheo* of wheat. A calico-printing machine has been invented by Mr. Turkhand, who is Vice-Principal of the Rajkumar College. We have got a half cotton cloth made here which will do very well for Alpaca.”

A Voice for the Commerce and Manufactures of

us always remember that the progress of India rests with the people themselves, and that her material prosperity must spring more from their own energy, perseverance and self-reliance, than from any modification of the existing laws. The right spirit in which we would deal with the interests of the country is to identify them with the interests of the household. The hope by which we should be borne up is, that if the evil bane has been of our own creation, the remedy too lies in our own hands. If, by the aid of the lights that we have held out, Manchester has been enabled to make its way, let us for the future resolve to keep it in the dark. If by our non-appreciation of the value of trades and industries they have gone to ruin, let us henceforth be duly alive to their importance, and set to revive and remodel them, and start new ones. If by our own laxity and want of circumspection we have allowed foreigners to gain the upper-hand over us, let us be sufficiently wary, and open our eyes to the great annual loss suffered by our country, and begin in earnest reducing our import trade to a minimum. The rising generation it is said, find no suitable employment. Let them turn their attention to the rich industrial fields, and they will reap the wealth of the cotton lords of England. Moral opposition is unmatched in its omnipotence and efficacy. It defies all laws and restraints pressing down our industry.*

The commercial policy of the English Government is a third and the most powerful cause of all.

However prejudicially the two preceding causes or any others may have tended to operate, the harm done by them bears no comparison to the injury which has proceeded from England's policy of supersession, or, more properly, suppression of Indian industry. Often has that policy been alluded to in these pages, but the time has now arrived for going into a

* "If the natives of India," says the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, "have any honest war to carry on, it is the war against English manufacture. If we can conquer English manufacture, it is needless to say we gain a great deal. One great means of effecting this object is to do our best to protect native industries. Now we have a double battle to fight against Manchester and the adverse laws passed by the Government of India. The odds are great. But patience and perseverance can overcome mountains." January 6th, 1876.

details which may render patent the true character of the wrong. It is one, which, to give the sum and substance of it, may be said to be founded on the old Rob Roy formula—that “those should take who have the power, and those should keep who can”—it being no sin for the strong to dispossess, swindle and rob the weak, a thing hourly and minutely taking place in all Nature. Verily, it seems to look as if the English have, in undertaking the government of India, entered on a game, with little care but to win it—paying no heed to the responsibilities attached to their situation, ignoring the duties the due fulfilment of which can alone justify their presence, expressing no substantial sympathy with native rights and interests, enacting laws for the utmost benefit and advantage to themselves, treating the governing race liberally with privileges, grants, and concessions, and carefully shutting out the subject-race from all the practical walks of life—where any material interests are concerned. If anything is ever contrived in a better spirit, it is either imperfectly executed, or turned into an absolute dead letter. Commercially, England governs India solely in her own permanent interests. Their mutual economic and financial relations are all to the advantage of the former. India has no independent commercial policy of her own. The Indian Tariff is so framed as to cost nothing to Englishmen. The Indian trade is so carried on as to put all the money in the pockets of Englishmen. The Indian dependency is so regarded as to be the Englishmen’s estate on which they are to prosper. India is *theirs* now—not ours, and has to be made the best of by them. It is the dictate of this great national cupidity, that the genius of the conquered subjects of this realm should be diverted from all occupations excepting that of growing raw materials for the conquerors’ behoof. They should have nothing to do with the foreign sea-borne trade. The object of British rule in India is both territory and commerce. The profits of the Indian trade are as high as, if not higher than, the Indian revenue. To educate India in commerce, would be to part with those high profits. That trade must always be in the hands of Eng-

land, to maintain her shipping, train up her seamen, and uphold her empire of the seas. As regards manufactures, they should be suppressed rather than fostered in India—that country being, among other considerations, useful in that it affords a market for the products of English industry. India's progress in industry and the arts, means England's retrogression, the diminution of her wealth, and the starvation of her labouring-classes. By nature, England is not an exporting, but an importing country. She needs to be an exporting country for a set-off against the vast imports she is necessitated to make annually. She cannot be so without manufacturers. These require a market. The rest of the world is too wide-awake to buy her salt, or shoes, or clothing. They must be forced then on the subject-population of India. If Indian customs-duties interfere with the prospects of English manufacturers, those duties must be repealed by especial legislation, without minding the loss of revenue entailed thereby, or the liability of the Indian tax-payer to fresh impositions. If India dares enter into competition, her productive energies must be repressed, and, if extreme measures be necessary, the thing should be made penal, notwithstanding the oppression involved in the proceeding, or the risk incurred by it to the stability of the Empire. No regard must ever be paid to India's capabilities, her cheap raw material and labour, her superior delicacy of manipulation, her aptitude, and her antecedents. Her commercial development is incompatible with her political subserviency. Let her be cajoled with promises and professions of free-trade. In real earnest, England is to act as a protectionist, and maintain the system of monopolies which have made her great. Thus doomed, India has ceased to be a manufacturing and manufacture-exporting country, and we are left to sad reflections upon the change of what we were, and what we are—a change, certainly, not owing so much to our backwardness and wilful blindness, as to the effects of England's traditional, steady, and uniform policy towards her colonies and dependencies—towards Ireland, America, Australia, and India,—a policy which has been

abandoned in favour of all excepting this unhappy country, and which has, in our instance, grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of British rule. It is a policy which is based purely upon expediency, and not upon abstract principles of equity and benevolence.

Steady as now—from the mutability of politics and the pressure of hostile fiscal doctrines —is the opposition of all English mill-owners and manufacturers to the development of India's industry, there is ample evidence in past history to show that quite a different feeling existed in the beginning of British intercourse with India. *Then*, it might be said with truth, were India's interests identical with those of England. Not the least objection was taken to the consumption of Indian goods—rather were they eagerly coveted by the nation. They were to them a necessity and a convenience. England was then a petty trading country. She had made no progress in manufactures—had no raw material to work upon. Her few seats of industry could be counted upon the fingers. Her labour was scarce and dear, and her skill immature. In this condition she very naturally felt the want for all our commodities. Our saltpetre was required for her defence. Our indigo was necessary to make her independent of the Dutch dyers. The Indian silk cost her only a third of the price of Italian and French silks. The Indian calicoes were better suited to the wants of her people than other foreign fabrics. Our muslins, mulmuls, and jaconets were prepared by the ladies to “French cambrics, French and Silesia lawns, and other flaxen fabrics of Flanders and Germany.”* In 1621, “the importation of Indian cloth's into Great Britain was 50,000 pieces, each of them costing on average seven shillings on board in India.”† The taste for them grew stronger day by day, and spread among a large and increasing class, so that by the end of the 17th century

* Macpherson's *History of European Commerce*.

† The same. This fact is also cited by Mr. P. R. Cola of Bombay.

they had come almost into general fashion in the country. From this extensive British custom, Indian industry—particularly the cotton industry—received a great impulse. Several millions of our people found employment in the production of goods for the Company.* Our nation netted clear gains without having to pay anything back for interchange—there was nothing useful or tempting for our people to buy then from England. The influx to our coffers was without a drawback. Indeed, the case then was quite the reverse of what it is now.

So long England was helpless, without resources of her own, in providing for the wants enumerated above, she regarded with favour the growth of the India trade.

The first outcry against the consumption of Indian goods.

But no sooner the ill-effects of that trade began to tell upon the nation, than a revulsion of opinion took place, and a re-action set in. England began to feel, just as we are feeling now. She felt the falling-off of the home-trade, the impoverishment of the country, and her abject dependence upon foreign industry. The Continental countries also got very much into the same humour. These stood aghast at the absorption of all the gold and silver which had streamed from Mexico and Peru for a hundred years—a power for which India is still remarkable, and which her rulers are at their wits' end to get over by the endless devices of State Loans, of Currency Notes, of Savings Banks, and, at last, of Native Life Assurances. There is this great difference between the feelings of Englishmen, and those of our countrymen—the one burns out in a steady flame, the other smoulders in cold dormancy. No sooner the people of England found the consequences of the India trade to be pernicious, than their commercial instincts were roused, and they set with instant sagacity to act in self-defence. They now no longer laboured under the want of raw materials. Their countrymen had brought the know-

* "In January 1786, the number of people employed in India, in the production and manufacture of goods for the Company's trade, were estimated at six millions. They are now (1812) probably near twice as many."—*Macpherson's History of Commerce.*

ledge of most of the valuable manufactures from India. Their skill and ingenuity had considerably improved since the arrival of the Protestant refugees from France. Capital had increased in the kingdom. The condition of the nation having undergone a radical change, it was determined to utilise it. Right manfully they, in the first instance, had recourse to their own energy and perseverance by setting themselves to work, and undertaking new industrial enterprises, and providing for their home-wants by home-manufactures. Next they went up to Government with murmurs and grumbles at having to part with their hard coins to foreigners, and with petitions and prayers for relief by legislation. Throughout the country, in the capital, in the sea-ports, and in the manufacturing towns, the minds of men were greatly excited on the subject of the India trade. The merchant class, tempted by the exorbitant profits of that trade, vehemently denounced the exclusiveness of the East India Company's Charter. The manufacturing class bitterly complained of the neglect and depreciation suffered by their goods—and the ruin to which the woollen manufacture, their largest manufacture, had gone. They attacked the India House, and nearly carried off its treasure. They created a fierce paper-war relative to the advantage or disadvantage of importing foreign merchandise, and called upon the Legislature for a consideration and decision of the question. They got a spokesman in the House of Commons to remark "that the high wages paid in their country made it impossible for their textures to maintain a competition with the produce of the Indian looms."* In short, the nation loudly clamoured for commercial reform. It is curious to note the wide divergence and contrariety which have always existed between the principles advocated by the two great classes of the British population—the merchants and manufacturres, who form the two main pillars of England's greatness, and who have given cause to her people being justly styled *the nation of shopkeepers*. The merchants asked for free trade, the manufacturers for

* Macaulay's History of England.

monopoly. Regardless of the anomaly, England has always persisted to blow hot and cold in the same breath. In the interests of her merchants, or importers, she is a go-a-head free-trader. In the interests of her miners and manufacturers, or exporters, she is an inveterate protectionist. By this policy she has become what she is—the richest country in the world, and to it she clings with the fondness of an idolator.

The gradual steps and legislative measures by which England has developed her navigation, commerce, industry, mines, and manufactures to their present high pitch, unparalleled in the chronicles of trade, furnish materials for a most interesting and edifying chapter in the history of human civilization. The natives of India can scarcely be directed to study another chapter with so much profit. Comprehending as it does, with all the ramified details, the greater part of the history of the English nation, during the last one hundred and fifty years, it is impossible, and would be out of place, in a paper like this, to enter into an elaborate statement of those details. But the results can be briefly mentioned by touching on those most salient points of interest and importance which may afford us an instructive lesson, and indicating their bearings on the interests of India.

The earliest and inaugural step from which dates the start of England on her commercial progress, was the famous Navigation Act, passed by the Parliament of Cromwell, in 1651. Very justly has it been regarded “the *Palladium* of Great Britain.” Originally intended to enable the English to cope with the Dutch, who were their great maritime rivals, it ultimately proved to be the foundation of their ocean-sovereignty, by causing the enlargement of their shipping, the multiplication of the number of their seamen, the stimulation of their maritime industry, the increase of their trading capital, the development of their naval powers, and the transference into their hands first of the carrying-trade of Europe and next of the carrying-trade of the world.

The next point for consideration has a significance of high commercial importance. It came on as the sequence—the natural effect and outcome—of developed maritime genius, —in fulness of time, and in the natural order of things. Enlarged experience in navigation, led to enlarged views ; and the impulses and aspirations natural to freemen began to be felt. The maritime spirit was abroad, and exerted itself with unprecedented vigour. To find an outlet for roused but dammed up maritime activity and adventure, became the pressing necessity of a progressive age. The India trade was the only channel in which they could find proper vent. But that trade was a monopoly in the hands of a limited number of men. How to get over the exclusiveness which operated as a drag and drawback upon advance, and have the field thrown open to the legitimate and natural enterprise of all, was the question which seriously engaged the attention of the mercantile world. They took their stand upon the principles of *free trade*. Just as a breech-loader now is in the battle-field to a muzzle-loader, so was the new opinion of ‘trade for all’ astounding in the commercial circles of that day. Hot, therefore, was the warfare of arguments which raged between the monopolists and free-traders, distracting the attention of Parliament. It was protracted during two sessions, till, at last, in the year 1693, the Legislature declared *that all subjects of England had an equal right to trade to the East Indies*. “This memorable vote,” says Macaulay, “settled the most important of those constitutional questions which had been left unsettled by the Bill of Rights. It has ever since been held to be the sound doctrine that no power but that of the whole legislature can give to any person or to any society an exclusive privilege of trading to any port of the world.”* But that which makes that vote particularly noteworthy, is its being an unequivocal recognition, for the first time, of the principles of free trade, the era of which may be said to date from this period. Though the soil was yet

The first and earliest recognition of free-trade principles.

* Macaulay's *History of England*.

unprepared, still the first seed, it may be considered, was now sown. To India, the decision of this great constitutional point is significant for its being that which first ushered into existence the class of the famous *Interlopers*, who, growing stronger and stronger in time, became fiercer in their attack on each recurring occasion for the renewal of the East India Company's charter, till, at last, they procured the abolition of the monopoly, and, by asserting the paramountcy, not of the British sovereign only, but of the whole British nation—a feature which makes British rule so materially different from the rule of the Mogul autocrat,—brought on the cataclysm which has swept away all Indian commerce and manufactures.

This was move No. 2, originated by the mercantile section of the community. The next move on the field of agitation was made by the manufacturers. But of a

Contrary movement by the manufacturers.

very opposite character was the outcry raised by the latter class, and the legislation in behalf of them stands quite in contrast with the legislation in favour of their predecessors. The merchants enlarged on the importance of the India trade, and clamoured for a share in its gains. The manufacturing class dwelt on its evils, and clamoured for its prohibition. The one desired for freedom and expansion—the other for exclusiveness and protection. The merchants drained the country of its wealth. The manufacturers proposed to confine money at home. The former were the Whigs or Liberals in commerce, the latter were the Tories or Conservatives. The free-traders aimed at the procurement of raw materials from abroad. It was the aim of the monopolists to work upon that raw-material, improve the home-labour-market, and, by making importing England also exporting, square the balance of trade. Between these two most notable points in the commercial policy of England, India has been a sufferer cut both ways, by a double edged tool, and it has burnt like a candle in the two ends. In the times under consideration, the quantity of linen manufactured in the British dominions was so trifling as not to be equal to,

perhaps, the thousandth part of its consumption ; and thence it was evidently good national economy to encourage the use of the Indian calicoes, which were much cheaper than the home-made linen. The British nation then had to pay £500,000 annually to Holland and France for linens, lawns, and cambrics, of which the need was no more felt. The Indian silks also saved vast sums, by superseding those which had to be procured at a dearer price from France and Italy. Only a fourth part of the goods imported from India was consumed by the country, and the rest was shipped back to the Mediterranean, from which exports great benefits accrued to the nation. His Majesty's customs were largely swelled by the India trade. From this point of view, the people of England at first regarded the Indian imports with the same favour, that the English imports are now regarded by the people of India. Those were the days in which England, to use a slang expression, was caught napping. But in time her eyes were opened, and she began to take in large views, under which signs of a re-action first made themselves visible, and then a turn in the tide of public opinion took place. The agitation of the English manufacturers was commenced by attacking the Company, chiefly upon the charge of draining the country, which found the stock of its precious metals diminish year after year by the consumption of foreign goods. It was still the age when gold and silver, jewels and pearls, were supposed to constitute the best part of a nation's wealth, and when legislators took particular care to retain possession of them with a firm grasp. The Company, it was said, annually exported bullion of which no part ever returned except in the shape of commodities. Their trade was not a trade of goods for goods, but for hard cash. The agitators took up also another ground—the encouragement of domestic industry. Both Scotland and Ireland had taken to the manufacture of linen, but which struggled in its growth from the competition of the Indian calicoes. The silk manufacture of England had increased four-fold since the import of the Indian raw-material, but which did not thrive in the face of the Indian damasks and velvets. The Com-

pany's trade had given birth to the business of printing in England, in imitation of the printed chintzes of India, but which remained pressed down from want of adequate support. The woollen manufacture, the great and favourite manufacture of England, had sustained positive damages from neglect. Seldom is anything gloomier for a nation, than the contemplation of the probability of a monetary crisis; and the most tender and vital part of an Englishman in particular, is his pocket. As regards the other point, it is no less a policy in military warfare to make up by position and strategy what is wanted in actual strength, than it is in commerce to put down competition by prohibitive legislation. The first murmurs of the English manufacturers had been heard as early as 1680. Twenty years later, their voice was elevated to the loudest ring. Spurred by the success of the mercantile class, they brought to bear all the pressure in their power. It would not be quite correct to say, that this was done by the general body of the manufacturers—by the smiths and forgers of Birmingham, the cutlers of Sheffield, or the salt-makers of Cheshire. The hardwares of Birmingham were then scarcely esteemed beyond the precincts of London. So little progress had been made at Sheffield, that England then “imported the more delicate kinds of cutlery from the continent.” “The first bed of rock-salt in Cheshire,” says Macaulay, “was not discovered till long after the Restoration, and it was not worked till many years later.” None of these trades had become so developed, as to have acquired a consequence. Conscious of their pettiness, they yet kept themselves in the background. The only classes—and they are the same classes to this day—who felt themselves the most aggrieved, came to the fore-front, and raised the loudest outcry, were the hosiers and haberdashers, the clothiers and printers of the kingdom. The calico-printers complained that the Indian chintzes interfered with the growth of their trade. The silk-weavers of London clamoured against the importation of wrought silks from India. They reproached the Company for sending out dyers to Bengal, in order to instruct the

native manufacturers in the art of finishing black silks agreeably to English taste. Of the kind of arguments urged by the woollen manufacturers, the following is a sample well worth the particular notice of the apathetic people of this country for qualifying themselves in the art of agitation.

“The manufacturers of Spitalfields, of Norwich, of Yorkshire, and of Wiltshire, considered the trade with the Eastern seas as rather injurious than beneficial to the kingdom. The importation of Indian spices, indeed, was admitted to be harmless, and the importation of Indian saltpetre to be necessary. But the importation of silks and Bengals, as shawls were then called, was pronounced to be a curse to the country. The effect of the growing taste of such finery was that our gold and silver went abroad, and that much excellent English drapery lay in our own warehouses till it was devoured by the moths. Those, it was said, were happy days for the inhabitants both of our pasture-lands and manufacturing towns, when every gown, every waistcoat, every bed was made of materials which our flocks had furnished to our looms. Where were now the brave old hangings of arras which had adorned the walls of lordly mansions in the time of Elizabeth? And was it not a shame to see a gentleman, whose ancestors had worn nothing but stuffs made by English workmen out of English fleeces, flaunting in a calico shirt and a pair of silk stockings from Moorshedabad? Clamours such as these had, a few years before, extorted from Parliament the Act which required that the dead should be wrapped in woollen; and some sanguine clothiers hoped that the legislature would, by excluding all Indian textures from our ports, impose the same necessity on the living.” *

The appeal, thus cleverly made, was quite in unison with the spirit of the age when monopolies were yet regarded with favor, and the major part of the nation with their conservative feelings could still be counted upon to sympathise with the movement. It told on the Legislature, who found the country's prosperity at stake. They began to look on the arts and industries as a valuable source of wealth to the kingdom, and determined to foster and encourage home-manufacture. In the year 1700, Parliament passed an Act, which, after pre-mising that

The adoption of a defensive policy.

"It is most evident, that the continuance of the trade to the East Indies in the same manner and proportions as it hath been for two years last past, must inevitably be to the great detriment of this kingdom, by exhausting the treasure thereof, and melting the coin, and taking away the labour of the people, whereby very many of the manufacturers of this nation are become excessively burdensome and chargeable to their respective parishes, and others are compelled to seek for employment in foreign parts," ordained that "after the 29th of September 1701 no wrought silks, bengals, nor stuffs mixed with silk and herba, of the manufacture of Persia, China, or East India, nor calicoes, painted, dyed, printed, or stained in those countries, should be worn or used in England, Wales or Berwick upon Tweed, except such as are made into apparel or furniture before that day. All such goods, imported after that day, must be warehoused and exported.—In order to prevent clandestine importations, all such goods should be imported into London and no other port; and they shall pay no duty except the half subsidy*"

To ensure obedience the wearer was made liable to a penalty of £5, and the seller to £20. This Act is particularly important in the annals of British commercial legislation, as the one from which is to be traced the gradual growth and flourish of British textile industry. Under the disadvantages then experienced by her, England was fully justified in taking the defensive step. It is what any country, animated by an instinct of self-preservation, would undertake to do—what the continental countries of Europe have done, what America has done, what Japan is doing, and what India is most anxious to do. But unhappily she is not allowed to take care of her own interests. No intelligent nation ever willingly submits to being annually despoiled of vast sums by the consumption of foreign goods, and chooses to remain dependent on foreign industry unless it is inevitable. Hopeless of coping with superior aptitude and cheaper labour, England very wisely resolved on keeping out of the country the textures of the Eastern looms. But mere prohibitive law was ineffectual in destroying the trade which was so much dreaded. It called into existence smuggling. The textures which it was thought desirable to keep out, still continued to come in by eluding the custom-house officers. This was another evil which had to be put down by fur-

*Macpherson's *History of Commerce*.

ther acts and regulations. To prohibitions and penalties there were next added heavy duty-burdens. The cotton goods were charged with a duty of 10 per cent., and the silks with a duty of 20 per cent. The race-horse is not more handicapped than were the Indian goods, which lagged behind in competition from the costliness consequent on the severe impositions. Englishmen now sold cheaper what were produced by themselves, and had to buy dearer what were produced by others—a fact which soon determined the natural order of things. Either laming us in the pace by the weight of heavy gravitating duties, or bringing us to a standstill by their utter abolition, just as the one or the other of them was found to suit convenience, is an alternate system the resort to which has in all ages been the favorite method with Englishmen to outstrip the Indians. No means have ever been left untried to gain over them the upper hand. The worst and most crushing have usually been employed even before any grave occasions the very thunder-bolt has been invariably hurled at our nation, to plunge it headlong into bottomless perdition—

"There to dwell

In adamantine chains and penal fire

"Who durst defy the omnipotent to arms."

This duty-levying in England, at the same time that Englishmen in India were so sedulous in seeking for exemption from its payment, at first by importunities, bribes, and embassies, and then by open defiance, may be pointed out as an instance of the extreme fondness with which those people are in the habit of regarding their own interests.

The favourable issue in so important a matter was principally due to the energy and decisiveness of the British character. Those who had brought about this industrial revolution, were pioneer-workers in opening a rich mine to the enterprise of their nation. But, as yet, they were in a state of transition from dependence on foreign industry to self-reliance on their own resources. In their early

The beginning of
an aggressive policy.

days of impotence, the English manufacturers naturally rested themselves content with procuring only prohibitive legislation, and acting simply on a defensive policy. Their exertions were then confined only to such measures as were calculated to give them security from foreign interference and encouragement at home. But as strength was gradually acquired, they began to feel ambitious of playing a higher part. After protection, they panted for extension, for a larger sphere of action, for custom in foreign markets, for buying Indian merchandise with British merchandise. With aspirations such as these, a note was struck that soon became the key-note, which necessitated the adjustment of her commercial relations in a manner that gave a new life to England. No longer was she willing to confine herself to keeping foreign importers at arm's length and at bay. The measure now proposed aimed at an aggressive career. It is in this light that we must interpret John Bull's move No. 4th—a grand move for turning the tide, and invading foreign marts. The year of this memorable event is 1702, in which a tripartite indenture was entered into by Queen Anne, the Old Company, and the New Company, binding "the United Company to her Majesty to have at least *one-tenth of their exports, consisting of English produce or manufacture.*" The experiment thus entered upon for the extension of the sale and consumption of British goods in the East, by the process of putting pressure upon the Company, forms a weighty fact, of which due note has never been taken. It is the experiment of the first application of the thin end of the wedge, which has in time cut through and through "the pulpy mass of oriental life." That which in the distance appears as a faint speck, has in our day assumed appalling proportions. Hitherto India drew money from England. But let us take note with proper emphasis that from this time forward England began to draw money from India—and an ebb set in verily resembling the ebb of nature in the Gangetic valley—the one draining the water, when at the highest, with the speed of eight miles an hour, the other draining the country of its wealth with the speed accelerated each succeeding year by chances of further success.

Thus, one by one, was settled, in the most distinct manner, a body of fundamental principles for the guidance of the English nation in its commercial career—principles which have been most steadily adhered to, and upon which its trade has gone on since, and still goes on, with such practical results, as preclude all chance of their ever being allowed to undergo modification. I would not bear so high a testimony to British pluck, as to British common-sense. This is a characteristic by which they appear to me to be peculiarly distinguished—for which I admire them above all other people, and which has, I think, more than any thing else, contributed to make them so pre-eminent in the scale of nations. Nowise is their marvellous acuteness of common-sense so creditably and exemplarily evidenced, as by their origination at home, and adoption from abroad, of all improvements tending to moral, intellectual, and materialistic amelioration. The commercial fore cast, which has given occasion to speak of the English nation in terms of so great a commendation, may be rooted in selfishness, and disfigured by ungenerous principles. But it does not admit of question that without such a forecast England's prosperity would have been deferred to this day, and her importance in the world's history would, perhaps, have been as little as that of her neighbour Iceland. The original scheme of indefinite aggrandisement has been maintained in tact through all vicissitudes. Modification of some minor details may have become necessary, from time to time, for adaptation to growing wants and necessities. Pressure of foreign circumstances may have led to a few trifling concessions. But from the fundamental idea that the development of commerce is for the sole and exclusive benefit of the mother-country, there has never been the slightest departure under any circumstance. Neither has it grown dim with age—nor has fulness sated the craving it has engendered. The attitude originally assumed has been kept up in a most significant manner. It should not be understood, however, that this scheme, laid down by the hard calculations of a self-secker, was

British common
sense more remark-
able than British
courage.

planned with a particular reference to the political situation of India. When it was first contrived, India had not become a dependency. To set the matter in the fairest light, it was meant to apply as much to this unfortunate country, as to Ireland, America, the West Indies, Africa and Australia.

The broad cardinal policy was laid down at an early date. The step in the positive direction was taken. But the expansion of British manufacture was necessarily slow from the nation being poor in ideas and resources. It remained almost in its embryotic state for a considerable period. Substantial progress was not made till many years later, when concurrent circumstances brought it about in due course. The shipping did not increase till colonies had spread in different parts of the globe. In forty years from 1710 to 1750, the number of ships employed by the Company ranged only from 15 to 25. During the next fifty years, it rose to not more than 53. The art of ship-building did not improve till science disclosed the powers of steam. In the beginning of the 18th century, the shipping of England amounted to 261, 222 tons. In the year 1760, it increased to 500,000 tons. By the end of the century, it had expanded to 1,466,632 tons.* Free-trade principles had indeed met with recognition, but it was extremely faint, and confined to a small minority. Languidly and slowly did those principles make their way, and, for many years to come, there was only a nominal free-trade. The Company still retained its privileged charter. The nation still thought that the best way to trade with India was by a Joint-Stock Company. The agents of that Company made every endeavor to introduce British goods into our markets. But the people of India were prevented by their climate, as well as prohibited by their taste and religion, from being consumers of those goods to a large extent. In fifty years from 1710 to 1759, the value of the English imports to India did not amount to more than £9,248,296. The woollen manu-

* The above figures are taken from Macpherson's *History of Commerce*.

facture, esteemed the most valuable branch of English industry, met with little or no encouragement in the torrid zone. By the year 1780, the value of its export did not exceed £200,000. Tin was found in many parts of India, and the Company had desisted from exporting that article. Iron was shipped in a not greater quantity than 250 tons by 1790, and ironmongery not beyond 16 tons.* Machinery had not yet superseded and cheapened hand-labour. The first Cotton Mill—a small one, and worked by horse power, was not built till 1771. In brief, the English had not yet attained ripeness. Their creative intellect was merely budding. Indian intelligence still had the better of European intelligence. The people of Hindustan were not, like the Caribees or Africans, to be easily imposed upon by beads and trinkets. They were a great race, whose aesthetic refinements were such as the productions of Western workmanship failed to gratify.

In this stage came an impetus from a quarter least foreseen and expected. It was the result of the fighting proclivities of the Company—their Plassey-affair. The soldier preceded, and paved the way for the merchant.† The former established the domination, under the shadow of which the latter has traded and prospered. From the time that England first became conscious of great national power, her national ambition and cupidity took fire. She looked upon herself as heiress to the vast resources of this country, and set to reap the splendid advantages. Her aims and objects were now reduced to a system—a science which it was resolved should be upheld without weakness or wavering, and regardless of wrong and injustice to an effete and impotent population. Events now marched rapidly in

The first great impetus received from the conquests of the East India Company.

* The above figures are taken from Macpherson's *History of Commerce*.

† To express in high flown Oriental language :—"The Providence under whose mysterious dispensation the *balance of a Trading Company was turned into a sword*, and the *sword into a sceptre*." Address of the Maharajas and Chiefs of Behar to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at Bankipore, on 4th January 1876.

succession to one another, and the occupation of enlarged territories led to enlarged spheres of action. The existing monopolies, such, as those of saltpetre, salt, and opium, were all taken over in hand. The richest fields of business were appropriated. The revenue, left after paying the services, was employed in the Company's investment. Their servants all turned traders, exporting and importing goods free of duty. No more was it from compulsion, but from self-interest and patriotism that the Company now exerted to extend the sale of their nation's productions. England very much thanked her stars that the Indian Empire had very opportunely reverted to her to more than compensate the loss of America. The extensive and opulent regions of that empire, with its teeming population, threw open an inexhaustible field for speculation. The eagerness to take possession of that field became most active; and the energy that was stimulated and the talents that were now called forth, rapidly led to the development of the English as the first commercial and manufacturing nation in the world. They passed from the stone or Neolithic age to the bronze period.

Next to the circumstance of a combination of warlike enterprise with commercial enterprise, succeeded an event which has made a most memorable epoch in the history of human affairs. It was now the time when a final expression was given to a body of sentiment and thought which had long been accumulating and ripening in the minds of men in Europe. Towards the end of the 18th century, and in the heart of a commercial city—Glasgow, Dr. Adam Smith published his celebrated *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, an extraordinary work, the teachings of which have more or less influenced the destinies of nations. Bacon's experimental science, and Adam Smith's science of political economy, have together co-operated to carry civilization rapidly forward. The publication of his opinions by the Scottish professor effected an uncommon revolution. It established a new faith, and gave a new bent to the human mind. It

Promulgation of
free-trade doctrines
by Adam Smith.

directed the attention of mankind from moral progress to material progress. One by one, the errors "which had haunted the world through ages of darkness; fled before the light." The ancient notion that commercial pursuits are plebeian and degrading, was now exploded. Monopolies received a hard knock on their heads. The idea that gold and silver alone constituted wealth, was abandoned for ever. The true principles of commerce were set forth. The true definition of capital was given. The free-trade doctrine, feebly enunciated before, now received the clearest and most lucid exposition. The value of manufactures was pointed out. The value of labour was thoroughly explained. Practical men welcomed the promulgation of the new doctrines as the precursor to the dawn of the millenium. Those doctrines made converts in considerable numbers, and steadily gained ground. To anticipate events, their influence predominated in the civilized world, and in the councils of nations. Deeply impressed with the great truths, men of business applied themselves to the task of settling the fore-cast of the commercial future—of placing the commercial system on a new foundation, by legislative action in favour of the home-manufacturers, by fiscal burdens damaging to the trade of India, and by an adjustment of the question of ways and means in accord with their new convictions. The spirit of the times was re-acted upon by the improvements effected by experimental philosophy—by chemical discoveries, by botanical researches, by mechanical contrivances, and by mathematical demonstrations. During no period England made such an accelerated progress in adventure and industry, and her commerce, manufactures, and riches increased so fast, as in the fifty years from 1775 to 1825,—a period into which was crowded a rapid succession of inventions and discoveries. Her navigation was extended to all parts of the globe. Her colonies were planted in the most favourable regions. Her shipping received considerable enlargement. Ship-building was improved by her beyond all previous instance. Different methods were discovered "to render sea-water potable and sweet for

mariners.* New vegetables were acclimatised. New manures were introduced. The safety-lamp of Davy removed all danger from working in mines. Watts discovered and utilized the powers of steam. Arkwright invented the spinning-jenny. The substitution of machinery for hand-labour revolutionised the producing-powers of man. Cloths were made by power-looms. New wants gave rise to new energy, and new branches of industry. The various trades became full-fledged under the extraordinary combination of circumstances, and manufactures acquired a high importance and a general interest in economic administration. The latter reached such proportions as had never been realized before, and they became distinguished as much for quantity as for quality. Now was the time when the real contest—the giant struggle between the East and the West began. Between India in *statu quo*, and England on tiptoe for forward movement, the issue of that struggle could not long remain doubtful. All previous rules and enactments had been virtually inoperative—the progress under them having been quite snail-paced, and recalling to mind the humble efforts of the *squirrel*, in the *Ramayana*, in bridging the gulf over to Ceylon. They had hitherto effected no more than mere rents and fissures in the stronghold. But this was now stormed and taken by gigantic leaps and bounds, shaken to its very base, and laid in the dust;—and terrible execution was done by the artillery of domineering ascendancy, of superior intelligence, and of superior economy, the effects of which are visible in the magnitude and extent of ruin and desolation that spread all around.

Dr. Adam Smith was the first who deliberately inculcated that

The commence-
ment of the great
struggle between
monopoly and free-
trade.

“An augmentation of the India trade would increase national power, wealth, influence, and respectability.

Taxes would be lessened, and the people would be generally but moderately and gradually enriched. At the same time that the taxes would be lessened, the revenue and maritime force of the British empire

* Smollet's History of England.

§4 *A Voice for the Commerce and Manufactures of India.*

would be augmented by the increase of our trade with India, for if one million of annual exports and imports produce £200,000 of duties, ten millions must produce £2,000,000, and if the present trade employs 6,000 sea-men, the increased trade would employ 60,000. This happy extension of the India trade would alleviate the national burthens, and our national wealth and naval greatness would rapidly arrive at an unexampled height of prosperity and grandeur."

This was a fiery text—a glowing picture held up to the view, which set the mercantile and manufacturing world of England "to look upon the East in the light in which it had been represented by the writers of fable, and to regard an introduction to it as a passport to the possession of unmeasured wealth." But it was no mere visionary representation of a theorist. The understanding was no less appealed to than was the imagination, by hard facts and arguments denouncing all monopolies, and advocating a free-trade policy, with an earnestness and vigour that at once settled the issue of the matter. In a free country, where the principles of liberty are best understood, and the voice of the public exercises the most potential sway, to be actuated with the desire for entering into a particular channel of enterprise and gain, is to be resolved upon the removal of all barriers which keep one out from that channel. Both political economy and the science of natural law, furnished the arguments with which the Company's privileges were assailed. It was asserted that a free and full right to trade with all countries and peoples, was "the natural birthright and inheritance of the people of the British Empire, and of every subject of it." Englishmen, therefore, it was said, were wronged by being restrained from pouring themselves into India. Such restraint was pronounced to be "humiliating to individuals, and degrading to the national character." It was represented to be "a national grievance." The tide of such opinions rolled on in a flood, disseminating their influence in all quarters. They brought on the first trial of the strength of the free-trade advocates in the year 1793, when it was time for the renewal of the bargain between the Crown and the Company. It is true that the latter once more gained the day, and came out victorious from the struggle, by

having both the government and the exclusive privileges of trade continued to them for a further term of twenty years. But their triumph was bought not without many sacrifices and concessions, and the giving of considerable ground to their opponents. In this contention, no circumstance is so worthy of particular notice, as the charge, which the cotton manufacturers of Manchester and Glasgow brought against the East India Company, of "the injury inflicted on the home-trade by the importation of piece goods from India," and their solicitation to the Ministry "to introduce a clause in the new Act prohibiting the exportation of cotton machinery to India, or its employment within that country."* "Patriotism," says Johnson, "is the last refuge of scoundrels." The policy—to prevent the export to, and use in, India of machinery, is the last refuge of the British cotton spinners and weavers.

England, the native country of the steam-engine, the locomotive, the spinning jenny, and the cylinder printing-machine, had the start of all the European nations in the race for the improvement of ship-building, the prosecution of commerce, the development of manufactures, and the organization of a systematized financial policy. Next came the turn of Europe to take to similar pursuits. The event owes its origin to the genius of Napoleon, who planned the famous *Continental System*, which, taking its birth in ideas of present expedience, left durable prints of general public advantage for all time. Little sagacity was required to discover the secret springs of England's prosperity and greatness. She was essentially a commercial state. The resources which enabled her to maintain a contest of unexampled magnitude for twenty years, were drawn from the produce of her colonies and manufactories. By the Continental System, or an alliance of all Continental States for the exclusion of her flag and merchandize from their harbours, Napoleon hoped to cripple those resources, and

Napoleon's Continental System, and its developing effects.

* Auber's Rise and Progress of British power in India, vol 2nd, p. 136.

strike at the root of British power. The decrees went forth, first from Berlin, and next from Milan, declaring the British Islands in a state of blockade, prohibiting every kind of communication or commerce with them, and subjecting all goods of British produce or manufacture to confiscation within his own dominions and those of his allies. The following letter to Junot, the Governor of Paris, written two days after the publication of the Berlin decree, affords a proof of the indomitable resolution to give effect to his project, from which our feeble-minded and faint-hearted countrymen may well take a profitable lesson:—"Take especial care that the *ladies* of your establishment take Swiss tea; it is as good as that of China. Coffee made from chicory is noways inferior to that of Arabia. Let them make use of these substitutes in their drawing-rooms, instead of talking politics like Madame de Stael. Let them take care also that no part of their dress is composed of English merchandize; tell that to Madame Junot: if the wives of my chief officers do not set the example, whom can I expect to follow it. It is a contest of life or death between France and England; I must look for the most cordial support in all those by whom I am surrounded."* There are two sides to the question raised by Napoleon's scheme. The one relates to the immediate effects which affected England. The other relates to its ultimate effects on the condition of Europe. The immediate consequence of the rigour with which the several decrees were put in force, was that serious injury was done to English industry, that English workshops lost their wonted activity, and that commercial distress spreading in the land threatened "to break up the unanimity which then prevailed among the English nation." The ultimate or permanent consequence was that the price of British colonial and home goods having gone up enormously high, it produced that necessity which is the mother of invention, and invention is one of the great

* Alison's History of Europe.

secrets of national prosperity. Not only were hundreds of substitutes now invented for the immediate supply of wants, but a variety of manufactures grew up on the Continent, which became the germs of very useful and extensive branches of industry for the future. It is to this period that we have to look back for the origin of the beet-root sugar, of which there are now hundreds of manufactories in France, Belgium, and Germany, to the detriment of the Indian sugar-trade. The first efforts of the chemists who, at this time, were set by Napoleon to manufacture artificial saltpetre from potash, in defiance of the embargo laid on that article by England, determined the fate of Indian saltpetre. Europe now woke from its trance, shook off her commercial dependence, and saved hundreds of millions of pounds that were paid almost as tribute to England. Well may the cosmopolitan rejoice at this good turn in the tide of human affairs. But India has to mourn the collapse of her trades from want of markets and customers.

On every occasion, when the East Indian Company had sought a renewal of their charter, India thrown open to the free-traders. their claims had become the subject of keen contention. One of such occasions, which came on in the session of 1813, was looked to as the great and important field-day for the final settlement of the question between monopoly and free-trade. By the period at which we have arrived, the free-trade doctrines had made a considerable progress among the thinking portion of the English nation. They had found an echo from every party, including the ruling party. The public mind was well primed with them. The national faith was pinned on them. Simultaneously with them, had the doctrine of "the greatest good for the greatest number" been begun to be preached. Furthermore, "the fashion of carrying great questions by clamour, of overawing the legislature by agitation, of getting up meetings of interested or fanatical partizans, and calling their resolutions the expression of public opinions," had commenced to prevail. The misery occasioned by the exclusion of the British manufacturers from the

Continent of Europe, gave a whet to the cry for new openings for commercial competition. No opening could be more desirable than the unbounded field which the trade to the East presented. The merchants, manufacturers, miners, and the whole artizan class of Great Britain, making a formidable array, and entrusting their brief to no less a personage than George Canning, opened the campaign by a strong denunciation of the Company's monopoly which hermetically sealed India against general commerce.* That monopoly, it was said had been originally granted them for the public benefit, and could not be expected to endure for ever against the claims of numbers. It was said "to cool the ardour of generous and liberal competition"—"to be a clog upon the commerce with India." But those who forged every such weapon in the armoury of eloquence for use against monopoly, in truth contended after all for the extent as to which monopoly should be carried. Virtually they fought for the transference of the monopoly from the hands of the Company into the hands of the nation. They wanted free-trade for themselves, but not for India, or for all. They did not mean to abrogate the laws passed in the years 1700 and 1702. They did not propose to allow the manufactures of India to be freely imported into England. The thing they asked for was "that England was to force all her manufactures upon India, and not take a single manufacture of India in return. They would allow cotton to be brought; but then, having found out that they could weave, by means of machinery, cheaper than India, they wanted her to leave off weaving, and supply them with the raw material; and they would weave for that country."† Thus their outcry involved in it the utmost confusion of the principles and the practices of free-trade. The principles of that trade can never be fully carried out in any country in the present selfish mood of the world. Real free-trade implies the abolition of all tariffs and custom-houses. Where these are, there

* This was while Mr. Canning was Member for Liverpool.

† Thorntorn's History of India.

is no free-trade, properly speaking. England, with her largest customs-revenue, is undoubtedly the greatest of all monopolists. But "the ministers," to quote Mr. Thornton, "possessing neither the information necessary to enable them to judge how far the claim was well founded, nor the courage to resist any claim supported by a sufficient array of noisy agitation, yielded to importunate clamour that which it was quite certain no reasoning, even though it amounted to demonstration, would have extorted from them. They had no love of change for its own sake. They were never suspected of possessing any deep acquaintance with political science, nor of any affection for what is understood by the phrase 'liberal policy.' They were disciples of expediency—and they opened the trade with India, because the course was the least troublesome that presented itself, and appeared the most safe, with reference to retention, by the ruling party, of power and place." The throwing open the India-trade ended the long and fierce struggle between monopoly and free-trade. It finally decided the great question whether a limited body should have exclusive rights, or the nation, at large should be permitted to develop itself, and to become dominant. The question was rather one of time and circumstance, than of principle—and the time had now arrived for decision. Now had the germ, contained in the declaration of 1693, the most luxuriant growth. The aggressive policy of 1702, now had ample room for operative play. The famous *Interlopia*, who seemed, in the beginning, to have been almost still-born, and were of slow development, now received the accession of new blood which enabled them to shoot up with mushroom vitality. They came flocking to the new field, which recouped them a thousand-fold their loss of the markets of Europe and America, and amply remunerated them for the distress of years by the permanent advantages of centuries. They became proud of their new acquisition,—and determined to make the best of it, to improve it, and to add to it. They grew quite wild about schemes of extension and expansion, and proceeded with continuing velocity without regard to any thing but their own advantage.

One more stride, and the last of importance falling within the purpose of this article for notice, was made in the year 1833.

The supplemental agitation in 1833.

Much indeed had been accomplished but still the work had been left but half done. The Company yet retained certain important privileges, which were anomalies inconsistent with the recognised principles of the age, and which were therefore still open to dispute. With every progressive satisfactory result justifying the soundness of their views, came imperative and quickly following calls for further concessions. The discussion was re-opened before its time, by a fresh repetition of the arguments which had over and over done duty in the popular cause. Familiar as the reader has by this time become with the usual tactics and manouvings of the Adam-Smith-school of traders, little more need be said here than that in spite of the adverse opinions bandied, and the vigorous stand made by the Company, their claims were cut down to so small an amount, that, after existing through all the varied vicissitudes of two centuries, they now ceased to be any longer a trading body—and were permitted to retain only the salt and opium monopolies for governing purposes. The triumph of the free-traders was now complete.

The effects of unlimited participation in the trade of India, demand an special consideration. Speaking comparatively, the commercial policy of the East India Company may be pronounced to have been a generous

Free India-trade, the great turning-point in the fortunes of England.

one. It was prescribed, in no small degree, with a tender regard to the concerns of those over whom they ruled, and had always given an interpretation favourable and considerate to them. But the changes, effected in 1813 and 1833, constitute an important landmark in the commercial history of our nation. They were avowedly adopted to affect India and England in totally different ways—those changes being as diametrically opposed to the general interests of the one country, as they were conceived in a spirit to confer great benefits, not from year to year, but from century to century, on the other. To

England, a few years proved the wisdom of throwing open the abundant markets of India to British competition. The step has enabled her to become a great exporting country, from an humble importing country. It has reversed the position of long dependent England by elevating her to a manufacturing power of the first rank, which now supplies, in her turn, hundreds of millions with the products of her industry, and sets at defiance every effort to injure her prosperity. Her seats of industry have multiplied in countless numbers. Her springs and mines now send out salt, coal, iron, and tin in millions of tons. Mills and manufactories have sprung up all over the country, and become more profitable than gold mines. If the great Continental countries of Europe may be described as vast standing camps, Britain may be described as a big workshop, to which nations from all parts of the world send their goods to be manufactured and made up. Such is the immensity of the volume of her trade now, that, in Birmingham alone, a week's work comprises "the fabrication of 14,000,000 pens, 6,000 bedsteads, 7,000 guns, 300,000,000 cut nails, 100,000,000 buttons, 1,000 saddles, 5,000,000 copper or bronze coins, 20,000 pairs of spectacles, six tons of papier-mache wares, over £30,000l. worth of jewellery, 4000 miles of iron and steel wire, ten tons of pins, five tons of hair pins and hooks and eyes, 130,000 gross of screws, 500 tons of nuts and screw bolts and spikes, fifty tons of wrought iron hinges, 350 miles length of wax for vestas, forty tons of refined metal, forty tons of German silver, 1,000 dozens of fenders, 3,500 bellows, 800 tons of brass and copper wares—these, with a multitude of other articles, being exported to almost all parts of the globe."* Manchester, that once was so insignificant as to have sent only "a single representative to the Parliament of Cromwell,"† has now made such rapid strides to prosperity and influence, as to overawe Ministries, and rule the destinies of nations. In a recent Parliamentary return, it is stated that "there are now in the United Kingdom, engaged in the cotton manufacture, 2,655 factories, 37,515,772 spin-

* *The Indian Statesmen.*

† *Macaulay's History of England.*

ning spindles, and 479,514 persons employed." The spindle-power of Great Britain is now one-fourth time greater than the united spindle-power of the civilized world.* Fifty years ago, the annual value of the English imports into India was no more than £6000,000. It now amounts to £32,000,000. The assessable income of the nation has, in a quarter of century, more than doubled from £220,000,000 to 453,000,000.† In general words, the effect of the commercial policy of the English Government, has been that the nation has accumulated great wealth, that the revenue of the kingdom has vastly increased, that the state of the country is highly satisfactory, and that the future is bright with the most cheering promises. It is originally the *custom* of India, to which is due and from which is deducible, in a great measure, all this marvel.

Well may the British nation be exultant on the consequences of the repeal of the Company's monopoly. But a very different view is taken of the matter by the people of India. That which has proved to be sound in principle and good policy in the one instance, has turned out to be the very reverse of them in the other. England's opportunity has been India's calamity. The unenlightened mass may not be able to pass a judgment. But the educated class has grown in intelligence to know their common citizenship and rights with British-born subjects. They can well discriminate honesty of purpose and an unmistakeable desire to do them good, from enlightened selfishness. According to them, the withdrawal of the Company's privileges is not simply a serious political blunder, but something deeper and blacker which amounts to a fraud deliberately perpetrated on an humbled nation. The question was decided upon narrow party-principles, and not upon sound, broad, and generous views. The sentence that was to stamp the color of the future years of hundreds of millions, and spread over the face of ages to come either misery or happiness, was passed

* The total of the spindle-power of Europe, America, and India, is, in round numbers, about 70,000,000, out of which that of England is 39,500,000.

† The National Income of the United Kingdom for 1873.

without hearing the voice of those millions,* without paying due regard to their situation and compassionating their condition, and without every sacred consideration of the duties and responsibilities of a ruling power. It involved in it the most arbitrary disposal of the fate of a nation upon record, and exceeded in despotism the acts of a Jengiz or Timur. No hesitation was felt by the British Ministry and Parliament in making the natives of this country the objects of a system of pernicious speculation and experiment, in bartering away their happiness for the sake of insignificant local interests, in demolishing all ramparts of protection that could never be re-constructed, and in consigning the Indian manufactures to destruction and oblivion. Far from being thankful for the cheapness and abundance of goods, and appreciating the effects of free-trade, "the evil passions, the thirst of gain and the antipathy of race to race and class to class, which have broken loose from the control of divine and moral laws," are most bitterly deplored. In the name of right and philanthropy, doctrines the most hostile to all Indian arts and industries have had the utmost practical recognition. The good that thirty centuries have done for our nation, has been undone in as many years. Let us view the prospect from an Indian stand point. The free-traders have siezed all the best indigo-fields and silk filatures in Bengal. The coffee-plantations in Southern India are all worked by them. The newly-discovered gold-fields at Wynaad have been pre-occupied by them.† They have taken over the cocoanut-oil and coir-rope manufactories of Ceylon into their hands.‡ The gunny making trade has been seriously encroached upon. Native iron mongery has been driven from our markets by Sheffield

* Indeed, "in the year 1632 there came to the English Government, from the natives of Bengal, a petition praying that the duties then levied on the introduction of their goods in England might be abolished, in order that the Indian might be placed on an equal footing with the English manufacturer." Robert H. Elliot on "*Indian Manufactures and the Indian Tariff*." But we suspect whether this petition was the effect of a spontaneous native movement, or that it had been got up at the suggestion of the Government officials of the day.

† "The Alpha Company have secretly, but conclusively, obtained large concessions from the Mysore Government."—*Englishman*, 8th February, 1876.

‡ The cocoanut-oil manufactory of Messrs. Leachman, and the coir fibre manufacture and the coffee stores of others.

knives and razors, and Birmingham bolts, nails, and padlocks. The Moulunghis have lost their trade since the introduction of Cheshire salt. Yarns, "turned out by rollers substituted for the human forefinger and thumb, and produced as much, in a given time, as two hundred cottage spinners can produce in a day," have brought the manufacture of the local thread to a perfect standstill, and "the busy house-wife no more plies her evening care." Machine-made cloths are now so liberally supplied, that the greater portion of our vast cotton industry has met with collapse. The *Takoor* and *Churka*, used for thousands of years, have at last been shelved as old gear. Our exports of manufactured goods to the Persian Gulf, the Coast of Malabar, Ceylon, the Straits of Malacca, the Indian Archipelago, and China, have under heavy duty-burdens, so much diminished, as to be now almost nominal. Our transactions in calicoes with Spain and Portugal have come to an utter end. It is not the only misfortune of India to have become a non-manufacturing and non-exporting country. Her calamity has been aggravated by the complete transposition of her relations—by her having been transformed from a *money-drawing country* into a *money-drawn away from country*. No more are her goods taken for cash, but in barter, and the numerous foreign imports now annually cost her 32 crores of rupees. The withdrawal of her own capital has made her dependent on foreign capital. To the utter astonishment and dismay of our industrial class, they, for the first time in the history of their professions, have had to feel and bow down under the evils of competition, brought on by to them unknown and mysterious influences at work in a far distant part of the globe. Routed from fields held for ages, their industries paralysed and occupations gone, our blacksmiths, salt-makers, spinners, and weavers, on whom the calamity has fallen with the greatest weight, are now scattered vagrants over the land in search of livelihood they nowhere find. The once populous seats of industry are now all deserted. There are not 500 families of weavers at Dacca now, where there were formerly 50,000. In hundreds of flourishing villages in the Western districts

of Bengal, only a few poor and wretched families are seen. The decay of our old trading towns is visible along the whole course of a traveller from Calcutta to Cashmere. Every where the native workshops are closed and silent—and in their places have risen booths and stalls for the sale of the thousand and one articles of European industry. Throughout the realm, it was only at one place—Benares, that the Prince of Wales was shown a few specimens of bona-fide Indian manufacture. The fairest provinces thus have suffered a serious diminution of wealth. The rich have become poor, and the poor have become poorer. Diverted from all legitimate channels, native genius now rusticates only in the labour-market. The more the ruling-race has advanced towards pre-eminence, the more has India been a sufferer. The discomfiture of the Company, has been the discomfiture of India.

There is quite enough to show, that it has been the constant effort of the successive British statesmen of the last two centuries, to raise the material condition of Great Britain to the highest possible level at the expense of India. But let England enjoy all her solid advantages. Let her home-industry be encouraged. Let her people be free to follow in any part of the world any calling that interest or fancy may dictate. Let her repeal all protective duties on articles of the most universal use—it being undeniable that the object of such repeal is the benefit of the consumer. India can well contend against scientific progress and skill, against vast producing-powers, against economization of time and abridgment of distance, against enlightened principles of political science and utilitarian doctrines. Little effort is necessary to overcome the disadvantages of the faults in the national character of her children—of their ignorance, indifference, weakness, and neglect or betrayal of her interests. She can well stand the withdrawal of capital from the country. Two years' saving, or the circulation of 64 crores of rupees,—the capital of four Banks of England,—can again set a-going a respectable number of her looms and forges. The only thing she fails to cope

The trick of a unequal system of duties, and its most fatal effects to India.

with, is the wholesale favor shown to one party, which does little credit to England's spirit of fairness. It is the unlimited freedom for successful competition granted to her rivals, with a desire to create a monopoly in their favor, while she is put under fetters to drag her slow length along, at which India feels most aggrieved. It is the system of unequal duties, devised for the purpose of restricting and repressing the enterprise and energy of her artizans, under which she has succumbed. The trade to India was thrown open in 1813, under convictions that free-trade was beneficial to mankind. But heavy Inland and Town duties still hampered the progress of, and exercised a depressing influence upon, India industry—duties which Mill calls to be “relics of an uncivilized government,” but which were not abolished under enlightened British rule, till a time within the memory of many thousands yet living. In justice, the two things—the liberation of the India trade, and the abolition of the Indian Town duties, ought to have taken place together. Every thing has been done for the extension of British manufactures. With the view of promoting a healthy competition, the burdens on home-industry were taken off by the English Government. The duties upon the English exports were reduced. The Company was obliged to make a large reduction in India in favor of the English imports. Double-duty, designed to afford an artificial and mischievous protection to those imports, was levied on goods shipped in foreign bottoms. The Indian raw-material was either nominally taxed, or made duty-free. ty years ago, the duty on raw cotton imported into England was abolished out of consideration for the permanent prosperity of its manufactures.”* During forty years this relief from burdens has been going on, until the several English trades have fully expanded, and shipments have followed shipments, and British articles have sold at our Presidencies almost as cheap as in England. Far otherwise is the treatment which India has received. In her case all that is calculated to operate with a levelling tendency, and emasculate

* Memorial of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce against the 5 duty on raw cotton, imposed in 1875.

her children, has been had recourse to. Till the year 1833, the transit of our goods to the sea-board remained subject to heavy duties and vexatious interruptions from toll-chowkeys placed at intervals of 10 to 15 miles,* which burdened industry, checked consumption, and limited the trades. Instead of a simultaneous reduction with the duties on English exports, in accordance with a true free-trade policy, the burdens on the exports of Indian manufactural productions were, on the contrary, made heavier in order to prevent them from going to England. According to Macpherson, the average of those duties, by the beginning of the present century, was so enormously high "as *thirty per cent* upon the sale amount." While English cotton goods cleared the ports of London and Liverpool by paying the insignificant duty of *two and a half per cent*, Indian cotton goods found no admission into those ports without paying the heavy duty of *ten per cent*. "When Cashmere shawls were first introduced into England seems uncertain," writes the *Englishman*, "but tradition says that they were at one time subject to a duty of 80 per cent.†" High duties were laid on our sugar and rum to favor similar products in the West Indies. Our raw cotton and indigo being articles of great importance to the British manufacturers, have on purpose always been lightly taxed. All that experience and foresight could suggest, was carefully provided to make the race for competition free for one, but trammelled for the other. In such a race, Indian manufactures were sure to be outstripped. They first of all ceased to move out of the realm. Next they died out in the land making room for foreign products. The secret of the success of the British adventurers lies not so much in the overcoming power of higher skill and greater capital, as in the operation of a scale of unequal duties—a small duty for England and heavy duties for India—cleverly adjusted so as to elevate one party and depress the other. It is this fact at the core which

* Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick's History of Commerce in Bengal, Part 3.

† The *Englishman* of February 2, 1876.

furnishes the key to the whole series of their exertions, and their triumphant progress since 1813. The trick, uniformly played from age to age, has had a fresh repetition in our day in the agitation raised by Manchester—an agitation making an important episode in the long continued struggle between the manufacturing interests of Great Britain and India. The climax may be supposed to have been reached by that agitation, which is the only one matter remaining to be noticed in a review of the commercial dealings between those two countries, and which affords the most forcible illustration of the policy, framed to centralize all profit in the hands of England—unfairly leaving India to contend against the greatest odds, and compelling her to be content only with exports of raw products.

From the date the India trade became free, Manchester has made a steady progress in India. Little trouble has it met with in competing with our domestic weavers. The cheapness and substantial character of the piece goods at first turned out by its mills, soon secured a preference for them. In their infatuation, the people of this country permitted and favoured such an unlimited importation of those goods, that the hands which previously made our cloths at once became idle. The products of the English looms came into our market, penetrating it as iron into clay. They worked out their way, spread through an ever-increasing area, and took firm root in the land, associated with a great prestige. The having secured a market with 200,000,000 customers, was a prize of such inestimable value, that it was resolved to be held with an unrelaxed grasp, and turned to the permanent advantage of the winners. Not more is India's officialdom regarded to be the appanage of the Civil Service, than its market is looked upon to be the appanage of the English manufacturers. To Manchester, India is but "cottonopolis, and cottonopolis India."* Thus, in the

The new cotton industry at Bombay, and Manchester's alarm.

* One of Manchester's expressions in the cotton discussion during the American Civil War.

intoxication of success, and in a mood of complacency begotten of a sanguine temperament, have dreams about perpetual domineering and uninterrupted prosperity been indulged in, without a cloud ever coming across the mind. But it is man that proposes, and God who disposes. Just as there are alternations of sleep and waking in the physical state, so there are in the moral state. The due period of lethargy having run out, India is now once more in her waking moments, and astir. With increased knowledge and under improved circumstances, certain far-seeing men of our nation, taking their cue from the successful cotton men of England, projected the setting-up of a few experimental spinning and weaving mills at Bombay. It was a great day for India, when, with the adoption of new ideas, and the introduction of skilled labour, she entered upon a new phase of commercial and manufactural life, amounting to a revolution as radical as in the case of England. The start in this proper direction of human labour was made first in 1858. But many difficulties beset such an enterprise in India. There is "the difference in climate, the high temperature, the dry atmosphere unfavourable to both spinning and weaving, the greater cost of erecting and working mills in this country, the dearer coal, and the dearer capital,"* with all which the Indian manufacturer has seriously to contend. Nevertheless, favourable results proved the correctness of the calculations upon which the ventures had been originally started. They turned out to be such as to make other mills spring up in a slow succession. The new industry steadily made progress, and assumed proportions in the lapse of time, so as to come into notice. But the degree of development which it has acquired in twenty years, is after all so small as to be infinitesimal compared to the gigantic magnitude of England's industry. By the latest figures, Bombay's spindle-power is as 1,000,000 is to 39,500,000. The competition of its mill-owners is also confined to the manufacture of the coarser kinds of goods. They have not

* Bombay Chamber of Commerce's Memorial against the Tariff Bill of 1875.

yet acquired the skill and confidence to compete on equal terms. Their "prospect of an approach to perfection is notoriously so remote, and the enterprise so doubtful, that it is quite unnecessary to take it into present calculation."* But even of this petty attempt Manchester is jealous. It would take note of its significance, and read it amiss. It would make of it a cause for serious alarm. The dwarf forebodes to grow into a formidable rival taking its place again in the markets of the world. Bombay has entered the arena of competition, with the unmistakable purpose of recovering India's old position by the regeneration of her manufactures conducted on new-fashioned plans and principles. The banks of the Hooghly exhibit signs of great spinning activity. Already the yarns produced there have pushed out the "low counts" from the market, and told on the English exports. There is no question of the new native industry being full of menace to the interests of Manchester. But in proportion as India's ambition is ominous, her strength just now is not so inconveniently great. The competition has not yet assumed undue development. The Indian mill-owner has not yet taken to the manufacture of the finer fabrics. The day is yet distant for him to compete side by side in all branches of the trade. But if time goes on, his skill and capital will increase, and they will "be employed in attempts to widen the field of his enterprise." It is only through contemptuous slight and relaxed watchfulness that the evil already existing has had opportunity slyly to have crept in. Too long the precaution has been delayed, and further neglect will aggravate the case, and embitter the consequences. Just now it is easy enough to deal with the infant in its initiatory stage, or, in a few years, England might have to fight for the very existence of her manufacturing power. Strongly moved by this prescience of selfishness, the astute Lancashire people have precipitated themselves into action. They are never at a loss for pretexts. Finding no vulnerable point for attack, the duty levied upon their goods has been made the ground for originating a

* Bombay Chamber of Commerce's Memorial against the Tariff Bill of 1875.

grievance, and constructing upon it a plausible case. It is ever and anon with them to take their stand upon free-trade principles—their usual unassailable position, and use the old weapon which has always told with unerring certainty. In their opinion, small though it be, and however levied for financial reasons, still the duty under question is liable to objection on general principle. The impost ought to be looked upon as “a remnant of protection,” which, operating in favor of the Bombay mill-owners, is not so much hostile to English manufacturers, as it is particularly prejudicial to the interests of the vast mass of the Indian consumers, by “impeding the importation of an article of first necessity.” As such, it is perfectly irreconcilable with the accepted public maxims of England, and her declared policy. Both justice and economy demand the abolition of a duty which places two rival parties under unequal conditions. Loud also is the complaint of Manchester by reason of the Indian manufacturers being free from all restrictive legislation. Their factories are worked any number of hours daily. No Sabbath interrupts them with suspension of business. The advantage in the unduly lengthy hours of Indian labour, needs to be counter-balanced by the operation of an *Indian Factory Act*. On behalf of the Indian Factory hands and the wage-earning classes in general, the law should step in to impose an obligatory abstinence, where there is no voluntary abstinence, by the extension of Constantine’s edict to heathenish India.* The desire of the Lancashire manufacturers to equi-balance the mutual advantages and disadvantages, and compete on equal terms, is but natural. They are not to be blamed for struggling to remove every obstacle to their trade, and push the interchange of their goods. But the fact ought to be borne in mind that their traffic in this country is abnormal, and in contradiction with the truths of political economy. They are encamped in India, as the Turks are said to be “encamped in Europe.” The ascendancy they

* It was the emperor Constantine the Great who, in 312 A.D., first made Sunday a rest-day by law.

wish to maintain is simply an usurpation, which rests admittedly upon force, and lacks the conditions of perpetuity. It may be doubted whether, with the exception of the slave-trade, any spectacle so scandalous as the maintenance of this traffic by force has been given to the world by any civilized nation. But supremacy founded upon uncertain allegiance, is seldom lasting. The endeavour to prolong its duration, often leads to the most pitiful subterfuges. There is an ingenuity about the innocent-looking intentions professed by the Lancashire mill-owners, of which the flimsy veil scarcely needs rending. The exaggeration of facts is readily intelligible.* The perfidy underlying is clearly seen through. Nothing, indeed, tells more against them, than the quiet remorseless way in which they have entered upon wantonly aggravating the evils already inflicted, and heightening the difficulty of the Indians in their up-hill task of reparation. Nevertheless, the agitation has worked its way by the energy of men who constitute almost "a fifth power in the realm." They have waited in a large and influential deputation upon the Secretary of State for India, and appealed for a little consideration in their favor. "Is it too much to expect that their trading relations should be unimpeded with their Eastern dependency."† During the last two centuries, so again and again have the British manufacturers been treated with indulgence, that compliance with their requests has become, as it were, a thing of course—a precedent and rule. One more concession, and it is the last—so the

* A Lancashire deputation waited upon the Secretary of State for India yesterday to urge the entire abolition of the import duties on cotton and cotton goods brought into India. The operation of these duties was ludicrously magnified by the spokesman of the party. One of them talked of a duty of 5 per cent as threatening an entire extinction of the cotton manufactures of England, while another declared that it would transfer her manufacturing interest to India. An import duty of 5 per cent can have, we believe, but little effect on the development of the cotton industry of Bombay, and it can have no appreciable influence on our trade with other customers. In other markets the Lancashire and Indian manufactures must compete side by side, and the utter extinction of the cotton manufacturer of England with all the world but India open before us, is a fanciful and excited dream."—*Times*, February, 1876.

† Speech in a meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce in Nov. 1875.

Secretary of State pledged himself to the Manchesterians that the objectionable duty on their imports should have the first claim to reduction, whenever reduction might be possible.

But the great question at issue, is one which deeply affects not only Manchester, but also India, and through her the continent of Asia, and half the world. The two manufacturing communities attach the same importance to its decision, and await it with equal anxiety. On the one side, the English manufacturer presses with increasing earnestness for the abandonment of the duty to which he imputes the declining profits of his trade. On the other, the Indian manufacturer is eager to have the cotton-trade of his country transferred back into his hands. None of them can be favoured or disappointed at the expense of the other—the well-being of them both being essential to the general prosperity of the British Empire. The day is past for *exparte* judgments, and one-sided policies, and high-handed suppression. All make-believes of the identity of the interests of India with those of England, are now matters of derisive repudiation. India is now in a very different humour from what it was in past generations. The once timid, unquestioning, and passively obedient Natives, who tacitly concurred in all the opinions, and quietly looked on the proceedings of the governing class without dissent or demur, are now criticising, disapproving, and outspoken, in the opposite extreme. No trait in their character is so marked now as their proneness to give an expression to their views, from their own stand-point, on all policies and acts of the Government. The least wrong or injustice now disturbs their composure, and moves them to call public meetings and address public memorials. Airing grievances is now their common practice, and their chronic opposition is in strong contrast with their former silent endurance. Touching international matters, their views are the counter-views of an opposite camp to that of Manchester—of rivals on the same field of enterprise. Knowledge has roused their instincts, and in proportion as they have been awakened to a sense of

Change in the national temper of India.

the advantages they possess to carry on the cotton manufacture at home, and it is felt to be of great moment to their fortunes and interests, is the present attempt of Manchester to tamper with them regarded with embittered feelings and animosity. Too far has the adversary trenched upon their domain, and is it too much to ask for securing their interests, more precious even than political liberty, by such fences as might effectually prevent further encroachment? From the heart of her heart, does India now nurture the wish to keep as clear as possible of Manchester interference and control, to shake off her material bondage, to uproot all grievances and grudges of the past and prevent that no more seeds of future mischief be planted, to exclude foreign goods from her market and restrict them to the narrowest limits with a view to their extinction, and to be left alone to her free-will and spontaneity in working out her social and commercial problems. In a word, her ambition is Self-Government.

Between parties with such irreconcilable differences of opinion, the Indian Government is placed in a very delicate position. No longer can it openly express the sympathies of race as of yore, and sacrifice native interests without concern. The old line of policy of governing India solely in the interests of England, is now impossible. In the present state of British India, no statesman, with a knowledge of its wants, and a sense of responsibility, can deny or endeavour to extenuate the necessity of reconsidering the popular maxims, modifying the old basis of trade, and enunciating new principles for its future guidance. India as much requires an independent Tariff of her own, as does England. It is obviously the duty as well as the policy of the Government to foster and encourage local industry to the utmost, as a source of wealth to the State. Theoretically the free-trade policy has been avowed and reavowed for the last fifty years, but the enjoyment of a virtual monopoly of the Indian market by the English manufacturers is notorious. Like a remanet case, the development of her resources has been put off from

The Indian Government in a fix.

session to session, and left over till another assize. Very long have her people patiently borne the fetters put upon their trades. It is time now for the emancipation of Indian industry. Such a step has become a thing of prime necessity to meet the requirements of progressive India. Fiscal as well as social reasons make it desirable to see her become a manufacturing country, such as she once was. Her growing population requires other resources for living than merely agriculture. With the daily increasing expenditure of her government, the nation should at the same time grow richer day by day. The multitude of her educated young men is in want of an opening for their livelihood. The industrial field is one of inexhaustible resources, where their talents can have the freest exercise and scope for play, and be turned to the best account. Though in contravention of the express rules for suppression, yet right-minded Governors, in accordance with the views of enlightened States, have not been wanting to open professions, and set up institutions, giving a practical turn to the national mind, and stimulating productive industry. The Medical College is an instance in proof. The Civil Engineering College is another. The several Industrial Schools, and Art Museums, and Art Exhibitions, are so many nurseries of Indian skill and ingenuity. The professed object with which Government is interested in the founding of Dr. Sircar's Science Association, or the Albert Industrial Institution, is to turn out well-educated and well-trained men for the introduction of new arts and manufactures. "From time to time," says Lord Northbrook, "articles of importance to the development of the resources of India—such as machinery and iron—have either been entirely relieved from duty, or the duty has been reduced to the lowest amount."* In reference to the remission of the duty on hides, Sir William Muir has remarked:—"But raw hides having been exempted in 1860, the maintenance of the duty would evidently have been a burden on the export of tanned and prepared skins, and thus a

check upon a profitable industry. Indeed, one chief merit of the present measures is that unfettered export will promote domestic manufacture not only in this case, but in that of cotton goods, oils, and other commodities (as has already been done with jute), and so encourage the shipment of our staples in a more valuable shape, and one that will ensure a higher return. And we may assuredly hope that India has now a new rôle before her by the growth of a flourishing export trade in her own manufactures."* All such circumstances are unmistakable admissions of the claim of the Natives to progress—though it be that in a piece-meal fashion has progress with them been in the habit of marching.

The position of India being thus placed broadly and plainly before the world, it is she, and not her rival, that has a preferential claim for relief. Blessed as the Lancashire men are with unbounded freedom, resources, skill, and capital, and who are already in the enjoyment of a practical monopoly, to indulge them with further concessions would be, to quote a Hindoo proverb, "putting oil over an oiled head." They have not made out a good case, but magnify the operation of duties which have no appreciable influence. The notion that they are threatened with an entire extinction of their trade by its transfer to India, is an alarm which cannot be treated with respect. Notwithstanding the springing up of the several Bombay mills, the demand for English cotton manufactures, instead of abating, has steadily progressed. From £9,803,143 in 1858-59, the value of their exports has risen to £19,387,270 in 1874-75. It has been slurred over that the competition now felt to be so great a sore-point, has always existed from native hand-loom weavers, whose productions are still consumed to the extent of 40 per cent. Calculations have been made on both sides, showing that the durable goods of native *manufacture* are more to the benefit of the Indian consumer, than the over-sized, and mildewed, and fraudulent cotton-cloths of Manchester. The duty

† Speech on the Tariff Bill of 1875.

objected to, is far from being intended as a protection. It is levied for revenue purposes, and yields £800,000, "which being distributed over 240,000,000, of people, is certainly not felt by them to be oppressive." The new Indian industry has not been "warmed into an artificial life by protective duties," but "has flourished by its own strength*"—by reason of the natural advantages possessed by the Indian manufacturer in cheap labour, and in proximity to the source of supply of raw materials, as well as to the market for sale, all which largely operate in his favor. In the presence of such overwhelming influences, the effect of the five per cent duty can, reasonably considered, be as minute only as that of a billionth solution. To declaim against it then as a fetter upon commerce, and "a tax upon the clothing of 200,000,000 people for the benefit of 11,000 investors, and less than 10,000 work people," is ludicrous exaggeration, and misdirection of the public mind. The English manufacturer is normally handicapped by the advantages possessed by his rival with which no other advantages can permanently compete. The cotton industry of India would continue to flourish and increase even if the duty were abolished. There is a turn in the wheel of fortune. It was before this the time for the diversion of trade from its old into new channels. Now it is the time again for its reverting into its ancient channels.

Recently, there was at the head of our Government a statesman, who had entered upon his vice-regal career by a declaration to act upon the Queen's Proclamation, and who, to all appearance, thought that his primary duty in administering his office was to consider the circumstances of India, and try to better them. With increasing expenditure but an inelastic revenue, he well knew that his most pressing function was to promote her economy. No doubt that on principle Lord Northbrook was opposed to a step which was bad for India from an economic stand-point. In His Lordship's opinion, the remis-

* Separate Revenue—No. 6 Despatch. India Office, 15th July, 1875.

sion of duty urged by the cotton manufacturers of Lancashire involved in it a loss of revenue, a liability to fresh taxation, the putting a veto upon and the postponement of the development of local industry to an indefinite period, and the leaving the millions committed to his charge entirely dependent upon agriculture in the face of periodic famines. But it is not easy for an Indian Governor scrupulously to act as guardian of his people's interests. * His power is not so great as is his responsibility. In all matters where Indian interests clash with Imperial interests, too often is pressure brought to thwart him in acting from an Indian point of view, and giving effect to his principles and convictions. He rules in a land of anomalies, where no one yet has been able or permitted to hold even the balance of justice. Lord Northbrook was fully desirous of siding with India in the dispute, but he failed not to remember the opponents he had to deal with—opponents who had never raised a clamour in vain, and who were in this particular instance headed by the Secretary of State for India. Feeling himself not daring enough to carry his authority to its utmost limits, he proposed a middle course—trimming between the two extremes. By diplomatic carefulness he wanted to avoid committing himself to any definite course of action ; and the outcome of his half-hearted resolve is the famous half-way Tariff Bill of 1875, which is “a strange mis-shapen thing,”

“ Which one knows not what to call,
Its generation is so equivocal ”

—whether, like the *Heteromita* of Professor Huxley, “it is animal or vegetable” * This Bill is a medley of the most incoherent principles. By it Lord Northbrook does and undoes in the same breath. He concedes to both parties, and to none. He gives power with one hand, and takes it back with the other. He stands by India, and breaks with India. He tries to please Manchester,

* It resembles the programme of the new Republican French Ministry, which is said to be :—“ Neither flesh nor bone : a great deal of vagueness with a great deal of inevitable weakness ; a sort of whipped cream with seasoning to every one's taste.”—*Home News*, March 17, 1876.

but balks it in the end. Duties are remitted with a view that India may have "a flourishing export-trade in her own manufactures," but a new duty is imposed for ever disabling her from competing in a valuable branch of industry. The present cotton-duty is retained in the interest of the Indian mill-owners. But the substitution of a new duty on the import of foreign long stapled cotton is apparently designed to protect the English mill-owners in their monopoly of the finer fabrics. In his perplexity, he promises to both parties, but disappoints them alike in the result.

This fast and loose method of treating so grave a matter, is unquestionably a great failure. It is more than that—a mischievous blunder. The question is decided neither way. The great conflict is not brought to a final issue. Nothing could be politically more unwise than to have left the subject to be contended over to the bitter end. Lord Northbrook ought to have pursued a straightforward course by plainly avowing his thorough adhesion to one cause or the other. If the pressure of Manchester was too great for him to resist, he could have yielded to it with many previous instances in his favor. Not his infamy, but his impotence and the subservience of his position to the India Office would then have become patent to the world. His conduct in that case would have been in accordance with, and not a departure from, the rule laid down. If, on the other hand, he was really anxious to serve India to the best of his power, the definite and decisive line of action lay clear before him. Remembering that upon him rested the burden of representing its people, he ought to have braced himself up and stood forth before his countrymen "to speak and act for those who are unable to speak and act for themselves," and abided by his resolution with a stout heart and sustained energy. It being too well known that Indian interests weigh a feather in the scale against English interests, the Native public had anxiously looked forward to the part that Lord Northbrook would take in the matter. To all intents and purposes he was their immediate great protector, the natural patron of their local trades and industries, and the

defender of the administration of their country from all hostile outside influences. As such, it was naturally expected that his legislation would be conscientious, and that his policy in the matter would be such as to settle the prospects of a great and growing industry, but still in its slow tentative era, for permanent good. It sufficiently appears that he was disposed to make a stand, for the first time in Anglo-Indian history, on behalf of India. But he did not bring the question a step nearer to decision such as has fulfilled the confidence reposed in him, or entitled him to the gratitude of our nation. Rather the disappointment is extreme, caused by a forecast which leaves the future of our cotton industry as much involved in embarrassment and uncertainty as ever. His Lordship did not take up the question on its broad principles, to lay down a broad and well-defined policy, holding up a hopeful assurance, and inaugurating a new era for India; but, narrowing it to one of revenue, he has disposed of it without a distinct finding either in the affirmative or negative. The inference is irresistible, that, if the state of Indian Finance had permitted, Lord Northbrook would have parted with the £800,000 raised from the 5 per cent import duty on cotton goods. Thoroughly sifted, it is impossible for any one to deny that the Tariff Bill of 1875 is of a piece with all previous legislation of the kind. On the face of it, it is promising enough, and is redolent of generous sympathies and good will. But, in truth, it is a gilded pill in which is embodied the latent principle, acted upon from age to age, which is kindred to all its predecessors in aiming at the suppression of Indian industry. In minor points it seems to favor India. But in the main it is as inimical as ever to her interests. Ostensibly is the burden upon the export of her cotton manufactures removed for widening the market for their sale. But in reality the promise held forth is reduced to a nullity by limiting the growth and preventing the improvement of her cotton industry. The little advantage is purchased at the cost of permanent injury to the prospects of the native manufacturer. The 5 per cent import duty upon foreign raw cotton, which by far is the most important of all points

comprised in the Bill, evidently covers a design to put an insuperable obstacle in the way of further progress. Practically, it places an embargo on the expansion of Indian cotton enterprise, and confines it to only one corner of the broad dominions it has for its fullest play. Uncalled for by any urgent necessity, opposed to sound economy, and promising not the least financial benefit to the country, it is an imposition which can never have any extenuation, and an act of wrong-doing for which His Lordship's admirers can never find an apology. The fact is staring us in the face that further improvement in our cotton industry is doomed.*

Lord Northbrook's Tariff Bill, justly styled "an elaborate piece of evasion," has disappointed all parties. The Lancashire people, at whose instance it has been revised, and for whom the arrangement made is on the whole beneficial, is full of discontent at the retention of the duty which has given rise to the contention. They cannot indeed bid Nature to reduce the capability of the Indian soil for producing cotton. By no human means is it possible for them to have removed the vast coal-beds from which the motive power of production is drawn. The markets for sale lying close by the manufactories cannot be distanced by artificial devices. The abundance and cheapness of Indian labour cannot be repressed otherwise than either by the annihilation or deportation of the Indian population. These are advantages which may defy them to nullify. But it is quite in their power to influence the Parliament or the Ministry, and bring about the abolition of the duty which stimu-

* In the farewell address, voted virtually by the *British Indian Association*, it is stated that Lord Northbrook "announced an enlightened and liberal commercial policy by a revision of the tariff duties, dictated by the highest consideration for the best interests of India." But all India has universally condemned this new impost. Not one voice has been raised in its defence in England. The Secretary of State for India has not sanctioned it. It is against the convictions of Lord Northbrook himself, the spirit of whose speech on the Bill indirectly condemns it, and whose absolute silence on the subject is but a silent confession of its indefensibility. Truly has it been remarked that he was "conscientious without zeal," and that "in spite of the most upright intentions, and a generally prudent policy, he committed more serious blunders than any of his predecessors."

lated the growth of a rival industry, and secured to it success by excluding foreign competition. They can well bring their pressure to bear upon the Secretary of State for India, for the passing of an *Indian Factory Act*, or the imposition of an *Indian Excise duty*, for safeguards of their interests. If revenue considerations stand in their way, they can compel the Indian Viceroy to levy either the Income Tax, or increase the Land Tax at their instance. It is but natural, in such plenitude of power, for the cotton lords of Lancashire to have become extremely disgusted at the lukewarmness of Lord Northbrook. They highly resent his artful dodge and evasion. Resolved to be satisfied with nothing short of the entire repeal of the obnoxious duty, they have had recourse to the Marquis of Salisbury for a more satisfactory mediation. It is not a little curious to mark the conflict between two parties with hostile interests leading to a conflict between the powers of the Viceroy and the Secretary of State for India. The latter question has grown out of the former, and threatens to overshadow the original agitation for Free Trade or Protection. The real question at issue now is not so much what shall be the commercial and fiscal policy of India in the future, as what shall be the relations between the Government of India and the Home Government. The retention of import duties on manufactured cotton goods, and the imposition of a new duty on foreign raw material, are now matters of secondary importance compared to the dispute between the two governing heads of India. It is enough to make a passing allusion to this matter, and proceed to deal with that which is directly under consideration. Unlike Lord Northbrook, the Secretary of State does not hesitate to pass the Rubicon. He takes the bull by the horns, and decides peremptorily Alexander-like not by untying, but cutting the Gordian knot. A thorough anti-protectionist—he really so in fact, or professes to be one for the moment—he cannot brook any thing which has the appearance of protection. However insignificant it is, there is no doubt of the Indian import cotton duty favouring the Indian cotton industry to some extent. The Eng-

lish manufacturer is therefore right in pointing out its protective tendency as an exception to the generally accepted system of free trade pursued by England, and reasonable in taking objection to its existence. On the other hand, India is wrong in believing that duty to be an element essential to her prosperity. With so many natural advantages vastly preponderating in her favor, it is immaterial whether that duty be maintained, or abandoned. The right view to take of it is, that it "offers a false encouragement, which diverts the Indian manufacturer from the efforts by which his success can alone be permanently secured"—and the real well-wisher of India would be he who should persuade her to believe that it is to her interest to abolish that duty at the earliest opportunity. Moreover, the question has a political, besides its commercial, aspect—the political being the more important of the two. There has been such a considerable increase in the number of petitions and representations addressed by the natives of India on the subject, that it may well be judged that the contention is hot enough even now. It will be waged with greater vehemence as strength is acquired by them in the lapse of time. "The prolonged existence of the duty will only keep open a sore which is likely to spread over a wider surface, and may, if it be too far prolonged, become a serious public danger.†" Influenced by these considerations, and moved by a tenderness becoming the trustee of the interests of India and the promoter of its industry, the Secretary of State has asked the Governor-General to reconsider his legislation, and recommended the policy of an entire removal of the duty "as quickly as is consistent with the conditions of the Indian revenue. It should not be adjourned for an indefinite period, but provision should be made for it within a fixed term of years."‡

* Separate Revenue, No. 6 Despatch, dated 15th July, 1875.

† Separate Revenue, No. 6 Despatch, dated 15th July, 1875.

Here indeed is a most distinct finding, the aim of which cannot be missed or mistaken. Though
India for England,
and never for India. Lord Salisbury's view of the case may appear plausible enough, yet no practical man will be deceived by his enthusiastic vindication of the general principles of free-trade, his tender regard for Indian interests, his keen far-sightedness into distant political dangers, and his timely precautions against them. The hypocritical cant is transparent. The real motive at the bottom is easily detected,—it is *to be served by serving*. He has come to the aid of Manchester, that Manchester might come to the aid of a Ministry not generally popular in this age. Taking for granted that his great object was to tranquilise the mind of India by putting an end to a dubious conflict, the precaution taken by him is calculated rather to defeat, than compass that object. Blinded by his partiality and overweening confidence in his own judgment, he has overshot the mark. The political insight into Indian matters to which he lays claim, is of all things with which he can be least credited. He has no knowledge of the native mind and sentiment from actual experience. What can be more conspicuous than his utter failure in the right estimate of the contest in which he has so notoriously interfered, and turned its fortune into the wrong direction. The fight ought to have been properly understood in the light of a serious conflict for far higher stakes, than the simple retention or abolition of a petty impost. It ought to have been regarded as a commercial *Cynoscephalæ*, in which, like the phalanx and the legion of old, there had met 200,000,000 Indians with mighty interests on the one side, and a powerful plutocracy on the other, to measure their strength against each other, and the welfare of a third of the human race depended on its result. Far from exaggerating, the Natives of India attach very little importance to the duty which has originated the quarrel. They very well know that the abolition of that duty will not enable Manchester to undersell the Indian mills. The effect of its operation is scarcely appreciable, and those mills would increase and

prosper were it removed. They would suffer by it no more than a slight reduction in profit, but there would still be left a margin of thirty per cent in their favor. The cotton trade of India is secured by so many solid advantages and conveniencies, that it defies all policies and machinations, if the Indians be only true to themselves. Fresh capital is being invested, and new and improved machinery imported, for profiting by that trade. In a single year—and that the year of doubtfulness—the addition to the manufacturing power of Bombay has been so great, as 50 per cent. From a 1,000,000, the number of its spindles has become 1,500,000.* The example of Bombay, will be taken up by Calcutta and Madras. Indeed, “there has begun the march of a manufacturing revolution, which, having commenced with cotton, has already extended itself to jute, will soon spread to wool, silk, and paper, and which must eventually extend to other industries—a revolution greater than the world has ever seen, and which will not only affect the English nation, but all the white races who have any manufactures worth naming.† The real point struggled for by our nation, was to know whether India was to be governed in Indian interests or in the interests of England, whether the commercial relations between the two countries were, as heretofore, to be determined by the stronger of them, whether the days of unrighteousness and oppression had been succeeded by days of equity and charity, whether the governing body were to be content with having engrossed every position of high emolument in the country, or should monopolise also the departments of commerce and manufactures, and leave only the field of agriculture to the governed for their livelihood. In brief, it was an experiment to test whether India, like every other colony of England, would be treated as a self-governed country. Taught by bitter experience how promise after promise held out to them

* At this rate, it will take sixteen years to have between 6,000,000, and 7,000,002, spindles, the number employed in England in producing for the Indian markets.

† *Indian Manufacturers and the Indian Tariff*, by Mr. Robert H. Elliot.

has been broken, the people of this country desire for nothing so much as to be dealt with sincerely, and to have the truth avowed with a manly frankness and honesty. Failing to look at the matter from this point of view, the manner in which it has been dealt with and disposed of, is as much a scandal to the British nation, as it has caused the most bitter disappointment to the Indians. Both Lord Northbrook's cold half-hearted measure, and the imperious over-ruling of the Marquis of Salisbury, have dissipated and given the most distinct, plain, and complete denial to the flattering hopes indulged in by our nation that better days had dawned for them. Instead of reform, and an improved regime, and a new role, there is the most positive retrogression. There is the same sympathy of race for race, the same persistent avowal of the coincidence of Indian with English interests, the same rapacious spirit for exaction, and the same determination to hold India in pupilage in 1876, as in 1776. No change with her growing intelligence and enlightenment, no respect of native merit and aspiration, no subordination of politics to morals, no wish to repair the injuries of the past, and no sign of an honest movement for improving the future. *India for England* is as much the order of the day, as it was ever. The thinking portion of the native community feel their understanding highly insulted by being asked to believe, that the maintenance of the duty on imported cotton manufactures is opposed to the best interests of their country. This is most barefacedly inculcated in the face of the protective tariffs adopted by all the other colonies to shut out the manufactures of the mother-country. If there is one point on which that community, in its present mood, is particularly sensitive, it is with regard to the encouragement of domestic, and not of foreign, industry. Now that a strong disposition is shown by our people to develop local productions of every kind, it was looked forward to with great hope, in the recent agitation, that a fiat would be issued responding to that disposition, and seconding their efforts by the offer of every facility for utilizing their resources and opportunities. Well conscious of their fitness-alike for

growing, manufacturing, and trading, their confinement exclusively to agricultural industry, is a grievance on the redress of which their heart is wholly set. The tension of public interest, therefore, was raised to the highest pitch by the prospect of the settlement of a sore question—the emancipation, or the repression of Indian industry—brought forward by folks the most meddle-some in our affairs, and obstructive to our advancement. No other body annually puts India to so heavy a loss as Manchester, and the popular feeling against it is virulent in proportion. Believing in his sympathies and bland assurances, the fight was at first left to be fought out by Lord Northbrook. But on his insincerity becoming patent, and on his beating a retreat, the rising manhood of the day every where came to the front, raised an uproar, and combatted the policy of Manchester. The struggle resembled as one between *Boreas* and the *Tropical Monsoon*, for predominance in our latitudes. It is too early for the latter to prevail against the Nor-Westerns in March. Similarly, it is yet premature for India to expect her interests to get the better of English interests, which are still in their march. Fighting in chains, and miscalculating their strength, the people of this country have been overwhelmed with defeat. It is all over with their fond idea of supplying home-wants by home-manufactures. The matter is shelved and indefinitely postponed. Now that the most decisive lie has been given, and the worst suspicions have been confirmed, “how can we,” says the Englishman, “any longer credit England with that desire of which we hear so much, to see India become a great manufacturing country? It is with a keen sense of shame that we are impelled to confess that that desire has no existence in fact, except so far as it is compatible with the interests of a selfish and powerful body of Englishmen, who value India only for the market she affords for their goods; a body of Englishman whose avarice has already made their country a political nonentity in Europe, and is, we fear, destined to rob her of every noble attribute.*”

* The *Englishman* of 7th August, 1875.

The severe strain put upon hypocrisy has made it impossible any longer to conceal the truth. The gravity of the occasion has wrung out the fact, that the competition of India with England in manufactures is an *evil*, and that therefore "it was the desire of the Government, with the concurrence of the Council, to do whatever seemed to be in accordance with sound policy, to prevent what little evil might be thought to exist from assuming, through their neglect, undue proportions. The only measure at present required appeared to be the imposition of a duty upon the imports of all raw cotton excepting the produce of continental Asia or Ceylon, which had therefore been provided for in the Bill. If in spite of such precautions, the Indian local manufactures should assume more important dimensions than at present, then there appeared no doubt that the proper course would be, not only a repeal of the import duty, with its concomitant resort to more objectionable taxation, but the imposition of an *Excise duty*."*

The victory of Manchester has much to teach. It plainly tells, that all combined India is no match for the cotton spinners and weavers of that city. There is need to speculate upon the impression which this victory has made upon the Indian mind. Ever since the Mutiny, in no matter have all Anglo-Indians become so unanimous and sedulous, as in preaching loyalty. But this triumph of Manchester is a proof of its intrinsic superiority, which has not the less amazed, than perplexed, the Natives in deciding whom to pay to their allegiance, and look upon as the most supreme power in the State. They have seen a powerful Governor-General go to the wall, and a strong-minded Secretary of State put in a dilemma, out of which he has had to come with quasi-impeachment. They have seen a Prince of the Royal Family, and the "King that shall be hereafter," come and go away like figures in a *dissolving-view*, without any effect upon the Oriental mind by not moving, but holding heaven and earth at a

Manchester's paramountcy in India's consideration.

* Mr. Hope's Speech on the Tariff Bill. Mr. Hope leaves no hope.

stand-still, and leaving every stone unturned where it lay. They have weighed Her Majesty the Queen herself, and found her wanting in power to do the least good or evil. They have found the imperial Parliament to be little better than a place for scenes, in which Indian matters make its members either go to sleep, or quit the House,—in which “a broken head in Cold-Bath Fields excites greater interest than three pitched battles in India.”† The only power which has on scores of occasions made itself truly felt, by turning flourishing towns into scenes of ruin, by consigning whole classes to poverty, by pressing with a dead-weight upon native industry, with whom lies whether to repeal or levy a tax, whether to create famine or abundance in the land, is Manchester. Vain, therefore, is the visit of the heir-apparent for the exaction of homage—vain the assumption by the Queen of the title of the Empress of India. It is not Ormuzd, but Ahriman, that is the real governing power. It is Manchester that is the real arbiter of the fate of India.||

Laws overriding the Queen's proclamation, and maintaining the relationship of a Lion and Lamb between England and India.

The Marquis of Salisbury, it is said, has been influenced in his decision by the political consideration of nipping animosity in the bud, and avoiding a future serious public danger. Rather the public discontent has been heightened than allayed. His open espousal of the cause of her adversary has very much scandalized India. The overthrow suffered at the hands of her accredited protector has been a great blow to her pride. Her being left still to deal with an inveterate enemy, is extremely resented. No idea is nurtured with more fondness by the people of this country, than that Great Britain and India have, by virtue of the Queen's Proclamation, become

† Macaulay's Speech in 1833.

|| “But Manchester is not so rich as it is reputed to be. It is not unfamiliar with the practise of pawning, and her mills and her machinery are pledged to an extent of which the public has no proper conception. A doomsday book, that would show us to what extent her property is mortgaged, for what amounts and to whom, would, indeed, be a most instructive document.”—*Extract made in the Indian Statesman of 9th May, 1876.*

united kingdoms. By that Proclamation, the ties between the two countries have been drawn closer, and they are now politically as one. Since then, the principle of common citizenship is the only principle which should have been recognised in the conduct of their national affairs, and constant efforts ought to have been made to render that union more and more a reality. But it needs only a glance at the Statute Book to see how far still we are from that complete hearty union, which should exist for mutual benefit between countries circumstanced as Great Britain and India are. Each year that volume is crowded with Acts totally and entirely at variance with the idea, that India forms an integral portion of the British Empire, and is entitled to be governed in its own interests, and in accordance with the wishes of its own people. It is impossible for denial that a large number of laws and institutions are maintained, which repudiate the theory of union and common benefit, set at naught the assurances and promises of Her Majesty, and encourage the antagonism which finds vent in the opinion that India is no more than a conquered country, fit only to be treated as an abject dependency, and good for nothing else on earth, unless it be a market for the products of English industry, and an inheritance to fatten upon for Englishmen.

Such, then, is a brief account of England's commercial policy towards India. It may be summarised as a policy wholly and purely of interest, and not of duty. At first prohibitive, next aggressive, then suppressive, it has at last become repressive—setting bounds to Native ambition for any thing approaching commercial rivalry. In name, it advocates free trade. In fact, it upholds a gigantic monopoly. The whole history of that policy—of the gradual steps taken to elaborate its frame-work, and of the changes introduced from time to time to mature, harden, and set it in the mould in which it exists and works at the present day,—cannot but leave on the mind the impression that selfishness, combined with insincerity, is the essential of all commercial legislation by England with reference

Sum and substance.

to India, and that the break-up and repression of Indian industry being the great object of that legislation, it has been the most efficient cause of the decay and ruin of Indian manufactures—which are now like a star whose light survives, though space no longer contains its substance.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT WARS OF INDIA.

XVII.—THE WARS OF ALTÁMASH.

A. D. 1211 TO 1235.

ALTÁMASH was a Turkish slave purchased by Kuttubudeen Ibek for 50,000 pieces of silver, and afterwards married to his daughter. He mounted the throne of Delhi by defeating and displacing Arám, his master's son. He also defeated some of Kuttub's generals, who opposed him at the head of a strong portion of the Turkish horse, which formed the flower of the royal army.

After these successes Altámash directed his arms against Násirudeen Kábácha, the governor of Scinde, who held the strong fort of Rántambhor, and was anxious to become independent. The ability of Násirudeen was however, not equal to his aspirations, and he was therefore easily subdued, the entire country governed by him submitting to the victor. Uch and Mooltan were also quickly reduced, and all the country of the Sewálik hills.

In 1225, Altámash led his army towards Bengal and Behar, which were then held by Yeasaludeen Khiliji, who was called prince of Bengal. Altámash forced him to submit to his authority, and, entrusting his son Násirudeen with the government of Bengal, left that of Behar to Yeasaludeen, both being made subordinate to the throne of Delhi. Soon after war broke out between

Násirudeen and Yeasaludeen, and, the latter being defeated, the government of both the provinces was assumed by Násirudeen.

In 1232, Altámash besieged the fort of Gwalior, which in the reign of Aram had fallen into the hands of the Hindus, and was held by a chief, named Deobal. The place was reduced after a siege of one year, and his way to it being thus opened, Altámash marched towards Málwá, where he took the fort of Bhilsá and the city of Oujein. In Oujein he destroyed the magnificent temple of Máhácála, one of the twelve great Lingas worshipped in Indiá ; and the stone images both of Máhácála and Vikramáditya were sent to Delhi, and broken and placed at the threshold of the great mosque.

The reign of Altámash was contemporaneous with the age of Chingez Khán and the Tartar conquests. India was the only country that escaped the rage of Chingez. She was in imminent danger of being invaded by him, when he ran in pursuit of Jelláludeen, king of Khárisim, who was hunted down to the banks of the Indus. But Chingez did not pass that river, while Jelláludeen swam across it and fled towards Delhi.

The victories of Altámash brought all Hindustan, from the mouths of the Indus to those of the Ganges, under the sovereign rule of Delhi, though the obedience of some portions of it was still merely nominal. They were appreciated even by the Kaliph of Bagdad, from whom Altámash received investiture in due form, which was the earliest recognition of the Indo-Mahomedan empire by the head of Islám.

XVIII.—THE WARS OF ALLÁUDEEN.

A. D. 1295 TO 1316.

THE reign of Alláudeen was distinguished by many victories over the Hindus, and his name in history is recognised as that of the first Mahomedan subjugator of the Deccan. He arrogated to himself the title of Sekan-

der Sáni, or Alexander II; and there is no doubt that his conquests were extensive and great, partaking however mainly of the character of predatory incursions in which nothing but plunder was really secured. No less than four invasions of Southern India were made during his reign; but the Mahomedan rule was not permanently established there till much later times.

The career of Alláudeen was commenced in 1292, when Jeláludeen Khiliji was yet on the throne. Allá, who was the emperor's nephew, requested his permission to march against the Hindus of Bhilsá, who infested his province, and, succeeding in the expedition, afforded much satisfaction to his sovereign on account of the rich spoils which he brought with him. Being henpecked at home Alláudeen naturally preferred a life of activity abroad, which carried him beyond the sphere of his wife's temper and influence. He therefore proposed again the reduction of Chinderi, from which great plunder was expected; and, on that pretext, collected an army of eight thousand horse, with which he marched to the Deccan, the conquest of which had not yet been attempted. Rámdeo, rajah of Deogiri, was the first to oppose him, but was defeated with great loss after which his capital was invested. Great uneasiness was however felt by both parties;—by Allá, from a knowledge of his weakness in numbers, which induced him to give out that the forces under him only formed the vanguard of the imperial army, the whole of which was advancing to support him; and by Rámdeo, from the conviction of his utter unpreparedness, and a belief in the emperor's proximity which boded nothing less than a general conquest of the Deccan. This made the combatants equally solicitous to come to terms; and a hasty peace was patched up, and Allá bought off by the surrender of fifty maunds of gold, a large quantity of pearls and jewels, fifty elephants, and a thousand horse. Unfortunately the son of Rámdeo had intermediately succeeded in collecting a large army, and coming forward just when Allá was preparing to depart, he intercepted his retreat by an insolent letter in which he threatened him with imme-

diate chastisement. The battle wished for by the prince was given to him. It was commenced by the Hindus with such violence that Allá began to fear for the result. But, at this moment, the detachment left by him before Deogiri, abandoning the siege, galloped to the field to assist him; and, the dust raised by the horsemen concealing their number, the Hindus imagined that the bulk of the emperor's army had at last arrived, and immediately took to their heels. The greatest cruelty was now perpetrated by the Mahomedans, the whole country being sacked by fire and sword. Peace was finally concluded on condition of the payment of 600 maunds of gold, seven maunds of pearls, two maunds of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, 1000 maunds of silver, 4000 pieces of silk, and other precious commodities. A bolder attack crowned with greater success is not to be met with even in the annals of Indian warfare.

His success raised the aspirations of Allá, and he returned to Delhi only to murder his sovereign and usurp the throne. He then made haste to get into his power the family of the murdered king, who made a stand at Mooltan, where they were defeated, which led to most of the members being put to death and the rest placed in confinement. But, notwithstanding all these pressing engagements to attend to, Allá was yet able simultaneously to defeat a Mogul army of 100,000 men in the neighbourhood of Lahore.

The first great undertaking of Alláudeen's reign was the conquest of Guzerat, in 1297, the rajah of that place having recovered his independence, on the withdrawal of the garrison left there by Mahomed Ghorí, during the reign of his immediate successors. The present invasion of the province was undertaken by Ulugh Khán, the brother of Allá, and Nusrat Khán, his vizier, at the head of a large army, consisting of 14,000 cavalry and 20,000 infantry; and they soon succeeded in re-occupying it, after which they laid it waste with fire and sword, and carried off from it a large booty in gold, diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds. The rajah, Rai Karan, escaped to Deogiri for protection with Ramdeo; but his

wives, children, and treasure fell into the hands of the Moslem, and the beauty of Cumlá Devi, his favorite wife, made such impression on the heart of Allá that he married her.

In 1298, the Moguls re-invaded India, and this for sometime continued to be the crying evil of Allá's reign. The enemy on this occasion counted 200,000 horse, and were led by Kátlak Khoja, the son of Dáwá, or Dáood, king of Turkestán. Allá raised an army of 300,000 horse and 2,700 elephants to repel them, and Ferishta correctly remarks that from the time that the spears of Islám were first exalted in India, two such mighty armies had never joined in fight on its soil. The right wing of Allá's army was commanded by Záfar, a hero of great repute, the left by Ulugh Khán, and the centre by the king himself. The bravery and impetuosity of Záfar gained the victory; but he was not supported by either Ulugh Khán or Allá, both of whom equally envied his fame, and the consequence was that he was cut to pieces after a wonderful display of valor. Allá is said to have expressed greater pleasure at his death than for the victory that was obtained. The invaders however were actively pursued, which sufficed to carry them out of the country for the time.

In 1299, Allá sent Ulugh Khán and Nusrut Khan with a large army against the fort of Rántambhor, which was now held by Hámir Deo, a descendant of Prithu Rai of Delhi; by whom the assailants were repulsed and the vizier slain. This forced Allá himself to the field. On the way an attempt on his life was made by his nephew, Akat, which was unsuccessful, Allá surviving the wounds he received. His attention was also distracted by conspiracies, and revolts in Delhi and other places, all of which were put down. The siege of Rántambhor was then assumed, and, after sitting a whole year before the place, he only gained access to it by a device. He collected together a large multitude of coolies, and provided each with a bag which he had to fill up with earth; and these bags, being piled on each other over a wide base, formed an ascent to the top of the walls, by which means

the troops entered the fortress and occupied it. With his usual barbarity Allá put the prince, Hámir Deo, and his family and the garrison to the sword. Even the rajah's vizier, who had deserted over to him, was killed, Allá refusing to believe that a servant who had betrayed one master could be faithful to another.

In 1302, Allá sent an army, by an unexplored route through Orissa, to reduce the fort of Wárangal, the capital of Telinganá. The expedition, however, was not successful at the time, or, at all events, the siege was long protracted. He at the sametime marched personally to Cheetore, the chief fortress of Mewár, which had never yet been reduced. The Hindu accounts attribute this invasion to the beauty of Pudmani, the wife of Bheemsi, the Lord-Protector of Mewár, which had smitten the very susceptible heart of the king. Cheetore was taken after a siege of six months; and, Bheemsi being made a prisoner, Allá insisted on the surrender of his wife as the only price of his liberation. To this the adherants of Bheemsi affected to agree, and, proposing to send the lady and her retinue in covered litters, at once transported into Delhi the flower of their warriors—a devoted band, that liberated Bheemsi and covered his retreat with their lives. Allá re-attacked Cheetore on a later day, and captured it; but, as Pudmani destroyed herself by *Johur*, he avenged his disappointment in not obtaining her by the massacre of 30,000 Hindus. He then made over the fort to one Máldeo, not considering it prudent to retain in Moslem hands the possession of a place which the Hindus were sure perpetually to contest for.

The king's attention was next diverted by a fresh attack on Delhi by the Moguls, under the lead of Ali Beg Gurgun, and Tártak or Tárghi. They were opposed by Malik Káfar, Allá's favorite general, at the head of 80,000 men. The contest was stubborn on both sides for a time, till some unaccountable cause created a panic among the Moguls and they fled, which Allá attributed to the intervention of a saint on his behalf. They repeated their invasions several times afterwards, under different

leaders, named Kapak, Ikbál, and Mudasir ; but were always repulsed by Allá's generals in the north, till the inhumanity of the king towards his prisoners impressed them with a salutary dread of him, which led to all thoughts of invasion being abandoned. An attack of India by a body of 40,000 Tartars under Ali, one of the grandsons of Chingez Khan, was also defeated about this time ; after which the attention of Allá was again turned southward, and two expeditions sent out, one to Guzerát and the other to Málwá, both of which were equally successful. In Málwá the cities of Oujein, Mándú, Daranágurri, and Chinderi were taken ; and all revolt in Guzerat, having been put down, the detachment sent to it proceeded thence towards the Deccan, to which a fresh expedition had been intermediately despatched under Káfur, on the pretext that Rámdeo had failed to remit the tribute due from him. It was the fortune of this party to capture Dewal Devi, the daughter of Cumlá Devi and Rai Karan, with whom it returned at once to Delhi ; and as the girl was found to be exceedingly beautiful, she was married to Chizer, the eldest son of Alláudeen.

In the meantime Káfur went on subduing the country of the Mahrattas, and then laid siege to Deogiri ; but, as Rámdeo submitted, he was received into favour, and peace concluded with him on payment of rich presents. The army of Káfur then passed on, in 1309, to Telingáná, for the capture of the mud fort of Wárangal which still held out. It was now regularly besieged and carried by assault, after which the garrison was inhumanly murdered, which compelled Rajah Laddar Deo to purchase peace by the surrender of 300 elephants, 7,000 horses, and money and jewels to a very large amount, and by agreeing to pay an annual tribute to the king.

The most distant expedition of Allá's reign was that undertaken by Káfur in 1310, when he marched against Bullál Deo, rajah of the Carnatic, and, after defeating him and taking him prisoner, ravaged the whole country down to Cape Comorin. Káfur found in the temples a prodigious spoil in idols of gold adorned with precious

stones, and other rich effects consecrated to their worship. The plunder carried by him to Delhi is said to have amounted to 312 elephants, 20,000 horses, 96,000 maunds of gold, and several chests of jewels and pearls. Of Alláudeen's riches generally it is related that they surpassed the accumulations even of Máhmood of Ghazni.

The last expedition of Káfur to the Deccan was undertaken in 1312, when the rajah of Deogiri was put to death and his country ravaged, while the tributes of Telinganá and the Carnatic were raised. Hirpál Deo, the son of Rámdeo, afterwards avenged his death by stirring up the whole of the Deccan to arms, and captured a number of imperial garrisons; and, Allá dying in the interim, the independence of the Deccan, which he had so exerted to stamp out, was regained.

XIX.—THE EXPEDITION TO CHINA ACROSS THE HIMÁLAYÁS.

A. D. 1337 TO 1339.

JONAH, otherwise called Mahomed Toglek, was a merciless tyrant, but a brave and active prince. In his reign insurrections were frequent, most of which were suppressed with great vigor, albeit they were also punished with heartless severity. The only military expedition of the emperor that need be noticed in these pages is his attempted invasion of China, a mad idea which met with the discomfiture it merited.

The reputation of the great wealth of China first raised the wish of conquering that kingdom by marching to it across the Himálayá mountains. To this end a preparatory expedition was undertaken in 1337, when an army of 100,000 men was sent under the command of Chusero, a nephew of Mahomed, to explore the entire country between India and China, and fix garrisons along the line, the emperor proposing to proceed afterwards in person, at the head of his whole army, to invade Peking. The great officers of the state endeavoured

to dissuade him from a purpose so extravagant and strange; but he insisted on carrying out his idea, and the departure of Chusero was expedited. The mountains were entered and crossed under great privations, and small forts were built on the route ordered to be kept open. Proceeding in this manner the boundaries of China were reached by an army greatly reduced in number and suffering the severest privations from scarcity and sickness; while they were confronted by a numerous and fresh army assembled to receive them. The dismay of the assailants at this sight knew no bounds. Their country was at a great distance behind them; the passes they had come by were almost impracticable and could not easily be retraced, while such as were traceable were found to have been closed by the natives; and the rains were about to overtake them. In the face of these disadvantages they commenced their retreat; but the savage inhabitants of the mountains, no longer fearing them, fell upon them and plundered them of their baggage and provisions. The rain falling in torrents added to their difficulties, as the path, never easily practicable, now became perfectly impassable, particularly for horsemen who found themselves up to the middle in water. In this dilemma, without anything almost to subsist upon, they lost the road, and within a space of fifteen days the entire army fell a prey to famine and disease. The Chinese troops scarcely stooped to molest them; it was unnecessary to do so: they simply stood by and saw them expire. Few out of the 100,000 men who were sent, came back to tell the tale; such as did come back were of those who were left behind to garrison the forts that were erected. The emperor, instead of pitying their condition, ordered all these to be put to death, as if they were responsible for the failure of his project. Thus ended the only attempt ever made from India to conquer China. A friendly intercourse with that country was always kept up by land, both in the Hindu and Mahomedan periods; and in the reign of Jonáh himself a splendid embassy arrived from China, in return for which Ibn Batuta, the celebrated traveller from Tangiers, was deputed by him to Peking.

XX.—THE INVASION OF TIMOUR.

A. D. 1397.

INDIA was invaded by Timourlung, the conqueror of Bajazet, in 1397, his sole objects being to slay infidels and amass a large booty to replenish the empty treasury of Persia. His grandson, Pir Mahomed, preceded him and laid siege to Mooltán, while he himself took direct route from Kábool to Dinkote on the Indus. All the country between Mooltán and Láhore was sacked by the invaders by fire and sword. On the banks of the Chenáb the fortress of Tulámbi was taken, and the town of the same name pillaged on the pretext of seeking for grain. The fortress of Bhátnir was reached next, after crossing the Beyah. It belonged to a Hindu prince, named Rai Dulchánd, and was garrisoned by a party of Rájputs who refused to submit. Dulchánd however, being less resolute, surrendered himself; but, as his brother and his son still held out, his own submission went for nothing, and, on the place being taken, all the inhabitants were put to the sword. On the banks of the Sutledge the armies of Timour and Pir Mahomed were united, at a place called Keitál, preparatory to their advance on Delhi; and at Pániput Timour ordered his soldiers to put on their fighting apparel. He crossed the Jumna shortly after, that he might be better supplied with forage; and then attacked and took the fort of Lowni, the garrison of which was killed.

The army having encamped opposite to Delhi, Timour crossed over to reconnoitre the citadel. The smallness of his retinue emboldened the king, Máhmood III, to attack him; but the attack was repulsed, and Timour, returning to his camp, ordered the 100,000 prisoners he had captured since crossing the Indus to be put to death, which apprised India of the treatment she had to expect from him, and gained him the unenviable name of Hillák Khán, or the destroyer. The cause of this severity was the fear that the prisoners would naturally incline to the people of Delhi, and probably join them if they had an opportunity to do so. The order was carried out with

such alacrity by his followers that even one of the chief Moolláhs, who had never slaughtered a sheep in his life, put fifteen Hindus to the sword.

The next move of Timour was to ford the river with his army, in which he was unopposed. He then encamped on the plains before that portion of the city which went by the name of the city of Feroze, entrenching his position by a ditch, which was strengthened by being stocked with buffaloes fronting the enemy. Four days after he marched out of his lines and drew up his army in order of battle. Máhmood with the army of Delhi and 120 elephants in mail advanced to receive him. The Indian army was inferior in numbers, but ably commanded by an intrepid vizier: the contest therefore was for a time desperately maintained. But the charge of Timour, at the head of a squadron, called "the heroes of Chigháttá," having succeeded in dismounting the elephant-drivers in his opponent's service, soon turned in his favor the fortune of the day. The elephants, being no longer under control, now ran backward in terror, breaking the ranks they were intended to support; and the veteran troops of Timour, taking advantage of the confusion, pressed forward with such vigour as forced their enemies to fly. The consternation of the fugitives was so great, that, not trusting to their walls, they fled all over the country in every direction, the king himself deserting the capital and flying to Guzerat, an example which was eagerly followed by all the higher officers of the state. The city was necessarily compelled to submit; and Timour promised protection to the inhabitants, provided a large ransom was paid. He at the sametime placed guards at the gates, and appointed the scriveners of the city and the magistrates to regulate the contributions to be raised. At this time some one gave out that the omras and other rich men were garrisoning their houses with their dependents to evade payment of their shares; and, this coming to the ears of Timour, he ordered a body of 15,000 soldiers to march on the city to enforce the authority of the magistrates. This they did with a vengeance; their entrance into the city was marked by plunder and out-

rage which their own officers could not restrain; the streets were rendered impassable by heaps of the dead. Some of the Delhians endeavoured to defend themselves, but soon got worsted and in despair threw down their weapons. The Hindus died in their usual fashion, by setting fire to their own houses, after killing their wives and children; the rest of the inhabitants were all put to the sword. Some historians mention that the order for pillage and massacre was given by Timour himself, on its being reported to him that some of the citizens had resisted the collectors of the ransom on account of their violence. The character of Timour renders this highly probable; it is very unlikely that he should not have known what was being done within the city for five whole days. He entered the city after the massacre was all but completed, and then repaired to the mosque of Feroze to give thanks to Heaven for his victory! The architecture of the building particularly arrested his attention, upon which he ordered all further destruction of the city to be stayed. He also ordered the capture of all stone cutters and masons, and their conveyance to Sámárkand, to build for him a similar mosque in that place; and, after a residence of fifteen days in the city, he left it a heap of ruins.

On his way back Timour took the fortress of Meerut by assault, ravaged all the country as far as Gángotri, where the Ganges issues from the mountains, forced the rajah of Jummo to become a Mussalman, and reduced Láhore—beheading the Gicker chief by whom it was held. He went back with his whole army, except a small detachment left at Delhi to secure it from further depredations; but his name was long held in such terror that even after his death Chizer, his viceroy in Mooltán and Láhore, found it an easy task to govern all India in succession to Máhmood, as the viceroy of Sháh Rokh, the son of the destroyer. The actual amount of plunder carried off by Timour from India is not stated, except in general terms. The variety of it is said to have been “infinite,” and the value “great beyond imagination.”

silver in plates, and an immense quantity of pearls and precious stones. The number of captives carried off was also very great.

XXI.—THE CONQUEST OF INDIA BY BÁBER.

A. D. 1519 TO 1526.

THE tyranny of Ibráhim Lodi led to the conspiracy of his omrahs against him and the invitation of Báber, the king of Kábool, to the conquest of India. Báber was the sixth, or as some count it, the eighth, successor of Timourlung on the throne of Tartary, but was driven out of his heritage, the province of Fergháná, by Shubiání, the king of the Uzbeks, upon which he took possession of Kábool, over which he reigned twenty-two years before his conquest of India.

Previous to the intrigues of the Indian nobles, Báber invaded the Punjáb in 1519, claiming it as a part of the possessions of Timour; and, advancing as far as the Chenáb, conquered the whole country and placed a governor of his own over it, after which he proceeded to chastise the Gickers, and then went back to Kábool. In the latter end of the same year he returned to India with the intention of taking Lahore, and built a fort at Peshawar; but he was again obliged to return to Kábool in consequence of an invasion of it by the king of Káshgar. In a third invasion of India, in 1520, he reached Seálkote, the inhabitants of which submitted to him and were taken in favor, while those of Seidpore, having raised the standard of defence, were put to the sword, and their wives and children carried into captivity. On this occasion also, further prosecution of his projects on India was prevented by a fresh attack on Kábool, which was this time invaded by Sháh Beg, the chief of Kándáhár.

The fourth invasion of Báber, in 1524, was that undertaken at the request of the disaffected noblemen of India,

who joined him. In this he conquered Láhore and other districts of the Punjáb, and then appointing governors to them returned to Kábool on being deserted by some of the chiefs who had sided with him. The staunchest adherent he left in India was Alláudeen, the brother of Ibráhim; and he gave orders to all his officers to join his cause and march with him to Delhi, promising to come personally to his assistance as soon as the affairs of Kábool were settled. The army which Allá was enabled to muster amounted to 40,000 men; but he was nevertheless defeated by Ibráhim and obliged to find refuge in Kábool, nor did Báber come back to India till 1526.

The army brought down by Báber in his fifth and last expedition, consisted of 10,000 horse. He advanced with it to Seálkote, where he was joined by most of his Indian adherents. Aided by these he defeated Dowlut Lodi, one of the omrahs who had first invited and then deserted him, and reduced the fort of Milwit where the traitor had taken shelter. The governor of Hissár, Firozá, was at the sametime defeated by his son Humáyun, while the vanguard of Ibráhim's army was repulsed by one of his generals named Timour. By the time the two grand armies neared each other the entire force under Ibráhim consisted of 50,000 horse and 1,000 elephants, while that under Báber amounted to 24,000 horse. An advance party of 5,000 horse sent forward by the latter having been forced to retire, Ibráhim was emboldened to risk a general action, and marched for that purpose to Pániput, where Báber also proceeded to encounter him. When the opposing forces came in sight of each other Báber divided his troops into two lines and four grand divisions, with a body of reserve in the rear of each, and a few light horse to skirmish in front. Ibráhim, being less conversant with the art of war, was not able to systematize his arrangements with equal skill, and only drew up his forces in one general line of unequal depth, with which he charged the enemy. But the loose attack of the Pátáns made no impression on the compact lines of the Moguls, while the reserved force of the latter

cut them to pieces. Ibráhim moved forward to remedy the mistake, and being followed by the flower of his army gave a violent shock to the Mogul lines. But the personal bravery of the Moguls was not inferior to their discipline, and they maintained their ground with the greatest obstinacy, till Ibráhim himself was slain, when the whole of the Pátán army fell back and were pursued with great slaughter, dyeing the course of the Jumna with blood. The battle began in the morning and lasted till noon; and, according to the most moderate account, 16,000 Pátans were killed. By this defeat the throne of India was transferred from the house of Lodi to that of the Moguls. The cities of Agra and Delhi were simultaneously taken. In other places some show of opposition was made, especially in Mewát, Dholepore, Gwálíor, Atáná, Kálpee, and Bianá, all of which however were successively reduced. The resistance thus encountered alarmed some of Báber's own officers, who clamoured for his return to Kábool; but he refused to comply with their demand, expressing his fixed determination to abide in India, while those who wanted to go back were sent away. Thus was the Mogul dynasty founded in India.

XXII.—BABER'S WARS WITH THE HINDUS.

A. D. 1527 TO 1530.

AFTER having triumphed over the Mahomedans in India, Báber found that he had to fight the Hindus before he could expect to reign in peace, and took up the task after a year's possession of Delhi. Of the Hindu races the Rájpoos had been the most prominent at the time when the Mahomedans first invaded India, and, on being forced to recede before them, they established themselves finally on the table-land in the centre of Hindustan, and on the sandy tract extending thence to the Indus, where they long maintained their independence. The most important of the states thus founded were

those of Mewár, Márwár, Bikáneer, Jesulmere, Jeypore, and Herowti. Of these Mewár was the chief, and was held at this time by Ráná Sanga, a chief of great name. Being naturally an enemy to the king of Delhi, Sanga had sided with Báber on his invading India to overthrow the house of Lodi ; but on Báber succeeding to the throne of Delhi, Sanga veered round and became as inimical to him as he had ever been to his predecessor, and, allying himself with other Hindu princes and with the fallen house of Lodi and its adherents, raised up a not-unformidable opposition.

The first encounter between Báber and the Hindus took place at Kánná, at a short distance from Agra, where the advance guard of the Mogul army, being attacked by a party of Hindus, was, after a sharp conflict, repulsed with great loss, which struck such terror among the Mahomedans that, in a council of war convened by Báber, a large number of the officers present seriously recommended the abandonment of Agra and retreat to the Punjáb. This, however, was resolutely opposed by Báber, who, used to reverses, met the check without dismay ; and, despising the predictions of an astrologer, who foretold further defeat to his army because it had taken up a position opposite to the house of Mars, strongly appealed to the honor of the chiefs to stand fast and retrieve their disgrace. This exhortation was successful, the whole assembly responding to his appeal with enthusiasm, and swearing on the Korán to support him faithfully ; upon which Báber, determining to strike while the iron was hot, brought matters to an immediate crisis by drawing up his forces on the field of Sikri (Futtehpore Sikri), near the banks of the Peelakhál, or yellow river, where he offered battle to the enemy. The offer was promptly accepted by the Hindus, and great slaughter was caused by their furious onslaughts at the outset. But the artillery of Báber was too strong to be resisted, and, after an obstinate struggle of several hours, the centre of Sanga's army was much shaken, the confusion being completed towards the evening, when nothing remained for the Ráipoots but to fly.

Sanga retreated towards the hills of Mewát, and soon after died, not without suspicion of being poisoned. Of the other great chiefs under him many, including Hássan Khan of Mewát, were slain. After this victory the fortress of Mewát was reduced, and the authority of Báber established all over Hindustan, except in Oude. The fortress of Chinderi, on the borders of Bundelkund and Malwá, was also taken, the garrison dying sword in hand and leaving an empty fort behind them. Báber succeeded further in reducing the whole of South Behar, and in bringing the king of Bengal to terms of peace; when he suddenly fell ill, which brought his long, chequered life to a close.

XXIII.—THE WARS OF HUMÁYUN WITH SHERE SHÁH.

A. D. 1535 TO 1542.

HUMAYUN, the son of Báber, succeeded to an uneasy throne. The rebellion of his brothers, Kámrán and Hindal, was his first great misfortune, which gave occasion to many others by encouraging all the disaffected to rise up against him. Of these revolts the most unfortunate was that of Shere Sháh, who had originally been employed as *Jágeerdár* of Sasseerám. From this position Shere had gradually risen to that of a provincial lieutenant, by making himself master of Behar and of the strong fortresses of Chunár and Rhotás; and, aiming at higher elevation, he had eventually invaded Bengal. Humáyun saw through his designs, but was obliged to temporize for a time and accept the nominal submission of Shere, both on account of his own family quarrels and the many insurrections which disturbed his reign. But the moment he found his hands free he marched against Chunár personally, in 1538, and reduced it after a siege of six months; and he thence pursued Shere to Gour, the capital of Bengal. He was here overtaken by the rains, and the whole country being soon placed under water it became impossible to continue operations vigorously. This gave time to

Shere to open negotiations, not really with the purpose of concluding peace, but with the perfidious object of opening a free intercourse between the armies. The consequence was that when the rains were over, the followers of Humáyun began to desert him in numbers, which enabled Shere to issue from his retreat. He promptly recovered possession of Behar and Benares, including the fortress of Chunár; and then, after laying siege to Juanpore, pushed up the Ganges as far as Kanouj. The position of Humáyun now became exceedingly difficult, and finding his communication with his capital interrupted, he determined to force his way to Agra, and set out on his retreat. But he was not allowed to extricate himself so easily, for Shere at once raised the siege of Juanpore to intercept him. The Mogul army was still about 40,000 strong, while that of Shere numbered 10,000 men only; no direct attack on the former was therefore attempted. Shere knew well how to profit by delay, and quietly entrenched himself at a place called Chowsa, in such a manner that he could neither be passed nor attacked with success. Humáyun was obliged to follow the example, and, entrenching himself, began to collect boats for forming a bridge to cross the the Ganges. But Shere, determined to foil him, abandoned his own post, leaving his camp standing and occupied by a small force to conceal his movement; and, gaining the rear of Humáyun's position at night, suddenly attacked him. The emperor was completely taken by surprise. No gun was fired, nor any party—friend or foe—wounded. The Moguls simply fled for safety towards the river, in which eight thousand of them were drowned, Humáyun himself being saved only by the exertions of a water-carrier, who ferried him over with the aid of his *moosuk* or skin-bladder.

After this Humáyun was delayed at Agra on account of fresh disputes with his brother Hindal, which were no sooner arranged than he advanced, in 1540, again at the head of about 40,000 men, towards Kanouj, Shere

of his generals, named Mahomed Mirzá, which induced him to move out of camp and bring the contest to an issue. He accordingly crossed the Ganges by a bridge of boats, when Shere coming up attacked him. The army of Humáyun was a second time entirely defeated almost without fight, and driven, as before, into the Ganges, Humayun being once more extricated with great difficulty. He now attempted to fly, and proceeded to Kámrán at Láhore; but Kámrán deserted him and retired to Kábool, leaving Humáyun to shift for himself. The abandoned monarch then turned towards Scinde, and afterwards towards Jodpore, for shelter; but few kept faith with him, none was willing to receive him. The province of Scinde was held by Hossein Arghun, whose family had been driven out of Kándáhár by Báber; and he rose up to avenge that outrage on Báber's son. The chief of Jodpore was Maldeo, the most potent Hindu prince of the day, who had no call to succour the emperor of Delhi in his distress. The tale of Humáyun's sufferings would make a romance of kingly life of unequalled interest. He was obliged to prosecute his flight through the sandy desert, till after unheard of sufferings he found refuge at Amerkote, the rajah of which, Ráná Prasád, took compassion on his misfortunes, and received him with hospitality and respect. Eventually he retired to the court of Tamásp, the king of Persia, where he remained in peace throughout the reigns of Shere Sháh and Selim.

XXIV.—SHERE'S WARS IN RAJPOOTANÁ.

A. D. 1542 TO 1545.

AFTER the flight of Humáyun to Persia, Shere, assuming the imperial title, exerted himself greatly in reducing the distracted provinces of the empire, and fully succeeded in doing so. All the enterprises undertaken by him will not require to be noticed. We shall only refer to those in Rájpoótaná as being of especial importance.

The first efforts of Shere were directed against Málwá, which was invaded and subdued in 1542. In the following year the fort of Rasein was besieged, and the garrison of it deceitfully attacked after the terms of capitulation offered to them had been accepted. The treachery was repaid by the Rájpoos with great valor. They sold their lives so dearly that they fell surrounded by twice the number of their enemies.

These preparatory engagements over, Shere marched into Márwár in 1544, so that Máldeo gained no advantage with him for his inhospitality towards Humáyun. In fact, Shere felt the power of Máldeo to be too great to be left untouched; and he took with him an army of 80,000 men to subdue him. Máldeo received him at the head of 50,000 men; and the judgment and caution he evinced in his movements were so great that Shere was obliged to fortify his camp at every step, and, instead of obtaining an easy conquest, as he had expected, began to repent having entered the country from which he found it impossible to retreat. There was no way left for him to turn back; and so the opposing armies lay for thirty days in sight of and watching each other. Shere did not venture to attack Máldeo, because the position occupied by the latter was deemed to be impregnable. To get out of his difficulty he again had recourse to treachery and deceit. He fabricated a letter purporting to be written to him by several of the rajahs fighting on the side of Máldeo, in which they were represented as complaining of his tyranny and as offering to desert over to Shere, if he would confirm them in their existing rights and privileges. This letter Shere superscribed in Persian expressing his acceptance of the terms, and then threw it in the way of Máldeo, who being in dread of his chiefs fell into the snare. The perusal of the document made such an impression on him that he declined the battle he had before been anxious for; and his worst suspicions were confirmed when he found the rajahs particularly eager for the fight. On the fourth day he ordered a retreat:

trick practised on him, remonstrated with him and twitted him about it. Finding him still suspicious and doubtful they separated from him, and to vindicate their own good name, gave battle to Shere by themselves, placing one of their own number—Kumbha or Kánáya—at their head. The Rájputs were only ten or twelve thousand strong, Shere's army being about eight times stronger; and yet this handful of warriors fought so recklessly with their daggers and short swords that Shere was all but defeated, when he was re-inforced by a fresh detachment under Jelál Selwáni. With this timely succour he was able to rally his men and surround the wearied Rájputs, who were now assailed from all sides by showers of arrows. They fell where they fought, not even one man attempting to leave his post; and Shere, obtaining the victory, passed on them the well-merited compliment that "for a handful of barley (meaning their unproductive country) he had well nigh given the empire of India to the wind."

After this bloody victory the fortress of Cheetore surrendered to Shere by capitulation. He then occupied the district of Rántambhor, which he gave in *jaghre* to his son Adili, and next marched against Kálinjar, before which he was killed by the bursting of a shell at the siege.

XXV.—THE RECONQUEST OF INDIA BY HUMÁYUN.

A. D. 1553 to 1554.

HUMÁYUN, being assisted by Tamasp, was able to drive out his rebellious brothers from Kábool, Kándá-hár, and Bádukshán, and reigned over those places till the death of Selim, the son of Shere Sháh, in India. On Selim's death, the Pátáns became involved in a civil war waged between the several aspirants to the throne, and Humáyun determined to avail himself of the opportunity to recover his own. It was with great difficulty however, that he was able to collect an army of 15,000 horse, with which he crossed the Indus.

in 1553, being there joined by his general, Byrám, with all the veterans of the Kábool army. On hearing of his approach Tátár, the Pátán governor of the Punjáb, fled to Delhi, upon which Láhore, Sirhind, and Hissár were at once occupied. Sekunder, who finally succeeded Səlim, now got together an army of some thirty or forty thousand horse from Delhi, under the command of Tátár and Ilybut, to oppose Humáyun; but Byrám, crossing the Sutledge, gave these battle at Máchiwára, and defeated them. Sekunder then advanced personally to meet him at the head of 80,000 horse, a great train of artillery, and a number of elephants; and simultaneously Byrám was joined by Humáyun. Both Humáyun and his general preferred however, to shut themselves up in Sirhind and await the result of a siege; but, when the Pátán army drew up to offer battle, the impetuosity of Akbár, Humáyun's son, then only thirteen years old, could not be restrained; and he obtained from his father his consent to give battle to the enemy. Byrám commanded the right wing of the army; Sekander Uzbek the left; and Humáyun himself the centre. The left wing having charged, Akbar, who had joined it, distinguished himself greatly by acts of personal valor. His efforts were ably seconded both by his father and by Byrám; and Sekandar Shán's army was routed with great slaughter, while he himself fled, first in the direction of the Sewálik mountains, and afterwards to Bengal. Thus was the throne of India regained by Humáyun.

XXVI.—THE WARS OF AKBAR.

A. D. 1556 TO 1604.

THE reign of Akbar furnishes one of the most brilliant and eventful chapters of Indian history; but the task we have set to ourselves confines us entirely to the wars that were waged by him. In the very commencement of his reign he had to fight Hému, a valiant Hindu warrior, who was prime minister to Mahomed Adili,

the Pátán emperor of India, and who took Agra on behalf of his master at the head of 30,000 horse and 2,000 elephants, and then marching on to Delhi defeated Tirdi Beg whom Akbar had left there in command. By this time Hemu's army had increased to 100,000 horse, besides elephants and infantry, and a great train of artillery, while that of Akbar scarcely exceeded 20,000 horse. Nevertheless, neither Akbar nor his minister, Byráam, would agree to retire before the enemy when it was proposed by some omrahs of the court that they should do so. The young king panted for battle, and his enthusiasm being shared in by his army, the result was an engagement at Pániput. Hému began the action with his elephants, in the hope of being able to frighten the Mogul cavalry, in which however he was disappointed. The attack of the Moguls was resolute, and the elephants, being galled with lances, arrows, and javelins, became so outrageous as to cause the greatest confusion in the Patán ranks. Hému was pierced through the eye, but still continued to fight with desperate bravery, till he was surrounded and made prisoner. Byráam was desirous that Akbar should kill him with his own hands ; but the young emperor refused to strike a fallen enemy, upon which he was despatched by the minister himself. Fifteen hundred elephants and all the artillery of the enemy were captured, together with the vast private wealth of Hému ; and every opposition being ended Akbar seized upon Delhi, and was a second time crowned emperor in that place.

The first war undertaken by Akbar on being firmly seated on the throne was the conquest of the country of the Gickers, which lay on the banks of the Indus, from the Sewálik hills to the borders of Cashmere. These mountaineers owned allegiance to Báber on his conquest of India, and after that time remained faithful to the dynasty, refusing to submit to Shere. Shere thereupon ordered the Gicker chief, Sárung Sultán, who had been captured, to be flayed alive, and shut up his son, Kamal, in the fort of Gwálíor. On the restoration of Humáyun to the throne Kamal prayed to be restored

to his paternal inheritance, which at that time was held by one Adam Khán Gicker. The imperial order directed the division of the territory into two equal parts between the two claimants ; but, as Adam Khán did not agree to this arrangement, a royal army marched into the country and conquered it, and made over the whole of it to Kamal.

The next military event of importance was the conquest of Gurrah Kátanká, or Gurrah Mundala, which was ruled over by a Hindu princess, named Durgávati, who opposed the imperial general, Asaph in person. Asaph's army amounted to 50,000 horse and foot, while the ranee had only 20,000 horse and foot, besides a large number of elephants. The battle between them was fought before the fort of Chauragurh, and was obstinately contested on both sides. At last the ranee was wounded by an arrow, and, fearing to fall into the hands of the enemy, she snatched a dagger from her elephant-driver and stabbed herself to death. This decided the contest. Some further resistance was offered by the ranee's son ; but he was soon killed, upon which the fort was captured with all the treasure in it, and the whole country occupied.

After these events Akbar had to encounter the rebellions of the Uzbek Tartars and others, which gave him a great deal of trouble. When these were quelled, he determined to proceed in person against the Ráná of Chittore, who had taken advantage of the unsettled state of the country to declare his independence. Akbar appeared before Cheetore in 1568, upon which the Ráná—Udaya Sing, son of Sanga—retreated from the place, leaving a garrison of eight thousand Rajpoots to defend it on his behalf, while he with his family sought refuge in the more inaccessible retreats of Guzerát. The absence of the chief was more than counterbalanced by the valor of his deputy, named Jeimál, who defended the place with great coolness and vigor. Akbar investing it, set five thousand pioneers to throw up trenches, and carried on his approaches with much caution and regularity. When he had completed two batteries and carried two

mines under different bastions he endeavoured to spring them at once ; but, one of them going off before the other, it blew up one of the bastions and made a practicable breach. Two thousand men, who were ready to storm the place, now advanced under the belief that both the mines had been sprung ; and, the second mine blowing up at this juncture, five hundred of them were killed, which so dispirited the rest that they fell back from the breach. Another mine was, however, immediately after carried on, and Jeimál being at the same time killed by a ball, said to have been fired by Akbar himself, the imperial army entered the place without opposition, just after the garrison had devoted themselves to death and retired to the temples to offer their last religious services. Akbar entered the place with three hundred elephants of war, which he immediately ordered to advance and tread the garrison to death. This order was brutally carried out, three thousand men being slain. The rest of the Rájputs were taken prisoners : a few only escaped with their lives.

Notwithstanding the loss of his capital, the Ráná Udaya Sing still lived independent in his fastnesses ; but he was himself of a feeble character, and gave Akbar no further trouble. After his death the gauntlet was taken up by his son, Pratápa, a hero worthy to emulate the achievements of his grand-sire, Sanga. Without capital, without resources, with kindred and clans dispirited and impoverished, he maintained an unavailing struggle with the emperor of Delhi, suffering the greatest privations, and, what was harder still to endure, the bad faith of his relatives and friends. Akbar, backed by all the Rájput princes who had immediately joined him, took the field in person against Pratápa, who had nothing to trust to but his native hills and the valor of 22,000 Rájputs who yet adhered to him. The greatest of his battles was fought at Huldighát, in 1576, when he was opposed by Prince Selim under the direction of Rájáh Mán Sing. The most heroic valor could not withstand the numbers that swelled the imperial army and the result of the engage-

ment was that 14,000 Rájpoos were slain, while Pratápa himself, wounded and dismounted, was obliged to save himself by flight on foot. The defeat was followed by the capture of Komulmere, Dhurmeti, Gogoondá, and Oodeypore by the Moguls, while Pratápa was hunted from glen to glen, like the doe or tiger, and was saved only by the approach of the rains. But he still held out even to the last, and died amid the greatest privations, forcing a pledge from his son, Umur, that his country would not be quietly yielded up to the Mogul. This pledge Umur fulfilled to the letter, defeating the imperial armies signally at Demier and Ranpore. But it was no longer possible to save Mewár from the clutch of the invaders, and when Selim (as Jehángire) brought overwhelming armies against it to crush out its freedom for ever, Umur, defeated and heart-broken, abdicated that throne which he could no longer hold but as a dependant.

To return to the reign of Akbar : The conquest of Cheetore was followed by the occupation of the fortress of Rántambhor, in 1569, on the plea that the chief, Rai Surjan, had given assistance to Udaya Sing during the siege of Cheetore. The place was regularly invested, and batteries raised to reduce it ; but Surjan agreeing to accept terms, it was occupied without bloodshed after some breaches had been made. Then followed the capture of Kálinjar, the fortress before which Shere had lost his life. The renown of the conquest of Cheetore and Rántambhor made the work so easy that the chief who held it, Rájáh Rámchandra, prudently sent the keys of it to Akbar by his own envoy, preferring to hold it under an imperial firman than maintain a useless and unprofitable contest. Akbar also invaded Márwár in 1571, and, to requite the repulse his parents had received from Jodpore, successively took the fortresses of Málákote and Nágpore after sanguinary conflicts, while a formal grant of Jodpore was made to Rai Sing, a junior member of Máldeo's family, who was left to fight for its possession with Máldeo himself. Rai Sing, however, never obtained possession ; and, after Máldeo's death, his son, submitting to the emperor was treated with the greatest favour and distinction.

An affair of greater magnitude, in which Akbar was involved from 1572, was the campaign in Guzerát, where the *Hábshis*, or Abyssinians, defied the imperial power, particularly in Broach, Barodá, and Surát. The fortress of Surát, which was the home and stronghold of the *Hábshis*, was invested by the emperor in person, and one of the rebel chiefs, named Ibráhim Hossein, attempting to escape, was attacked and defeated by him at Sarnál, at the head of barely a hundred men. The siege being continued Surát was also taken; and several attempts made by the *Hábshis* to regain it only resulted in their final defeat and the complete conquest of Guzerát.

The next great enterprise of Akbar was the conquest of Bengal which was undertaken in 1575. This province, having revolted from Mahomed Adili, had become virtually independent, and was now ruled over by a prince named Dáood. Akbar attacked it at the head of five thousand horse and six hundred elephants, and, laying siege to Patna, reduced it after six months. He then left it to his lieutenants to pursue the conquest, while he himself returned to Agra, after having captured Allahabad on the way. The lieutenants of the emperor, however, did not find the reduction of Bengal so easy as they had expected it. Dáood twice encountered and defeated them. He was subsequently defeated by Rájáh Torur Mul, and, being pressed hard, had to seek safety in Orissa, but, on the death of Torur Mul, he appeared again to renew the war; and Bengal was not completely subdued till Dáood was defeated and slain. The Afghan settlers in it revolted once more in 1579, and had to be again reduced, once by Azim Khán, and a second time by Rájáh Mán Sing, who finally came to a settlement with them by which they were allowed to retain Orissa in nominal dependency to the empire.

Akbar next made himself master of the kingdom of Cashmere. There was no pretext for the war undertaken against it; the hopes of the emperor were only excited by the distractions prevailing among the princes who reigned over the country. The first detachment sent to

Sháh Rokh. It was followed by another detachment sent under Rájáh Bhugwándás. The great obstacles encountered by both were the difficulties and dangers of the mountain-passes giving access to the country, which were not overcome till further reinforcements were sent up. Every opposition being eventually surmounted, the king of Cashmere submitted to the imperial power, and was enrolled among the nobles of Delhi.

The next operations of Akbar were directed against the Afghans inhabiting the hill-countries in the immediate neighbourhood of Peshawar. These were very troublesome neighbours, not only to Peshawar, but to the imperial governor at Kábool, and displayed a fanatical spirit which Akbar was anxious to put down. Two expeditions had previously been sent against them. The first of these consisted of two detachments which were respectively commanded by Zeán Khán, the foster-brother of the emperor, and Rájáh Birbal. But the chiefs did not pull well together, and, operating separately, were defeated, Birbal being slain. Fresh expeditions were sent up under Rájáhs Torur Mul and Mán Sing, who, working cordially, took up and fortified positions in different parts of the country, from which they were able to prevent the Afghans from cultivating their plains. This soon reduced the mountaineers to terms; but, while one sect was subdued another still remained untractable. The last combined attack on them was undertaken in 1587, led from the direction of Kábool by Rájáh Mán Sing, and from the banks of the Indus by Akbar in person, upon which they were completely defeated, though even then no permanent results, guaranteeing their future good behaviour, were obtained.

The concluding part of Akbar's reign was almost totally employed in the completion of his favorite project, the conquest of the Deccan. The main divisions of the Deccan at this period were Beejáapore, Golcondá, Berár, Ahmednugger, and Ahmedabad, in all of which independent sovereignties had been established by different Mahomedan adventurers, from different dates. Akbar was anxious to subjugate all these, and to bring them

imperial control ; and the death of Nizám Sháh, the king of Ahmednugger, in 1592, gave him the wished for opportunity to interfere. A large army was sent to Ahmednugger, under Byrá'm's son, who was called the Khán-Khánán, to operate in favor of a claimant to the throne, and against the rightful heir ; the latter being a minor, whose cause was upheld by Chánd Bibi, the daughter of the deceased, the favorite Mahomedan heroine of the Deccan. The kings of Beejápore and Golcondá made common cause with and sent troops to support the second party ; while the Mogul commander was reinforced by fresh forces under Morád, one of the sons of Akbar. Ahmednugger was now regularly besieged ; but the mines laid by the assailants were rendered useless by the countermines of the besieged, and, when a breach in one place was effected, the assault of the Moguls was defeated by the determined resistance of the garrison, with the heroic Chánd Bibi fighting in full uniform at their head. This led to an agreement of peace ; but, as violent internal dissensions broke out in Ahmednugger immediately after, the Moguls were emboldened to risk a general engagement, which was fought for two days on the banks of the Godávery. The victory was claimed by the Moguls, but it did not secure the conquest of the country ; and army after army continued to be sent into the field from both sides, which were alternately triumphant and unsuccessful. At last Akbar went to the place in person, in 1598, and Chánd Bibi being at the same time killed by the faction opposed to her in Ahmednugger, Báhádur Khán, the minor king, was induced to surrender the fortress to the emperor, while others, say that it was carried by assault, after which the minor was sent a prisoner to Gwalior. Even the fall of the capital, however, did not produce the submission of the whole country. It was succeeded by the capture of Aseerghur, after which Akbar returned to Agra, leaving the completion of the enterprise in the hands of Abul Fázl. The whole of the Deccan was never reduced in Akbar's time ; but an extensive portion of it was added to the empire, and a vast amount of tribute swelled up the rent-roll.

XXVII.—THE REBELLION OF SHÁH JEHÁN.

A. D. 1615 To 1628.

THE reign of Jehángire was undisturbed by any foreign wars of importance, but was much distracted by the rebellion of his sons, and mainly by that of Sháh Jehán. The first to break out was Chusero, the eldest, who unfurled the standard of opposition within six months after his father's accession to the throne, and was supported in his misbehaviour by his maternal uncle, Rájáh Mán Sing, and his father-in-law, Azim Khán, in conjunction with whom he was able to raise an army of 10,000 horse in the Punjáb. But this did not render him strong enough to withstand the imperial army. The city of Láhore was betrayed to him, and he was making an ineffectual attempt to reduce the citadel, when he was overtaken by Jehángire and totally defeated; and being captured was placed in confinement and partially blinded. Purvez, the emperor's second son, now became his favorite, and continued to hold that position till Jehángire's marriage with Noor Jehán, after which all his family affections were merged in his ardent passion for that lady, which naturally made both Purvez and Sháh Jehán excessively indignant. Unfortunately, however, the brothers were at the same time objects of the greatest jealousy to each other, and this feeling was converted into hatred when Sháh Jehán, from his superior abilities, was selected for the command of the Deccan, and invested with viceregal powers.

At the very moment that Sháh Jehán was thus elevated he determined to clear his way of all obstacles to the throne; and, as Chusero still lived, he was first destined to destruction. His murder was accomplished with the aid of hired assassins, Sháh Jehán going off at the time on a hunting expedition to divert suspicion. He was nevertheless openly accused of the crime by Jehángire, whose expressions of resentment compelled him to throw off the mask and seek safety in overt rebellion. He accordingly collected a large army, which his position as commander-in-chief in the Deccan enabled him easily to accom-

intention of capturing the treasures of the empire then under transportation to Láhore. Jehángire was no sooner apprised of this than he called together all the forces immediately available to him, amounting to 40,000 horse, with which he hastened to meet the rebel prince. The two armies confronted each other for some days at Belochpore, forty miles to the south of Delhi, in hourly expectation of battle. This gave Sháh Jehán an opportunity to represent his grievances to his father, his complaint being of the intrigues of his step-mother, Noor Jehán, to his prejudice, which necessitated him, he said, to demand securities for his protection. These representations exasperated Jehángire still more against him ; but Sháh Jehán gained the object he had in view in advancing them, as they strengthened the attachment of his followers by vindicating his conduct and lessening his crime in their eyes. In the meantime the emperor was joined by Mohábet Khan from Kábool, and Khán Jehán from Mooltán, and was thus enabled to offer battle on equal terms. The army of Sháh Jehán was marshalled by Rájáh Bikramjeet (Vikramáditya) who commanded the centre, while Rájáh Bheem commanded on the right, and Daráb Khán on the left. The imperialists were commander-in-chief by Asiph Khán, who occupied the centre, while Mohábet had charge of the right wing, and Nawázez Khán of the left. The action was begun by the advanced guards on both sides, and when those of Sháh Jehán were defeated, Asiph Khan pressed forward to attack the position of Bikramjeet. Both Bikramjeet and Asiph Khán fought with great heroism, till the former fell pierced through the head by an arrow, upon which the centre of the rebel army was broken and fled, while Mohábet at the same time drove off its left wing from the field. The ground was still maintained on Sháh Jehán's side by Rájáh Bheem, who succeeded in driving Nawázez Khán before him ; and this led both parties to claim the victory. But the consequences of the engagement were most adverse to Sháh Jehán, and all his attempts to renew the fight were defeated by the opposition of his

own men, who, seized by panic, refused to listen to his exhortations. This compelled him to fly towards Mewát, whither he was followed by his implacable brother, Purvez, at the head of a large army. A second engagement was fought at Mándu, in which Sháh Jehán sustained a second defeat, after which he precipitately entered the Deccan, a great portion of his forces deserting him on the way.

But Sháh Jehán was only defeated, not subdued. Crossing through the dreary borders of Golcondá he forced a passage through Orissa to Bengal, where he successively took possession of Burdwan, Rájmahal, and the fortress of Telliaghurri, the last of which was defended by European gunners and engineers. He then entered Patna, where he found a large amount of treasure, and, after leaving his family at Rhotás, diverged in the direction of Dacca, where still greater heaps of gold and silver were secured. All Bengal now received him as its sovereign; but his ambition refused to rest contented with an empire so small. He put himself again in motion in the direction of Benares and Allahabad, to the relief of which latter place Purvez and Mohábet Khan advanced rapidly at the head of 50,000 horse. Sháh Jehán crossed the Ganges to meet them, though his army was less strong, counting no more than 40,000 horse. He had a further disadvantage in the people of the country refusing to furnish him with supplies; but he hoped to make everything right by a great victory. His expectations, however, were disappointed. The engagement took place on the banks of a little brook called Tonish. The advanced guard of Sháh Jehán was again the first to yield, and Rájáh Bheem, who commanded it, after having fought with great bravery, was slain. Mohábet then attacked the centre of the rebel army with great fury, and the shock was so violent that Sháh Jehán was driven from his guns. For a moment Suchait Khán was able to help him to rally his broken squadrons, but they were both defeated again and driven back in great confusion. Sháh Jehán then formed the desperate resolution of

plunging in the thickest of the fight with only five hundred men at his back, and gave even Mohábet a check which forced him to retire. But the prince was not supported by his followers. His officers considering the battle to be lost, absolutely refused to advance ; and he was eventually forced away from the field by his own men who carried him to Rhotás, the rich plunder of his camp putting a stop to immediate pursuit.

Purvez and Mohábet then hunted Sháh Jehán from place to place, and Bengal, Behar, and Orissa fell as easily into their hands as they had fallen before into those of Sháh Jehán. The latter now attempted to form an alliance with the Portuguese, the most powerful European nation in India at this time ; but they refused to assist him, and even went so far as to reproach him for demanding their aid against his own parent and sovereign. Sháh Jehán was sensible of the reproof, and therefore never forgave it : at a later date he hunted them out of every settlement they occupied in India. Reduced to great extremities Sháh Jehán was at last able to form an alliance with the Rájáh of Ambere, and took shelter in the mountains of Bálághát. His followers now fell off in considerable numbers, and his own spirit was broken and subdued. He hastened therefore to make peace with his father, who accepted his submission on the forts still held on his behalf, among which were Rhotás in Behar and Aseerghur in the Deccan, being surrendered. Sháh Jehán never came back to court in person, though he sent his children, Dará and Soojáh, as pledges of his fidelity. He was either ashamed to come in the presence of a father whom he had so ill-used, or afraid to venture within the pale of Noor Jehán's influence ; and he roved about as a knight-errant, with five hundred men at his back, from the Indus to the Deccan.

At a subsequent period Sháh Jehán was once more in arms in the Deccan ; but, not being supported by the adherents he had expected, he yielded almost immediately after without the interposition of force. The emperor

been carried off by an apoplexy, Dáwir Buksh, the son of Chusero, was raised to the throne. But Sháh Jehán, being joined by Asiph Khán and Mohábet, was now fully able to assert his rights, and, coming up from the Deccan, deposed and murdered the young prince, and ascended the throne.

XXVIII.—THE REBELLION OF KHÁN JEHÁN LODI.

A. D. 1632.

ONE of the most remarkable episodes of the reign of Sháh Jehán was the rebellion of Khán Jehán Lodi, a nobleman descended from the imperial family of Lodi, which had occupied the throne of India previous to the time of Baber. This chief at the death of Jehángiré commanded the emperor's armies in the Deccan, and, having been gained over by Noor Jehán to support the cause of her son, Shehriar, refused Sháh Jehán a passage through his government towards Agra. Sháh Jehán was thereby compelled to take a circuitous route, and on ascending the throne determined to reduce Lodi to obedience. As the latter, however, was still at the head of a large army, he was permitted to come to terms, and, on resigning the imperial division of the Deccan, was appointed to the government of Málwá. But the emperor was not sincere in his professions of reconciliation and forgiveness; and Lodi soon received orders to repair to court, and, on appearing there, was treated with studied disrespect. One of his sons resented an affront given to him; a sudden murmur spread through the court, and many placed their hands on their swords; and Lodi and his sons drew out their weapons to defend themselves. The tumult increased; the emperor leapt from his throne and fled into the harem; while Lodi and his sons left the palace in disgust. The residence of Lodi was now attacked, but was obstinately defended by his dependants. His greatest difficulty there were the women he had to protect; and

these, finding that he was mainly afflicted on their account, repaired to their own apartments and killed themselves. This made Lodi desperate. He ordered his drums to be beaten and his trumpets to be sounded ; and his people gathering around him, he threw open the gate and openly issued out of Agra. He rushed through the city like a whirlwind ; and no attempt was made by any one to intercept him.

The emperor afterwards ordered a pursuit, and Lodi was overtaken by a strong body of imperial troops on the banks of the Chumbul, which he could not cross as it was swollen by the rains. He therefore took up his post in a pass between two hills which opened into a narrow plain. The imperialists trusting to their numbers charged on him, but were so warmly received that they drew back in fear. Shame forced them to renew the charge. The shock was violent ; the slaughter very heavy on both sides : but the opposition nevertheless was desperately maintained, Khán Jehán himself being engaged in hand-to-hand fight with a stubborn Hindu warrior, named Rájáh Prithi Sing Ráhtore. It was at last determined to attempt the river, and Lodi and his son Hossein plunged into it, while another son, Azmut, held back the imperialists. The latter and his party were cut to pieces ; but Lodi succeeded in reaching Málwá notwithstanding a vigorous pursuit, and passed on thence to the Nizám at Dowlutábád, an old ally who received him with open arms.

The emperor knew the man he had to deal with, and personally undertook an expedition into the Deccan to capture him. The army collected for the purpose included 100,000 horse ; while the infantry, artillery, and military attendants swelled up the total number to 300,000 men. This was further augmented as the army advanced towards the theatre of operations, the governors of the provinces passed through joining it with the forces under their respective commands. All the princes of the Deccan were now threatened with utter destruction if they refused to make their submission ; and their distrust of each other, indecision, and fear rendered the cause of Lodi

exceedingly precarious. He was able, however, to unite the forces of Golcondá and Beejápure, and with these opposed the imperial general, Erádut, who made vain efforts to penetrate into Golcondá. The emperor afterwards sent the vizier, Asiph Jah, against him ; and the name and renown of that officer led to many desertions from Lodi's ranks which thinned them considerably. But Lodi still refused to yield, and eluded the Mogul detachments by moving from place to place, till he was overtaken by Azim Khán, and was defeated and forced to fly, after having defended himself a whole night against the entire force of his opponent.

Lodi escaped in the dark and wandered over Golcondá, while the Nizám, compelled to make peace, was obliged to agree to deliver him up. This made Lodi change his course towards Onjein, and thence to Kálinjar, in the vain hope of being able to revive the spirit of insurrection in Bundelkund. All his sons were slain in his defence, and he had only thirty men with him when he was again overtaken by a Mogul detachment led by Mozuffer Khán. He told his followers to save themselves by flight, but they burst into tears and would not desert him. Thirty men then rushed upon a strong and well-armed military force, and were cut down to a man, but not till they had made dreadful havoc among their enemies. One account says that Lodi was pierced by a ball and fell dead at the feet of his horse ; another, that he was struck through with a pike.

After the death of Lodi the war against the princes of the Deccan was continued, Sháh Jehán being particularly anxious to reduce them. But seeing the enemy so persistent, they quietly retired from the field into their strongholds, which converted the war into a succession of sieges, which were eventually terminated by the occupation of a few forts by the Moguls, while the princes generally, though much distressed, remained virtually unconquered.

XXIX.—THE CIVIL WARS WAGED BY THE SONS OF SHÁH JEHÁN.

A. D. 1657 TO 1661.

THE sanguinary conflict carried on by the sons of Sháh Jehán, during his lifetime, for the prospective succession to the throne, forms a singular chapter of history, which is not the less instructive for its uniqueness. The first half of the reign of Sháh Jehán was fully occupied by several important enterprises, among which were the war with the Uzbek Tartars in Kábool, that with the Persians for the possession of Kándáhár, and the continued and obstinate prosecution of operations for the subjugation of the independant Mahomedan sovereignties in the Deccan. The first was patched up by a great victory obtained over the Uzbeks by Prince Aurungzebe, in 1647, which, though not decisive in its result, succeeded in putting a stop to further attacks by them for the time. The second terminated with the loss of Kándáhár, which was annexed for good to the Persian dominions. The third, in which all the hopes and wishes of the emperor were centred, was an affair of much greater moment than the rest, and taxed all the energies of Mohábet, to whom the operations were first entrusted, without satisfying the emperor with the successes he was able to attain.

The sons of the emperor received their training in these wars, and were thus rendered qualified for that contest which they subsequently carried on with so much hatred and jealousy. Dará Sheko, the first, was his father's favorite, on whom Sháh Jehán, when he became indolent and addicted to pleasures, devolved many of his imperial duties which he was not able personally to perform. Soojá was his viceroy in Bengal, and Morád in Guzerat; while Aurungzebe held the same position in the Deccan, more by his own choice than by his father's selection, because it placed him in command of the best trained of the emperor's armies. At first Soojá was selected to assist Mohábet in the Deccan, and to learn the art of war under him; and it was this preference shown to one son that displeased the rest, and gave rise

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to the animosity and jealousy which afterwards broke out among them. But Soojá soon became too arrogant for Mohábet to control him, upon which he was recalled; and when, on the death of Mohábet, Sháh Jehán himself repaired to the Deccan to superintend operations, he took Aurungzebe with him, and left him under the tuition of Khán Zemán, the son of Mohábet. During this absence of Aurungzebe, Dárá and Soojá were raised to high ranks of nobility by the emperor, which made Aurungzebe particularly jealous, and suggested those projects of ambition which he began to concert means with Meer Jumlá to carry out. Dárá was alive to the danger he suspected, and frequently represented to his father that it was hazardous to leave the management of the Deccan in the hands of Aurungzebe; and, in compliance with these constant whisperings, Aurungzebe was several times removed from his post, but always managed to revert to it. He won great honor by the victory over the Uzbeks to which reference has been made, and the opportunity was taken to appoint him to the government of Mooltán; but, having failed in the operations against Kandáhar, he preferred to come back, and was re-posted to the Deccan.

It was in this state of affairs that Sháh Jehán fell sick from intemperance in the seraglio, and was rendered unfit for business; and this at once kindled the flames of civil war. Dárá, with the right of primogeniture on his side, and already vested with a great share of imperial authority, regarded the ambition of his brothers with distrust, and hastened to take measures to prevent any arrogation of authority on their part. Soojá, in secure possession of Bengal, thought that he had only to stretch out his hand to snatch the imperial crown. Aurungzebe best knew his own strength, and covered his designs under the convenient cloak of religion. Morád, the most vehement of the brothers, thought himself to be the most deserving of the throne, and became an easy tool in the hands of Aurungzebe.

The first to appear on the field was Soojá, who excused his precipitancy by the violence of Dárá. He had

already been threatened with imprisonment or death, and necessity, he contended, fully justified his rebellion. Immediately after him Morád also declared himself, being proclaimed emperor at Guzerát by the army he commanded; upon which Soojá hastened his movements and pressed forward towards Benares. But Solimán, the son of Dárá, being sent by his father against the latter, soon surprised and completely defeated him, and forced him to take refuge in Monghyr, which he besieged.

In the meantime Morád opened communications with Aurungzebe, and proposed a joint action against Dárá, which was promptly and affectionately agreed to. "Dárá," wrote back Aurungzebe in reply, "is from his natural weakness unfit to rule; Soojá is a heretic, and therefore unworthy of the crown; as for me, I have long since dedicated myself to the service of God, and only ask for safety and tranquillity. But I shall, with my poor abilities, assist you to take possession of the throne, which you alone fully deserve to occupy, and for which the wishes of the people have already selected you." The bait took, for Morád, blinded by ambition, suspected no artifice. His army joined that of Aurungzebe, and both together gave battle to Rájáh Jeswant Sing, who had been sent by Dárá to operate against them. The action took place on the banks of the Nermudda, near Oujein, and was begun by the Mogul cavalry of Dárá's army, who were soon worsted by the veteran warriors under Aurungzebe. Jeswant Sing, at the head of 30,000 Rájpoos, endeavoured to repair the defeat, and, falling furiously on Aurungzebe, obliged him to draw back; but the troops of Morád, attacking the flank of the Rájpoos, gave occasion to a mixed and undistinguishing struggle, and eventually forced the Rájpoos from the field. Ten thousand Rájpoos were slain, and Solimán, the son of Dárá, was obliged to raise the siege of Monghyr, and patch up a peace with Soojá and hasten to the assistance of his father at Agra. But Dárá refused to await his arrival. Placing himself at the head of 100,000 horse with 1,000

he hastened to oppose Aurungzebe and Morád, who had only 40,000 horse under them. The two parties appeared before each other on the banks of the Chumbul, and for a moment Aurungzebe was disconcerted. But the treachery of Sháistá Khán, one of the generals of Dárá, reassured him, and he was helped to a by-road by which to march towards Agra, the camp of the confederated brothers on the Chumbul being left unbroken to prevent the suspicions of Dárá being awakened. At last Dárá discovered that his brothers had gone off, and, immediately pressing after them, overtook them at a distance of sixteen miles from Agra, where the two armies drew up face to face for battle. The army of Dárá was marshalled by Roostum; but Dárá having heedlessly given him offence, he went and placed himself in front of the left wing, the right being commanded by Sháistá Khán, and the centre by Dárá himself. Of Aurungzebe's army the centre was entrusted to Morád, the left to Mahomed, the son of Aurungzebe, while the right was commanded by Aurungzebe himself, who, without arrogating the post of honor, occupied that of danger, being opposed to Roostum, the greatest of the generals on the opposite side.

The engagement was begun by an attack of cavalry headed by Roostum, who charged with great ability and spirit, but was unable to penetrate a masked battery in front of Aurungzebe's line, the guns of which were chained together. Being at the same time singled out by the order of Aurungzebe, he received a cannon-ball on his breast as he was cheering his men to the charge, which at once checked the fury of his followers. But Chutter Sál, a Rájput chief, still offered a determined resistance at the head of five thousand Rájputs; and it was not till he fell that the whole wing was put to flight. In the meantime, Dárá, with the centre of his army, fell upon Morád with great vigor, and though he was repulsed repeatedly by volleys of artillery, rallied again and again, till the whole of Morád's centre was broken and he himself covered with wounds. At this critical juncture Morád was supported by some fresh troops under Mahomed, the

son of Aurungzebe, who was especially sent to extricate him. This checked the triumph of Dárá, while it revived the troops of Morád, and the battle was renewed on both sides with redoubled fury. Many thousands of men were slain, and many thousands also fled from the field; but still the contest went on, till not more than one thousand men remained on the side of Dárá, and scarcely one hundred with Aurungzebe and Morád. The hopes of the latter now began to fail, when Dárá's foster-brother, who sat with him on the same elephant, having been struck dead by a cannon-ball, the elephant-driver made the animal recede a few paces, either from personal fear or to secure the safety of his master, upon which all the men on Dárá's side, anticipating his retreat, took to their heels, and when Dárá, descending from his elephant, mounted a horse, he found the field deserted by his followers.

This defeat dashed the hopes of Dárá forever, and gave the crown of India to Aurungzebe. Dárá was anxious to repair to Agra to defend it; but it was correctly pointed out to him by Sháh Jehán that walls were no defence for those who had failed in open fight. Aurungzebe in the meantime affected an anxious wish to throw himself at the feet of his father, and, under this semblance, Mahomed, his son, was able to enter the citadel, overpower the imperial guards, and man the walls and ramparts with his own men, whereby Sháh Jehán was made a prisoner. Simultaneously, Aurungzebe was also playing at cross purposes with Morád, each brother suspecting the other's intentions and endeavouring to make him a prisoner. The scheme of Aurungzebe was at last successful. He entrapped Morád by inviting him to a company of young ladies by whom he was intoxicated, after which he was seized and bound, and sent a prisoner first to Delhi, and subsequently to Gwalior. Aurungzebe then mounted the throne, assuming the name of Al-lungire.

Dárá was now at Lahore, expecting to be joined by his son Solimán. The latter had still a large though disorganised army under him; but, not being in a posi-

tion to give Aurungzebe battle, he moved along the impervious country on the north, where the Ganges issues from the mountains, endeavouring only to make good his retreat. In this way he entered Cashmere, upon which Aurungzebe closed all the passes of the mountains and held him a prisoner there, till the rájáh of Cashmere was, on a later day, prevailed upon to surrender him. The forces under Dára were yet numerous ; but his heart failed him when Aurungzebe arrived on the Sutledge to give him battle, and he fled towards Mooltán followed by Mahomed.

Aurungzebe now turned his arms towards Soojá, who had intermediately been collecting an army, and was on his way to Agra to release Sháh Jehán from confinement. Mahomed was at the same time recalled from Mooltán, and Meer Jumlá from the Deccan ; and the three armies joined on the banks of the Jumna, near Allahabad, at a short distance from which Soojá was encamped. The attack on Soojá was commenced by Jumlá, who had observed the negligent disposition of his forces and opened his batteries upon them. He was supported by Aurungzebe, who ordered his elephants to advance and tread down the entrenchments raised by Soojá ; and the elephant-charge was loyally supported by a strong body of cavalry, everything being carried down before them. At this moment Jeswant Sing, still smarting under his defeat near Oujein, having since joined the side of Aurungzebe, now deserted him, and fell on his rear, where he did much havoc, raising the cry of Aurungzebe's defeat. But Aurungzebe fought on unshaken ; and, when his elephant was wounded, he ordered it to be chained to its place, himself remaining immovable in the midst of the battle, lest one step backward should turn the tide against him. The nobles who rushed to his rescue bore down all opposition before them ; the advantage gained by Sooja was lost ; and when he descended from his elephant on its being hurt, his army, seeing an empty castle, thought him to be slain, and fled.

Aurungzebe was in no condition to pursue the enemy ; but he was now at liberty to fall upon the Ráipoots who

had been plundering his rear. A bloody battle was fought with them, and they were compelled to fly; but they succeeded in carrying off all the booty they had taken. In the meantime Soojá fled, deserted by his army and deserting them. He first sought refuge at Patna, and then at Monghyr, after which he was hunted from place to place by Meer Jumlá, whom Aurungzebe despatched to Bengal to subjugate it; and Soojá was obliged to fly to Arracan through the forests and mountains of Tipperáh, and was there murdered by the Mugh Rájáh, together with his family.

Dará, after Soojá's defeat on the banks of the Jumna, showed a bold front by collecting his forces in the neighbourhood of Ajmere, where he entrenched himself strongly. His position was so strong that Aurungzebe hesitated to attack him; but the difficulty was got over by the discovery of a narrow and steep path which gave access to a mountain on the right of Dará's lines, and the summit of which was attained. Simultaneously, a deceptive movement made by two of Aurungzebe's generals—Delere Khán and Jai Sing—who affected to desert Aurungzebe to march over to Dará, opened the camp of the latter in the front to receive them. This enabled Aurungzebe to advance upon it with his whole force; while the party which had gained the summit of the mountain showed themselves above the camp, the hills re-echoing with their shouts and with the deafening sound of the stones and loosened rocks they threw down. Dará's army was affeared; swords on one side and rocks on another spread a general panic; and, while some fought, many fled. Dará in confusion retreated with his women from the field, and was soon plundered of everything he had by his own Mahratta followers. The miseries he endured in his flight were akin to those experienced by Humáyun in his retreat before Shere. Humáyun escaped after his misfortunes in the desert; Dará was betrayed into the hands of Aurungzebe by a chief, named Jihon Khan, and carried with ignominy through Delhi, confined, and put to death. Morád and Solimán Sheko were also secretly murdered; and even his own son

Mahomed, whose daring disposition rendered him an object of envy to a suspicious father, was kept a close prisoner in Gwalior, before Aurungzebe felt himself perfectly safe on the throne he had secured. Sháh Jehán died in 1666, and removed the last thorn from his side.

XXX.—AURUNGZEBE'S WARS WITH THE RÁJPOOTS.

A. D. 1677 TO 1681.

THE bigotry of Aurungzebe created many difficulties with his Hindu subjects. He revived the *jezia*, or poll-tax, on the Hindus, and resisted their supplications against it by force. This lost him the attachment of his own Hindu subjects, and gave offence to his Rájput feudatories, who, though not directly subordinate to him, had always served him with great fidelity. The disaffection of the Rájputs culminated on the oppressions exercised by the emperor on the widow and children of Jeswant Sing coming to be generally known. Aurungzebe had always distrusted Jeswant Sing, and, as he could not keep him near his native dominions, had availed himself of a rebellion among the Afghans to send him and his Rájputs to Kábool. From that place Jeswant Sing never returned; and when, after his death, his widow and two infants were coming back to Jodpore, Aurungzebe endeavoured to intercept and capture them. Notwithstanding all his efforts to prevent it, they succeeded in forcing a passage through Attock, but only to be shortly after surrounded in the neighbourhood of Delhi. Here the leader of the ránee's escort, Doorga Dás, adroitly obtained leave to send back a part of his forces, together with their women and children, to Jodpore; and he managed to send with them the widow ránee and her children in disguise, they being represented in the camp by a female-servant and two other children. As the privacy of the Rájput female apartments had to be respected this deceit was not long discovered, and when

Aurangzebe, for the sake of better security, ordered the removal of his captives to the citadel, a protracted defence of them was maintained by the Rájpoos to disarm suspicion. The trick was, however, eventually detected; but, seeing that the mishap could not be mended, Aurungzebe affected not to believe that any had occurred, and pertinaciously upheld the pretensions of his actual captives against the rightful heirs.

The Rájpoos disgusted with this policy determined to make a joint effort against the emperor, Rájah Rám Sing, of Jeypore, only remaining faithful to him. The rest placing Ráj Sing, Ráná of Oodeypore, at their head, collected together to oppose him; to break which confederacy Aurungzebe assembled a large army, and marched against Ajmere. This demonstration had at first the effect that was intended; the Ráná was compelled to make overtures of peace. But the terms offered by him were no sooner agreed to than he broke faith, upon which Aurungzebe determined to put forth all his strength and, once for all, destroy the combination against him. The armies of Bengal and the Deccan were ordered to join him, and the army of Guzerát was directed to co-operate with him from that direction. The successes of the Moguls in the open country were signal; Cheetore, Mundulgurh, Mundisor, Jeerun, and other strongholds were all quickly captured; but the Rájpoos mustered in strength on the crest of the Aravulli mountains, and Aurungzebe, approaching the pass of Dobárri, was unable to enter the valley it led to. To effect a diversion, Akbár, his youngest son, was despatched from Dobárri, to Oodeypore, at the head of 50,000 men; but he was unable to proceed beyond a few paces, being surrounded and rendered helpless among the intricacies of the mountains. His position now became exceedingly critical; death menaced his forces in every form, and famine stared before him; and there was no opening at all for retreat. The commiseration of Jai Sing, the eldest son of the Ráná, at last induced him to offer peace to the Mogul prince on promise being given that the war would be closed: and guides were then given to

him to lead out his forces in the direction of Cheetore. Orme says, that it was Aurungzebe himself who was thus enclosed, and then allowed to depart ; also, that his favorite Circassian wife was similarly surrounded and then liberated. Be that as it may, the promise given to the Rájputs was not kept, for the war was continued.

In the intricate gorges of the mountains, the Rájputs were everywhere victorious. Besides the success at Dobárrí, a detachment under Delere Khán was entirely destroyed after having entered the Daisoori Pass. At Poorh Mandel, a Rájput chief, named Sawal Dás, also gave a detachment under Khan Rohilla a signal defeat ; while Prince Bheem made a powerful diversion by the invasion of Guzerát, where several towns were taken. For all these defeats the Moguls took ample vengeance on the plains, burning and destroying the whole country, and even carrying off women and children.

The outrages perpetrated by the Moguls completely alienated the Rájputs from their faithfulness ; and they began to retaliate even in the open country as well as they could with a force of 25,000 men, which was especially employed for the purpose. This work was entrusted to Dyál Sháh, the civil minister of Oodeypore, who ravaged Málwá and made it a desert, and, joining Jai Sing, gave battle to Prince Azim at Cheetore, and totally defeated him. Akbar was similarly defeated by Bheem. Nor did the Rájputs depend on force only. Doorga Dás met artifice by artifice, and not only undermined the fidelity of the Mogul troops, but succeeded in securing the co-operation of Prince Akbar himself by proclaiming him Emperor of India. The army under Akbar amounted at this time to 70,000 men, and the position of Aurungzebe by his defection necessarily became unpleasant and perilous. But where others mined, he undermined, and he soon succeeded in reclaiming the troops to their allegiance by practising on their fears, upon which Akbar, left alone with the Rájputs, was obliged to seek an asylum with the Máhrattás, in the Concan, whence he was subsequently conveyed in an English ship to Persia : so much did he apprehend

the vengeance of his father. In the meantime the war in Rájasthán was continued, and, though the Moguls were generally successful, the Rájputs remained obdurate and unsubdued. Nowhere were the Moguls ever so checkmated as in Rájasthán; nowhere did they receive stronger return-blows from their enemies. They continued their ravages with fiendish cruelty; but these were generally requitted by the Rájputs in the same style: and for every Hindu temple that was desecrated they plundered a mosque, burning the Korán and despoiling the Mooláhs in return for the excesses practised by the Moguls on their priests. At last, both Aurungzebe and the Ráná of Oodeypore became equally anxious to terminate the struggle, and a peace was concluded, by which the *jezia* was abandoned, for the cession of a small territory as penalty for the assistance the Rájputs had rendered to Akbar in his revolt. The terms included, on the other hand, the surrender to the Rájputs, of the districts taken during the war in Jodpore and Cheetore: and thus a seeming but no real peace was secured. The Western Rájputs still continued in arms; and all Ráj-pootáná maintained more or less a hostile and defiant attitude up to the end of Aurungzebe's reign.

PANDAVAS IN THE HIMALAYA.

AN EPISODE OF HINDU MYTHOLOGY.

By "GAEKWAREE."

ARGUMENT.

THE five Pándavas, celebrated in Hindu Mythology, with their wife Draupadi, being overwhelmed with sorrow at the destruction of their kindred in the "Great War," the death of Krishna and the destruction of Dwarka, proceeded to the Himálaya to die. They were never heard of again, but Hindu tradition says that when Yudhistir, the eldest, was about to give up the ghost, Yam (the Hindu Pluto) arrived in a magnificent chariot to carry his soul to Heaven. Yudhistir asked if his brothers, &c., had preceded him. "No," said, Yam "they were erring mortals, but you are an Incarnation of Justice." "Then," said Yudhistir, "it would be derogatory to an Incarnation of Justice to accept a heaven for himself when his fellow-workers are excluded from it. So I shall take my chance with them." It is also said that Yam, under the form of a dog, accompanied the Pándavas about everywhere in hopes to catch Yudhistir tripping, but failed ignominiously.

. The prismatic effects of sunlight in the Himálaya and their interpretation by Yudhistir may be thought exaggerated and unnatural. All I can say is that all the appearances described by me are neither inventions nor even observations of my own. My authority for them is a Journal of Travel in the Himalya, published some years ago in the "Leisure Hour," though I have now forgotten the exact volume or numbers which contain it. For Yudhistir, it may be conceived as not unlikely that one born and bred and living all his life in the plains of India at that period may have been sufficiently ignorant of the theory of light and sufficiently prone to believe in supernatural influence to regard, as described in the text, appearances so unfamiliar and brilliant as due to other than natural causes.

THE fire flashed redly in the sombre night,
And through the blackness of the whirling mists
At times it lightened on the rocks around,
Changing their icy pinnacles to stars
Which instant shone and vanished. And the wind—

The bleak, sweeping, and heavy-rushing wind—
Blew the thick snow-flakes o'er the wanderers
As it tore through the valley. There they sat—
Cold, and emaciated, and faint with toil—
Body and soul alike oppressed and blackened— 10
Blackened with the deep blackness of despair.
The rounded cheeks of Draupadi had sunk,
And from her eyes the love-light vanished all
Which once had gladdened palaces and camps,
And for which swords were drawn and many fell. 15
But now her skin was leathern with hardships
And wrinkled with affliction; And the orbs,
Late beaming with affection, now from out
The deeply caverned hollows glittered forth
A wild, cadaverous, and wolfish stare. 20
Her shrunk form cowered within its robe of bark,*
And pressed together for a little warmth
Its thin knob-headed limbs and clammy fingers—
Like to a skeleton within a coffin,
Or the out-tired affections of the good, 25
Who long have found them useless in this world,
And now fold up within a hardened heart
The love, the tenderness which thrilled it once—
Sad spectre of exhausted loveliness!
So crouched the Pándavas' wife beside the fire.
And from her hair—the long disshevelled hair— 30
The hair which during thirteen years of exile
Had hung down her shoulders—never bound,
In memory of vengeance still unsated,
Its snake locks thirsting for the Kaurav's blood
Which Bheem had promised them and gave at last†— 35
Now all again disordered, but not now
Out of design but cruel, sad neglect—

* It is said that the Pándavas in their wanderings in the wilds, wore robes made of bark, perhaps like the Tapa of Polynesia. However, as "bark" and "skin" are not very dissimilar ideas, it may have been the latter, though modern Hindus may not like to acknowledge it.

† Draupadi, having been insulted by one of the Kauravas, vowed never to bind up her hair again till it had been dipped in his blood, a vow which Bheem enabled her to accomplish by cutting off the offender's head in the battle of Kurukshetra.

Uncombed, untended, matted thick with sleet
 And the thin snow-mud of the mountain earth—
 (On which she late had laid her weary head) . 40
 Still as she lent over the blazing logs,
 The melted mass coursed down in liquid streams—
 Now on her cracked, blistered, and bleeding feet—
 Now, hissing, on the embers of the fire. 45
 And there in front, nestled against each other,
 And sundered from her by the blaze which lit
 With an unnatural hectic their large eyes
 That glittered tiger-like, and faded beauty—
 Watching her with a look in which affection 50
 Was mastered by a horrid vacancy,
 The product of exhaustion, hopelessness,
 And agonizing grief—as 'twere a dream,
 A dim imagination of past pleasures,
 Clouded by present woe—the sons of Mádree,* 55
 Nakul and Sahadev sat.

There behind,
 Half-coiled around Draupadi as she crouched—
 Yet giving and yet taking warmth from her,
 As he had always been her foremost champion,
 Lay huddled up the giant form of Bheem 60
 Pillowed upon his mace, and slumbering
 On his cold, stony bed—alike unmoved
 In the deep horror of the present hour,
 As of yore mid the rush and roar of battle,
 Or in the throng of Hari's dancing girls.† 65
 The only human sound heard in the night,
 Varying the shrieking of the scouring blasts,
 And the sharp snapping of the shivered pines

* Nakul and Sahadev, the youngest of the celebrated Five, were sons of Pándu by Mádree, whereas Yudhistir, Bheem, and Arjoon were the offspring of Kuntée. Like Castor and Pollux, they were remarkable for inseparability and similarity of appearance.

† Krishna, in order to test the stolidity and chastity of Bheem (which latter by the way, was not very notable except when called in question) surrounded him on a journey from Dwarká to Hastinápura by a crowd of frail enchantresses who practised on him every allurements. Bheem, however "smelt a rat" and foiled the slippery Yaduv by sheer immobility.

Torn by the rush of plunging rocks and snow-falls,
And the low thunder of the distant cataract, 70
Was the deep breathing of the sleeping hero.
And on the right with arms around his knees,
Down upon which his shrouded face was bowed—
Drawn something backward from the cheering blaze,
As if his soaring soul despised its comfort,
And, true to gen'rous instincts, yielded it 75
To those—the weaker ones—whom yet its warmth
Might strengthen and sustain—proud Arjoon rested,
And veiled his sorrow e'en from those around him.
Say! was he thinking of that day of yore
When he won Draupadi from all the Rajas? * 80
Or of the hour when on his ivory car,
While Kurukshetra rang with charging thousands,
He at advantage slew the Day-God's offspring? †
Or of his friend—the never-failing Yaduv? ‡
Or, how he followed for a year the horse? § 85
Of Paramēeta or Subhadrā's charms? ¶
Of his dead son—the hero Abhimanya? ¶¶
Or him who yet survived and ruled afar
In Manipur—his only conqueror? **
Did he bewail and mourn the vanished glories 90

* Although Draupadi was the wife of the five brothers, it was Arjoon who actually won her at her "Swyambara."

† Karna, the son of Surya, the Hector of the Mahābhārat as Arjoon is its Achilles, was like his Western analogue, slain by the latter under circumstances which amounted to an unchivalrous advantage taken of a momentary weakness.

‡ Krishna, chief of the Yadavs; Lord of the 1600 Gopis; destroyer of the Black Snake and of Raja Kausa; king of Muttra (Mathurā) and of Dwarkā in Kattyawar when expelled from the first by Jarāsindhu; Rajpoot king and Avatar of Vishnoo, Indian Eros, Apollo, and Hermes rolled into one, acted as Mentor to the Pāndavas in the "Great War." He was especially friendly with Arjoon, by whose side he rode in battle.

§ When the Pāndavas celebrated Aswamedh (or horse-sacrifice.)

¶ These were Arjoon's "particular" wives. Of course he had only a fifth share in Draupadi.

¶¶ The name of this young warrior (the Patroclus of the Mahābhārat) who was slain in endeavouring to pierce the centre of the Kaurava phalanx, has passed into the common generic name for "heroism" in most Indian languages.

** Arjoon was only once conquered by the Raja of Manipur, afterwards discovered to be his own son.

Of that vain bow now lying useless by him ?*
 Or, was his soul engaged in higher flights
 Longing to meet the heroes whom he slew
 In that Great War which still amazes earth ?†
 And opposite was Yudhistir the just, 95
 Upright and calm, though on his upturned face
 The icy rain fell ceaseless without pity,
 And trickling from the long and clotted hair
 Thrown backward from his brow, streamed o'er his form—
 Upright and calm, though as each gust swept by 100
 The frail form shivered, though the spirit quailed not—
 Upright and calm, though in the haggard eye
 Which still looked upwards, and the visage dank
 Trenched with deep furrows, and the stern mouth set
 With teeth that chattered as it mumbled prayers, 105
 Reigned utter misery and desolation.
 And still his half-numbed fingers twirled a string
 Of Rudra beads, and by his side there coiled
 The single creature which yet served the Pándavas,
 Faithful unto the last—a huge gaunt dog. 110

Then Draupadi,

Essayed to weep, but as a tear gushed out,
 The snow-wind rushed and froze it on her cheek.

* * * *

Upon the lonely bivouac rose at last
 The paly light of morning. From the hills 115
 Which fronted to the East, reflected shone,
 From snow-clad peaks and icy crags, the glare
 Of the bright sun which yet could not be seen,
 Hid from the valley by the Western mounts ;
 And in its purer, brighter, grander radiance, 120
 The red glow of the Pándavas' fire died out
 Until it showed but as a murky wreath
 From the damp sticks upon the melted snow.

* He used to perform extraordinary feats with this magic bow, which, however, lost its power in the decline of the Pándava fortunes.

† The number of men engaged, and the length of time taken in fighting (18 days) the battle of Kurukshetra, (whether credible or not) far surpass any other contest of ancient or modern times.

And the light served to rouse the wanderers,
Alike from their despondency and rest, 125
If rest it was which was their lot that night.
They stretched their limbs and chafed their chilly hands,
And warmed them o'er the fire, till Bheem at last
Rolled up and rubbed his eyes with his huge hands,
And shivering yawned. Then Yudhistir arose 130,
And, joining both his palms together, made
Obeisance to the rising Eastern light;
Then pointing with his finger overhead
To where the sunbeams, shooting through the mists,
Now rolling upward from the valley, making 135
A bright prismatic rose-glow as they past,
Fell on the face of the opposing hills
Turning them all into a blaze of gold,
He unto his companions said—"see, see !
The Golden Palace of the Mountain-Gods ! 140
The rosy air of Kailás in the sky !
Rise, let us onward, onward ! In the Earth—
The dull dark earth which we have left behind—
Is nought but sin and sorrow—even we
Who loved, and fought, and ruled, and feasted, as 145
None but ourselves have done or ever shall,
Must leave it hopeless. But where we are going,
The glorious mansions of th' Eternal fathers,
The darkness of despair *may* never come.
'Tis fated we must die. Then let us die 150
A little nearer to the Heaven above us."
And as he spoke he started for the North,
And Arjoon rose and followed him ; And Bheem
Stamped with his towering height in Arjoon's track ;
And Sahadev stepped on the giant's foot-prints ; 155
And Nakul followed close upon his brother ;
The last was Draupadi—no, not the last,
For the dog trotted on the path she left.
And onward still Yudhistir led the band,
Ever ascending to the heights which towered 160
Yet in mid air above their fated heads—

The goal towards which they struggled. Along ledges
 Which circled narrow round the mountain side
 With yawning precipices far below,
 And then again through fearful rugged gaps 165
 Thick filled with snow and shutting out the light,
 Or o'er bare ridges where the new-risen sun
 Shot his oblique effulgence but to dazzle,
 Not warm the wand'ers.* With snow-blistered feet
 And crackling skin, and eyes which seemed to burn, 170
 And limbs that scarce obeyed the power of will
 So stiff and weary were they and so numbed,†
 The seven still struggled onward till the sun
 Stood in mid-heaven. Then as they crossed a flat
 Between two summits, where the new-fallen snow 175
 Lay thick and soft, not yet glazed o'er with ice,
 And floundered knee-deep through it, Draupadi
 Felt she could drag no longer. But no cry
 Burst from her bosom. Where she stood she sank—
 Down on that soft cold spot which was her grave. 180
 But Nakul missed her footsteps from behind him
 Crackling the crisp snow-soil, and turned and looked,
 And cried to Yudhistir—"Oh brother! stop!
 Draupadi can no longer journey forward."
 And they all stopped and turned, and Bheem spoke thus 185
 "I will go back and raise her!" and Arjoon
 Said—"We will wait till she can move again."
 But Yudhistir replied—"Brethren, you rave!
 There is no wood here to make up a fire
 And we shall never see a fire again; 190
 For far below are the pine-forests left
 And never plant grew on the mountain tops.
 And if we stay with Draupadi, we all,
 Without a fire should stiffen here and die,
 Doing e'en her no good, while we ourselves 195

* At great elevations the sun is said to dazzle and scorch even more than in lower regions. It does not, however, appear to give so much warmth, owing to the rarification of the atmosphere.

† All these are symptoms described by Alpine climbers, aéronauts, and travellers in the Arctic regions.

Should break our vow 'gainst turning back, and lose
Our chance of reaching yonder Mountain-Heaven.
Let her alone ! It is but natural.
She was the weakest and must perish first !
Haply ere nightfall we may follow her !” 200
And Draupadi spoke thus—“ My husbands ! I
Have ever looked upon my life as nought
But a gift whereby I might do your pleasure.
I know my time is come. I could not journey
Forward again were you to wait for hours. 205
I would not keep you from the Mountain-Heaven
Nor let you break your vow for nought. But ere
You journey forward in your fated path
I would you all forgave me any word
Or deed by which not wilfully, I know, 210
But unintentionally perhaps, I may
Have you offended. Give me your forgiveness.
This is the last sole boon I crave.” Then each
In turn of age from Yudhistir to Nakul
Said—“ We forgive thee. Never wife on earth
Was like to thee, Oh Draupadi, for truth,
And faithfulness, and love, and patient service !” * 215
O'er the blue shrunken face of Draupadi,
While the death-film was filling fast her orbs,
A gleam of radiant joy played like the lightning
Across a summer cloud, illumining
Each feature now triumphant o'er despair.
And on they tramped. The faithful dog himself
Whined but a moment by the woman's side, 220
And licked her cold hands, and then plunged away
To follow Nakul. But the woman lone
Still fixed her eyes on the receding band
With the long agonizing farewell gaze
Until they vanished from her swimming eyes, 225

* Despite her five-fold conjugal duties, Draupadi is always described in the Mahábhárat as the perfection of a wife, nor from what we see of her conduct, as detailed in it, does the praise seem undeserved. Her principal characteristics are fidelity and submissiveness, and most men will agree that these are the principal “points” of a good wife.

When o'er her stole the tranquil frozen sleep
From which she ne'er should waken.*

But the six

Still mournfully pressed on. 'Twas bitter work
To force the sinking form against the blast 230

Which now howled out again. The momentary
Gleam of encouragement that morn—thrice blessed
After the horrid night—had given them,
Had long departed ; and all hopelessly
And cheerlessly, but still unyieldingly— 235

Rather like some cunning machines of steel
Than beings of blood and bone—they clambered on,
Urged onward by a mighty force within
Which was nor courage nor despair but something
Seeming both which said—"Ye are a fated race, 240
As well die moving on as still at rest."†

The raw wind cut them to the very bone ;
The thin air hardly filled their yearning lungs‡
Making breath painful. Still they held their course,
Northward and upward, towards the highest peaks. 245

But as they crossed a glacier's slippery face,
The wearied foot of Nakul missed its hold
And he sank reeling on the glassy plain.
He strove to rise, but his enfeebled bones,
Brittle with cold, their wonted function failed. 250

A broken thigh had sealed his speedy doom
Although the numbing air forbade now pain.
Faintly he said—"My brothers! Leave me too,
Check not your progress to the Mountain Heaven!"
And Yudhistir looked back, and on his brow 255
The shade of horror darkened, but he cried,

* Perhaps some of my readers are not aware that people frozen to death are believed to first sink into a kind of sleep or stupefaction, which of course is never shaken off, except by the use of warmth and stimulants.

† I do not know whether I have been very successful in portraying the frame of mind which prompted the Pándavas to take the extraordinary step of "losing themselves" in the Himálayas. The words in the text, however, appear to express the impression left on the mind by their whole conduct.

‡ This is also an effect of high-mountain-ascents.

As if the sight but roused his will to frenzy,—
“Onward! Still onward! To the Mountain Heaven!”
But Sahadev said—“I part not from Nakul,
We are the children of one mother. I 260
Do not turn back, but where one son of Mádree
Lays his bones there too must the other rest.
We were not joined through life to part in death.”
Yudhistir answered—“Be it as you will,
But we must onward on our destined path.” 265
“’Tis right for you”—said Sahadev—“But for me
My place is here with Nakul. On, and fear not!”
So Sahadev sat him down beside his brother,
And on the others marched, now only three!
And the dog circled once around the brothers, 270
And whined and licked their hands, and then ran on.
And up—still upwards—the survivors went,
High rising up amid the vault of heaven,
As they would reach the sun. And far beneath
The lesser rangés lay for countless miles, 275
Peak beyond peak emerging from the clouds,
Spread barrier-like between them and the earth.
The last few stunted shrubs had long been passed,
And nought there was around but ice and snow and stone.
And over head two giant summits rose, 280
The last and greatest. Still they climbed aloft,
Clinging to crags and leaping over fissures,
Though the wind nearly blew them from the heights
As it came whirling on with unchecked power.
The sun was sinking from the western heavens 285
And still they knew no pause. Till, with a rush
A snow-wreath, loosened from the mountain side
Came roaring downwards. All unmoved they stalked—
What was an avalanche to such as they—
Men come to seek their doom? And it passed on 290
With a most awful hubbub of all sounds,
From charging cavalry to thunder-claps,
Filling the icy air and dazzling their eyes
With the light flakes it sent as harbingers.

And when it had departed—they were two! 295
 Arjoon had vanished! “Onward”—cried Yudhistir—
 “Onward! my brother, to the Mountain Heaven!”
 And Yudhistir, and Bheem, and that gaunt dog,
 The last survivors of the Pándav band,
 Still trudged their weary way. They staggered now, 300
 And e’en the giant Bheem reeled to and fro,
 But Yudhistir still madly shouted out—
 “On! ever onward to the Mountain Heaven!”
 And so they reached the summit next to them,
 And stood and looked around. Before them lay 305
 Another snow-flat through which sprouted rocks,
 And then another peak rose from its bounds
 To an appalling height—the last and greatest—
 No other summit rivalling it as far
 As eye could reach. 310

And on it from the west
 The setting sun shot clear its silvering beams,
 Making it sparkle like a diamond,
 And the quick glitter fell upon the eye
 Of Yudhistir, who raised his hand and shrieked— 315
 “Oh brother! Onward! See you not the glory
 That shines upon us from the Mountain Heaven?
 Beyond yon summit we shall surely find it!”
 And now they went across the snowy flat
 Floundering and stumbling ’mong the ice and snow 320
 Till Bheem found out he suddenly was stopped
 As if immovable.* Another effort,
 And then he reeled and fell. And looking well,
 He saw that from his leg a foot had snapped

* The whole of this seems, to a certain extent, an exaggeration at first sight. From however the accounts of travellers, aéronauts, &c., it does not appear improbable that a party of men, recklessly pushing forward towards the summit of the Himálayas, *might* experience the various mishaps described in the text, unless the stupor and exhaustion due to the cold and the rarification of the atmosphere, absolutely incapacitated them from proceeding before the condition of the body described was attained. In historical times, however, no one has been known rash enough to try the experiment, and if so, none at least have returned to tell the result.

Clean at the ankle. And the other's toes
Had also broken off, but *when* he knew not,
Since the intense cold stopped all sense of pain.
He tried to rise, but could not. There he lay
Painless, but maimed and helpless, on the snow.
Then he raved loudly, tossed himself about
In vain but frantic struggles to go forward,
And thus he spoke with fury—"What is this?
Am I—is Bheem—to die like a dog here?
I have still strength to reach the Mountain Top
And see the Heaven Yudhistir promises.
I yet am fitter for the march than he.
But for the snapping of a curséd foot,
That seems turned into glass, I must forego
The journey, though not whelmed as Arjoon was,
Or worn like Draupadi and Mádrée's sons.
And has my giant strength come to this?
Oh! oh!"—and then, with a wild howl, he dashed
His mace so hard on a rock lying near
That mace and rock alike were smashed to atoms.
And Yudhistir looked back and sternly muttered—
"This comes of wedding with barbarian wives!
This comes of pampering a shameless belly!
I fear me he will die more like an Asur
Than one of Aryan blood.* Let him. I go
Alone to seek and find the Mountain Heaven!"
Thus the last Pándav, followed by the dog,
Moved onward on his course towards the peak.
He gained it. As the sun dipped in the west,
There stood Yudhistir on the highest peak
Of the most lofty of the loftiest range
Of mountains on the earth. Though he had left

* Bheem, the Ajax of the "Great War," is throughout its whole history (although not without some good qualities) made out to be the fiercest, most barbarous, most sensual, gluttonous, and at the same time, obstinate, obtuse, and imperturbable of the Pándavas. He is, as Yudhistir says in the text, the most "un-Aryan" of the lot. His strength is that of the clown, his mind that of the usual character ascribed to giants. In short, he has more affinity to the Bákshas, whose daughters he marries, than to his own people.

His toes and fingers on the ice below,
 And though the blood was cozing from his mouth,
 And from his ears and nostrils ; though his breath
 Came faint and labouring through his ice locked jaws ;
 Though his dim eyes swam as he looked around,
 And saw on either hand, like plains spread out,
 A never varying sea of mountain tops—
 He gained the summit—sank upon the rocks—
 And cried in all his bitterness of heart— 365
 “Where, Source of all things, is the Mountain Heaven ?”
 And then a mist grew round him, and he saw
 The gaunt dog changing to a monstrous form,
 All rich and gay with colors and with gems.
 And the form said to him—“Oh Yudhistir ! 370
 I come to take thee to the highest Heaven
 Which thou so well hast earned by perseverance,
 And justice, and devotion. I am Yam!
 Fear me not. I am kind unto the Just.
 I followed thee from Bharatkhand to see 375
 What thou wouldst do, and aid at this thy end,
 And as a dog I served thee.” Yudhistir
 Asked but one question, and ’twas this—“Are those
 My brothers four, is Draupadi awaiting
 Me in the Heaven thou namest ?” * Then said Yam, 380
 “No ! They have all been subject unto nature
 And to its frailties. And for thee, thou art
 As thyself knowest—a Godhead’s incarnation,
 Dharma in person.” Answered he, “I left
 “My wife and brothers on the path behind 385

* A similar incident is recorded of one of the Northern Barbarians when (in the decline of the Roman Empire) whole tribes embraced Christianity *en masse*. A bishop was baptising the horde, and it came to the shrewd old Norseman’s turn. “Bishop,” said he, “before I am sprinkled I want to ask a question.” “Ask !” “Tell me, Bishop, whether in the Christians’ Heaven which you promise I shall meet the souls of all the good warriors of my tribe dead before me ?” “Oh, no !” said the Bishop, “they were heathens and are in hell.” “Then,” growled the old warrior, drawing back, “I would rather be in hell with my fathers than in Heaven with Christian strangers, and I shall do nothing that may place a barrier between us.” This story is evidently the Western analogue of that of Yudhistir, and is one of those many but strange coincidences of Eastern and European Folklore often met with.

To find a heaven for *all* and not for *one*.

Hence! I will none of you. Where *they* are gone,

There I too will depart, to meet their souls

And those of Kunti, and my father, and

The goodly heroes that once grouped themselves 390

Within the palace of Hastinapur!

Hence! Is Vyás not here, to drive him off!"

Then darkness fell upon him. In an hour

Unmarked by mortal eye, on that lone summit

Lay stretched a stiffened corpse upon the snow, 395

O'er which a gaunt dog, faithful to the last,

Howled in his agony.

THE DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES BILL.

HONEST criticism of public measures is one of the inalienable rights of the subjects of a constitutional Government. Of all public measures those which relate to the framing of laws are undoubtedly of the greatest importance. The Legislature is the ultimate receptacle of sovereign authority. It commands and the executive obeys. Those therefore who aim to secure to the people of this country a larger share of control over the management of public affairs—an aspiration perfectly loyal and legitimate—should steadily keep in view the object of making the different Legislative assemblies more amenable to public opinion in their deliberations and more representative in their constitution. It is conceded in theory as an abstract principle that the wishes of the people should be consulted in the matter of legislative innovations and the direction has been conveyed by the Imperial Parliament on more occasions than one. Indeed without the co-operation of the people, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to work many laws. It is also similarly conceded that the people should be represented in the legislatures, and accordingly a small number of gentlemen with varying degrees of qualifications are called by the favor of the powers that be to assist in the legal travail. There is therefore no lack of a basis for operations. The broad question of an agitation for representative legislatures should never be lost sight of, but at the same time the people should make the most of the existing machinery. They should diligently avail themselves of the channels that already exist—though they be not the most convenient—to represent the objections which they have to any particular measure.

You cannot be heard unless you speak out. Divination is a lost art with the present race of the Wise Men of the East. It would not do to resign ourselves to the inevitable. The inevitable like the impossible should

be erased from the Dictionary. The popular notion on the subject of any representation to the legislature is that such labor is lost beyond all hope. Not only is it thought positively futile as sure to be contemptuously passed over, but possibly dangerous as calculated to draw down the ire of local magnates. It is the duty of every patriot, black or white, to try his best to overcome this *inertia* and to induce the people to take an active and intelligent part in the progress of legislation in this country. Our rulers it must be said are to some extent desirous to ascertain the wishes of the people on their administration, and are but too ready—fatal fallacy—to infer consent from silence. No civilized Government can long afford to despise public opinion and rest on brute force alone. In a country so situated as India, it would be absolutely impossible. The Proclamation of 1858, which poured healing balm on the festering sores of the Sepoy Mutiny—which the people of this country have buried in oblivion but which a certain class of Anglo-Indians can not or will not forget—was an explicit abandonment of despotism pure and simple, and the constitution and procedure of the Indian Councils reveal the intention of Parliament to establish in India a Government of opinion and not force—a preference for moral over physical agents.

On all these grounds we need not hesitate to attract the attention of our countrymen to the Dramatic Performances Bill which is now under the consideration of the Legislative Council of India. There is no gainsaying the importance of the subject. The great Schlegel thus delivers himself on the point :—

The theatre, where many arts are combined to produce a magical effect ; where the most lofty and profound poetry has for its interpreter the most finished action, which is at once eloquence and an animated picture ; while architecture contributes her splendid decorations, and painting her perspective illusions, and the aid of music is called in to attune the mind, or to heighten by its strains the emotions which already agitate it ; the theatre, in short, where the whole of the social and artistic enlightenment, which a nation possesses, the fruit of many centuries of continued exertion, are brought into play within the representation of a few short hours, has an extraordinary charm for every age, sex, and rank, and has ever been the favourite amusement of every cultivated people. Here,

princes, statesmen, and generals, behold the great events of past times, similar to those in which they themselves are called upon to act, laid open in their inmost springs and motives; here, too, the philosopher finds subject for profoundest reflection on the nature and constitution of man; with curious eye the artist follows the groups which pass rapidly before him, and from them impresses on his fancy the germ of many a future picture; the susceptible youth opens his heart to every elevating feeling; age becomes young again in recollection; even childhood sits with anxious expectation before the gaudy curtain, which is soon to be drawn up with its rustling sound, and to display to it so many unknown wonders: all alike are diverted, all exhilarated, and all feel themselves for a time raised above the daily cares, the troubles, and the sorrows of life.*

If the Indian stage still loiters far below this high ideal, the reason is plain. The revival of dramatic amusements in the superior form has taken place before our eyes. It has yet to grow into one of the established institutions of the land. The usual opprobrium of innovation still attaches to it. There are prejudices, well and ill-founded, against many of the details of theatrical representations. We have as yet only a single generation of dramatic writers and there are no actors of old standing and experience amongst us. Hereditary transmission is of course out of the question. Such actors as we possess have not the benefit of direct instructions from the authors whose conceptions they embody. No dramatist of reputation like Aristophanes† has trod the stage with painted face, and no Sophocles‡ amongst us would dare even with blinded eyes to play on the cithara, or still worse, to disport himself in the garb of a maiden. We possess some actors who pretend to write, but no writer of name would care to adopt the stage as a profession. Our Sheridans and Kembles have yet to be born. The Indian stage suffers also by comparison with the English which has a history of several centuries and the necessary result is much slavish imitation. While there is on the one hand a demand for perfection and nicety unattainable in a first essay, there is felt on the other hand the want of that tasteful independent

* Dramatic Art and Literature, pp. 41-42.

† Darley's Grecian Drama, p. 81.

‡ Dramatic Art and Literature, pp. 98, 143.

criticism which to so great an extent modifies the stage in European countries. We have been diligent enough in copying some harmless characteristics from foreign audiences. We may pause before we ape their vices. To imitate European virtues would to the average young man be a task as difficult as unpleasant. It cannot be expected that while we are listless spectators of the world's great stage, unwilling and incapable to form our own opinions on the thrilling dramas enacted thereon—far less of participating therein—we will have the patient industry to plod through the history of the Dramatic Art, ancient and modern, to qualify ourselves to be competent judges of the stage. The germs however are there, and may one day grow into a large tree overshadowing the land. The experiment which is being carried out beneath our eyes is fraught with the most momentous consequences to the future of the country, and we owe it to posterity to leave no stone unturned to contribute towards the formation of a truly national stage.

It is in this spirit that we desire to approach the subject. The interests of the profession itself, though a matter of no small importance, pale into obscurity by the side of this burning question. We have not approached the subject without previous preparation and study. In fact, we may claim to have gone through our noviciate with some credit. We will not at the same time hesitate to discuss some of the supplemental issues which arise on the record, such as, the justifiableness of the reasons alleged for this special law, and that cant of sectarian zeal which would make short work of all popular amusements except those which are somehow or other connected with the verdant green and leafy boughs.

The first public document which we have to consider is the Ordinance of the 29th February 1876 :—

LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENT.

NOTIFICATION.

Fort William, the 29th February, 1876.

No. 8.

AN ORDINANCE

To empower the Government of Bengal to prohibit certain Dramatic Performances.

WHEREAS it is expedient to empower the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal to prohibit dramatic performances which are scandalous, defamatory, seditious, obscene, or otherwise prejudicial to the public interest ;

Preamble. and whereas, pending the consideration and enactment by the Governor-General in Council of a law conferring such power, it is expedient to confer the same by an Ordinance under section twenty-three of the Indian Councils Act :

In exercise of the power vested in him by the said section, His Excellency the Governor-General is pleased to make and promulgate the following Ordinance :—

1. Whenever the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal is of opinion that any play, pantomime, or other drama performed, or about to be performed, is—

Power to prohibit certain dramatic performances.

- (a) of a scandalous or defamatory nature, or
- (b) likely to excite feelings of disaffection to the Government established by law in British India, or
- (c) likely to deprave and corrupt persons present at such performance, or
- (d) otherwise prejudicial to the interests of the public,

the said Lieutenant-Governor, or such officer as he may generally or specially empower in this behalf, may by order prohibit such performance.

2. A copy of any such order may be served on any person about to take part in the performance so prohibited, or on the owner or occupier of any house, room, or place in which such performance is intended to take place, and any person on whom such copy is served, and who does, or willingly permits, any act in disobedience to such order, shall be punishable, on conviction before a Magistrate, with imprisonment for a term which may extend to three months, or with fine, or with both.

Power to serve order of prohibition.

Penalty for disobeying order.

3. Any such order may be notified by proclamation, and a written or printed notice thereof may be stuck up at any place or places adapted for giving information of the order to the persons intending to take part in the performance so prohibited.

Power to notify order.

Penalty for disobeying prohibition.

4. Whoever, after the notification of any such order—

- (a) takes part in the performance prohibited thereby, or in any performance substantially the same as the performance so prohibited, or
- (b) in any manner assists in conducting any such performance, or
- (c) is present as a spectator during the whole or any part of any such performance, or
- (d) being the owner or occupier, or having the use of any house, room, or place, opens, keeps, or uses the same for any such performance, or permits the same to be opened, kept, or used for any such performance,

shall be punishable, on conviction before a Magistrate, with imprisonment for a term which may extend to three months, or with fine, or with both.

5. If any Magistrate has reason to believe that any house, room, or place is used, or is about to be used, for any performance prohibited under this Act, he may, by his warrant, authorize any officer of police to enter, with such assistance as may be requisite, by night or by day, and by force, if necessary, any such house, room, or place, and to take into custody all persons whom he finds therein, and to seize all scenery, dresses, and other articles found therein, and reasonably suspected to have been used, or to be intended to be used, for the purpose of such performance.

Saving of Penal Code, sections 124 A and 294.

6. No conviction under this Act shall bar a prosecution under section 124A, or section 294 of the Indian Penal Code.

Definition of "Magistrate."

7. In this Ordinance, the term "Magistrate" includes a Magistrate of Police in Calcutta.

Local extent, commencement, and duration of Ordinance.

8. This Ordinance extends only to the territories under the Government of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal: it shall come into force at once, and it shall remain in force till the thirty-first day of May 1876.

NORTHBROOK,
Viceroy and Governor-General.

WHITLEY STOKES,
Secretary to the Govt. of India.

We need not apologise for quoting here what we have said on the subject at the public meeting, held at Bhowanipur on the 4th of April last.

The Bill before you is a re-enactment of the ordinance, dated the 29th February 1876. The first question which appears to me to arise for consideration is the necessity and expediency of this ordinance. No one doubts for a moment

that the Viceroy has power by law to issue an ordinance like that, and the people with that loyal and peaceful disposition, for which they are remarkable, have of course obeyed it without the least show of opposition. But extreme powers like these ought to be vigilantly watched in their exercise. When a power like this is exercised over a people proverbial for their law-abiding propensities, and in the midst of profound peace, there is an explanation due to the people as to the reasons which justify such a departure from the constitutional forms, such as they are, which exist in this country. I may even say that the Government owes the explanation to *itself*. No such official explanation has been put forward, and there is no popular assembly in this country where unpleasant interpellations can extort explanations. In the absence of such an official explanation, it becomes an extremely difficult task to pass an opinion on the ordinance. It is to me a source of deep regret that the viceregal career of Lord Northbrook, which began with such promise, should end in such despair. The country was highly pleased with the abolition of the income-tax, not only on account of the direct relief which that measure bestowed, but also on the collateral ground, that it was a recognition of the voice of the people. Lord Northbrook came out the disciple of the wise and good Lord Halifax, and the elect of the Liberal Ministry, and those who took interest in public affairs fondly imagined that his administration would be distinguished by a greater liberality than that of his predecessor. Now, at the moment of his departure from these shores, when we cast up the account we find that our calculations were misplaced. We find that he has been, within the four corners of the constitution, almost as autocratic as any of his predecessors in office. The practical abolition of the annual discussion on the Budget, the high-handed proceedings at Baroda (it is fortunate there is no Sheridan in the House of Commons to plead the cause of one whom many people believed to have been as much oppressed as the Begams of Oudh), and the theatrical ordinance will all be classed by future historians under the same category, as emanating from the self-same impatience of hostile criticism, and complete confidence in the equity of one's own actions, which characterize autocrats all over the world.*

The passage possesses an extraneous significance as being the first note of the Northbrook memorial campaign in which a lot of enthusiastic admirers of the late Viceroy succeeded in conferring immortality on the "Council of the Ten," in their endeavor to relegate it to contemptuous oblivion. We seize the first opportunity of explaining our absence from the memorial meeting of the 8th April. That absence we learn was a matter of remark for the reason that the cream of Calcutta Society, Anglo-Indian and British Indian, had been shocked at dawn of

* *Englishman*, April 8, 1876.

day by the perusal of the passage in the *Englishman*. We could not attend the meeting as we had to start, according to pre-arranged engagement, that evening for Lucknow on business of a private nature which, however, offered the opportunity—too tempting to be lost—of a bit of agitation in the subject matter of this discourse. Had the journey been purely personal, we would have felt it our duty to put it back, but as there were others who could neither wait nor leave us behind—we had with reluctance to turn our backs to Calcutta. We know we have been congratulated on the happy escape, but if any confession placed on record can redeem our lost immortality we are up to it. There is no doubt that if able to attend the meeting, we would have been compelled in duty to convictions to throw in our lot with our friends, and as surely our intimacy with them would have been blazoned forth in the columns of the patriotic journal which in the Baroda case at least has created more mischief than it perhaps ever imagined itself capable of. As if personal friendship were a virtue unknown in the annals of politics! As if a similarity of opinions on the most important subjects were not the surest substratum for lasting esteem and cordial friendship! If the argument of personal relationship were worth any thing, one might have recounted the favors, private and public, which the promoters of the memorial-meeting had received at the hands of Lord Northbrook, and those which were conferred after the event, perhaps as encouraging examples that it is not love's labor lost to adore even the setting sun. The setting sun after all is better than a rising star, and the rising sun and his satellites can scarce forget that their time would not be long in coming.

An Ordinance is a dangerous precedent. The Legislative Councils are select and docile enough in all conscience to do away with any necessity for the promulgation of Star Chamber Decrees. We can confidently say that there was no practical internal difficulty in passing the Ordinance in a single sitting of the Council. The Act might have been passed for three months in the same

manner as the Ordinance. But if the Government were afraid of assigning their reasons for such a course in public—a Bill in Council must have a statement of objects and reasons attached to it—their conduct cannot be too strongly reprobated. It is no doubt injurious to the interests of the constitution that the Ordinance was allowed to pass by without an extensive appeal or general protest. This was owing to more reasons than one. Considering the state of Native Society and Indian feelings, the connexion, however remote, of the Prince of Wales' name was practically a bar to the leaders moving in the matter. It was supposed to have been issued to uphold the ruffled dignity of the Heir-apparent, and public men—as public men go in this country—would hardly dare or care to raise a question of principle connected with such a measure. It was out of the question to expect any of those who had a grateful recollection of past gubernatorial favors, or for the matter of that, a lively expectation of future ones, to put their shoulders to such a wheel—to help themselves in such a cause. But still there *were* men who raised their voices against this wanton desecration of the sanctuary of the constitution. Witness the following Resolution unanimously adopted by a public meeting of the Native inhabitants of the Suburbs of Calcutta, held at the premises of the late Hon'ble Justice Dwarkanath Mitter, Bhowanipur, on Tuesday, the 4th of April, 1876.

"That this meeting is of opinion that the Ordinance of February 29th, 1876, was an exercise of the extraordinary powers of the Viceroy not called for by the exigencies of the case; and that the production of a single farce condemned by the general sense of the community, on the boards of a single theatre, in one of the Presidency Towns, does not justify the introduction of a stringent measure regulating the stage throughout British India."*

There evidently was a personal feeling in the business at high latitudes and discreet patriots who prized a whole skin higher than a reputation for valor were justified by

* *Vide* reports in the *Englishman*, *Indian Daily News*, *Statesman* and the *Bengallee* for April 8th, and in the *Hindu Patriot* for April 10th 1876..

the lower morality, in concluding that those who could institute or countenance the prosecution in the *Surendro Binodini* case could easily with a light heart repeat deeds as luminous. The prosecution aforesaid served also to draw away attention from the Ordinance, the Great National Theatre Company having been prosecuted under the general Criminal Law of the country as contained in the Penal Code—and not under the Ordinance by which a blundering administration contrived to cast gloom on the festivities and darken the joyous memories of the Prince of Wales' Indian visit. The gall could not have been put in the Festal Cup more effectively by the skill of a professional poisoner. Manifold as were the sins of omission and commission of which the Government of Lord Northbrook were guilty, this was perhaps as bad as any. The whole population of India were as much curtailed of their rights and liberties by this Ordinance geographically limited to the Bengal Presidency, as the autonomy and status of all Native States was affected by the despotic proceedings against Mulhar Rao, Guikwar of Baroda—despotism the more flagrant and outrageous after the mockery of an impartial trial! I doubt, how far an amiable character like His Royal Highness would like to be associated with such unpleasant memories and it remains to be seen whether the present administration will have the courage to repair the mischief so done and consign the Dramatic Performances Bill to the oblivious limbo into which the Ordinance of the 29th February passed by mere efflux of time

Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

without any body any where being in the slightest degree injured or inconvenienced.

With anxious eye and bated breath did the people scan the political horizon as the thirty-first day of May, 1876, drew near. And great was the relief when the lightning flashed not from the dark clouds of Simla within whose mysterious gloom the Government of India enshrouds itself for six months of the year.

deliverance the reason was not far to seek. People were afraid to remind those in power of their newly-buried offspring—to rake up the dead bones of a measure which the hallowing hand of time had consigned to the grave. They were apprehensive of giving a fresh cause of action to a vigorous executive. The relief did not consist only in the abrogation of the arbitrary decree but in the sign, which such a course of action on the part of the Government gave, of a change of policy. The Northbrook Viceroyalty—if the use of such a word be permitted in such a sense—had been confident of carrying the Bill into law by the 31st day of May 1876. But the outcry against the measure was so great, the condemnation so unanimous, and its rejection so complete, that the present administration, who let us hope carry no personal feeling in the matter, were perfectly justified in pausing in the reckless career to which their predecessors had launched them. So far from the Bill having been passed into law within *three* months of the promulgation of the Ordinance, double that number of revolutions of the planet whose balmy influence is as potent in the sources of the Ganges as at its mouths, have rolled away without the Select Committee having made their report. The people have now at least a chance of making themselves heard.

I have called the Dramatic Performances Bill a re-enactment of the Ordinance. I should have said that it is an amplification and an improvement from the executive point of view. Whereas the *Ordinance* extended only to the territories under the sway of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the *Bill* extends to the whole of British India. It has also in addition given to one branch of the executive, subject to the approval in the beginning of another branch, the power of licensing theatres. Let us consider what is the cause of all this tempest. An Ordinance does not require even the small consolation of a statement of objects and reasons. But it was a matter of notoriety, and has been subsequently admitted on behalf of the Government that the reason, the *casus belli* so to speak, was the

production, on the boards of a single metropolitan theatre, of a farce with the object of bringing into ridicule an estimable member of the Hindu community of Bhowanipur—not at all an ultra-radical in matters of religious or social reform—who in addition to the dignities and offices set forth in the speech of the Honorable member in charge of the Bill, delights in the grandiose title of Grand Almoner to the wealthiest nobleman in Bengal. The head and front of that gentleman's offence had been, according to orthodox Hindu ideas, an indiscreet zeal in entertaining his future sovereign in the bosom of his family. Into the vexed question of the propriety of that entertainment we need not enter. Not that it is a matter absolutely private and beyond the reach of public criticism—for we deny that the Heir Apparent to the Throne can ever divest himself of his public capacity, and indeed if we are to believe the explanation volunteered by a Bombay paper, it was meant to be a public compliment—but that it is foreign to the scope of the present discussion. Now it will be remarked that the member in charge while painting the farce in the blackest colors does not utter a single word about any disrespect having been shown or intended to be shown to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. We may therefore take it for granted that there was no intention to offer a gratuitous insult to the country's guest. Indeed as much has been alleged on behalf of the management. But even had such been the case, one would have been justified in saying that the amusements of the people throughout the Bengal Presidency—or for the matter of that, British India—are not to be restrained, and the rising dramatic literature of the country nipped in the bud, because a single theatrical company in the metropolis is injudicious enough to show possibly a want of proper respect to the First Subject in the Empire.

The sole object of the farce, however, was to bring into ridicule and contempt a single individual. As legal adviser to the Government and a member of the local Legislature, he was presumably versed in

the law. The following passage from Junius* seems to be exactly applicable to his case. "The laws of England provide, as effectually as any human laws can do, for the protection of the subject, in his reputation, as well as in his person and property. * * * * If, through indolence, false shame, or indifference, they will not appeal to the laws of their country, they fail in their duty to society, and are unjust to themselves. If, from an unwarrantable distrust of the integrity of juries, they would wish to obtain justice by any mode of proceeding, more summary than a trial by their peers, I do not scruple to affirm, that they are in effect greater enemies to themselves, than to the libeller they prosecute.†"

To use the language of the same writer‡ you cannot too jealously watch and resent any "invasion of your political constitution however minute the instance may appear, * * * * One precedent creates another. They soon accumulate, and constitute law. What yesterday was fact, to-day is doctrine. Examples are supposed to justify the most dangerous measures, and where they do not suit exactly, the defect is supplied by analogy." The *fact* of the Ordinance and the Bill is bad enough in all conscience but the *precedent* § is a greater danger. We have heard in the papers of a lispng journalist in Central India (better qualified to suffer the birch than to wield the lash) who had the impudence to characterize His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as a leech come to suck up India's life-blood! Nor are there wanting scurrilous libels in the press, Native and Anglo-Indian, against private individuals. Are we therefore to be crushed under an Ordinance emanating the next day from the Viceregal Chamber, empowering the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces to set up himself or any of his delegates as a censor over the local press, and then within a month by a Gagging Act for the whole of British

* Letters. Vol. 1., p. 92.

† Why not a bit of Tookery? If *operations*, legislative, can run into *oppressions*, why not legal *prosecution* into *persecution*? P. D.

‡ Junius. Vol. 1., p. 87.

§ Junius. Vol. I., p. 341.

India? Would not such a course of proceeding be denounced throughout the civilized world as subversive of the first principles of legislation? Laws cannot be framed with too much care and deliberation. It is sometimes better to suffer evil for a while that we may gain some experience thereof, so that we may not in trying to remove one evil produce another. "All crude and hasty legislation must be avoided; and evils must be borne for a time until we have obtained a clear view of the subject in its various branches, so that we may be sure that in removing one evil we do not create another; but that every step taken is in the right direction, and every measure part of one great plan."* We call upon our countrymen to protest against the indecent haste and defiant *nonchalance* which often characterise legislation in this country. The words may seem harsh and uncalled-for to the uninitiated ear, but those who have attentively watched the discussion of measures affecting the best interests of the people of this country, will bear us out in saying, that there is no exaggeration in the terminology. We call upon our countrymen to record as their deliberate opinion that the necessary evil of penal laws be not inflicted on them without adequate reason and sufficient justification, and that if there is to be any special penal legislation on the subject, they would much rather prefer the certainty of the Law to the discretion of the executive, the wisdom of their peers to the summary sentences of Magistrates.

Behind this Ordinance and this Bill, we repeat, there lurks a dangerous precedent. It would not be a task of great ingenuity or difficulty (classic quotations apart) to adduce for a Gagging Act, reasons similar to those which have been urged so strongly in favor of the Dramatic Performances Bill. Does a misguided fanatic in the streets of Patna or a mysterious fakeer on the borders of the Punjab utter a disloyal word to the busy multitude which gives him a passing glance on its return from the bazaar?—the smooth and rapid machinery

* Hill on Crime, p. 32.

of the legislature must immediately be moved to manufacture a stringent law to place under the absolute control of the executive all public meetings throughout the length and breadth of the land! We will be told, if we murmur, that similar laws exist in such a highly civilized and democratic country as France, and that in reality the Magistrates of Districts are not to be entrusted with greater powers than those possessed by the Prefects of Departments under the French Republic. That the Dramatic Performances Bill deviates in principle from the existing law of the land is patent. This marked deviation is either an abnormal aberration or "part of one great plan." It is clear that if the former be its true character it stands self-condemned. But if the rumours—put forth either as feelers of the national pulse, or as exponents of the secret wishes of the ruling bureaucracy—have any the slightest foundation in fact; if it is really intended that the liberty of the press (which cannot exist side by side without influencing or being influenced by the spirit of Government prevalent in the country) and, as a necessary consequence, its congeners, the rights of petition and public assembly, are to be taken away from the most numerous if not the most important section of the population of the British Empire; if the scarce-risen Sun of Liberty is to set on the sunniest clime of the vaunted Empire on which the sun never sets; if we are to exchange the even splendor of noon for the brilliant coruscations of an Arctic winter—then indeed it behoves us to speak out our minds plainly and unmistakably. We need not enlarge upon this theme further, but may submit with confidence that the Ordinance of February 29, 1876, was an exercise of the extraordinary powers of the Viceroy not warranted by the exigencies of the case, and that the production of a single farce, condemned by the general sense of the community, on the boards of a single theatre, in one of the Presidency Towns, does not justify the introduction of a stringent measure regulating the stage throughout British India.

The attempt to regulate the stage is not a new one in the history of the world. We need not apologise for referring our readers once more to the pages of Schlegel :

The powerful nature of such an engine for either good or bad purposes has in all times justly drawn the attention of the legislature to the drama. Many regulations have been devised by different governments, to render it subservient to their views and to guard against its abuse. The great difficulty is to combine such a degree of freedom as is necessary for the production of works of excellence, with the precautions demanded by the customs and institutions of the different states. In Athens the theatre enjoyed up to its maturity, under the patronage of religion, almost unlimited freedom, and the public morality preserved it for a time from degeneracy. The comedies of Aristophanes, which with our views and habits appear to us so intolerably licentious, and in which the senate and the people itself are unmercifully turned to ridicule, were the seal of Athenian freedom. To meet this abuse, Plato, who lived in the very same Athens, and either witnessed or foresaw the decline of art, proposed the entire banishment of dramatic poets from his ideal republic. Few states, however, have conceived it necessary to subscribe to this severe sentence of condemnation ; but few also have thought proper to leave the theatre to itself without any superintendence. In many Christian countries the dramatic art has been honoured by being made subservient to religion, in the popular treatment and exhibition of religious subjects ; and in Spain more especially competition in this department has given birth to many works which neither devotion nor poetry will disown. In other states and under other circumstances this has been thought both objectionable and inexpedient. Wherever, however, the subsequent responsibility of the poet and actor has been thought insufficient, and it has been deemed advisable to submit every piece before its appearance on the stage to a previous censorship, it has been generally found to fail in the very point which is of the greatest importance : namely, the spirit and general impression of a play. From the nature of the dramatic art, the poet must put into the mouths of his characters much of which he does not himself approve, while with respect to his own sentiments he claims to be judged by the spirit and connexion of the whole. It may again happen that a piece is perfectly inoffensive in its single speeches and defies all censorship, while as a whole it is calculated to produce the most pernicious effect. We have in our own times seen but too many plays favourably received throughout Europe, overflowing with ebullitions of good-heartedness and traits of magnanimity, and in which, notwithstanding, a keener eye cannot fail to detect the hidden purpose of the writer (Kotzebue ?) to sap the foundations of moral principle, and the veneration for whatever ought to be held sacred by man ; while all this sentimentality is only to bribe to his purpose the effeminate soft-heartedness of his contemporaries. On the other hand, if any person were to undertake the moral vindication of poor Aristophanes, who has such a bad name, and

he will find good grounds for his defence in the general object of his pieces, in which he at least displays the sentiments of a patriotic citizen.*

We desire to draw special attention to the fact in the History of Dramatic Literature that nowhere was the effort made to bind and regulate an infant stage.

There is one other circumstance in connection with the History of Dramatic Regulations which cannot be overlooked. In many countries dramatic companies were, from their expensiveness, only entertained at the Courts of Sovereigns. The latter therefore employed from the beginning the influence of master over servants, which is something very different from the control of the state over public amusements in the interests of public morality, &c. Such was the case with the French Theatre. The Comédie Française in Fleury's time, continued to be "under the superintendence and direction of the gentlemen of the king's bed-chamber."† "The superintendence and control of the Théâtre Français" was a part of the official duty of the first gentleman of the king's chamber‡. This supervision and control were *not* exercised in the interests of morality or decency but only embodied the caprices of the employer. The performance of Palissot's "*Les Courtisans*"—re-christened *The School of Morals*—and couched in such delicate language that French actresses rebelled or dared pretend to rebel against it—was imposed by royal mandate on the performers at the Comédie Française, with the countenance of the censor Crebillon, and at the solicitation of the Archbishop of Paris§. And in the case of "*The Marriage of Figaro*" at least, "a play which was not decorous enough for the public theatre, was nevertheless sufficiently correct for the Court."||

* Dramatic Art and Literature. pp. 40-41.

† Hook's French Stage. Vol. 1., p. 67.

‡ Hook's French Stage. Vol. 1., p. 78.

§ Hook's French Stage. Vol. 1., pp. 244-245.

|| Hook's French Stage, p. 278.

As by degrees the theatre grew too large for its masters and more dependent on public patronage, the surveillance and supervision of the same demanded the undivided time and energies of one or more officers. That too is the true history of the censorship of the English stage. The Master of Revels grew into the Lord Chamberlain—and the latter officer soon required a paid assistant in the person of the *Examiner of Plays*. The superior attraction of secular plays, the unsettlement of religious belief and a wider sphere of operations might wean the Church from the representation of Mysteries and Moralities. Itinerant players were muzzled in the professional interests of the Royal Companies of actors. These latter only had therefore time and space to expand, and their history is the history of the English stage. Eminently conservative as the English nation is at its core, the regulation, of Dramatic Performances in England has been gradually developed from the employer's control which the crown exercised on the actors. It is manifest that Laws which owe their origin to such external causes can be no safe guide for the Indian Legislature. It is true that the ancient Indian stage—or if we may so style it the Sanscrit stage,—was as much a part of the Royal Court as the English or the French in its infancy, but there has been no continuity of its historical life down to the present period. Rude hands severed the thread—a flood of barbarism swept away all vestiges of art and letters. To the Moslem the theatre was not only unknown, but a positive abomination. The change of language—itsself a result of barbaric invasion—precipitated the extinction of the national stage. In the dim light of the broken porch of the desecrated temple the remnants of the minstrel-band chanted their hymns or recited their 'moralities' to a straggling audience—more as a matter of custom than of taste. Midst the blackened ruins of the spoliated village perhaps the mimic jester with his ludicrous motion and broad humor cheered the laboring community and lightened for a time the load of care and pain which pressed heavily on their shoulders. In the rifled palaces

of lack-land kings what remained of the *corps operatique*, after the sated search and satiated fancy of the ruthless invader, might attempt with voluptuous evolution and harmonious song to smooth the undiademmed brow of the Royal Master. But the theatre, as such, with its moving scenes, its wide arena, and numberless attractions, was extinguished for a long time to come. It had in fact to be re-discovered by the present generation in its wild career of European imitation.

In passing now to the details of the Bill we have no hesitation in placing before our readers, *in extenso*, the speech of the Hon'ble Mr. Hobhouse, at the sitting of the Legislative Council of India on Tuesday, the 19th of March, 1876.

The Hon'ble MR. HOBHOUSE moved for leave to introduce a Bill for the better control of dramatic performances. He said:—"This subject, the subject of stage plays, is one on which our law stands in need of amendment. If, indeed, a play is of a defamatory, an obscene, or a seditious character, those who exhibit it may be punished for the offence of defamation, obscenity or sedition. But the Government have been advised that they have no power to prevent the performance of any such play, unless, indeed, in the very rare instances in which it could be said that it was so certain to lead to a breach of the peace as to constitute the actors and audience an unlawful assembly.

"This imperfection of our law has been brought pointedly under our attention by some cases which have recently happened, and of which I will mention two. In the course of last year there was composed a work in a dramatic form, called the *Chá-ka-Darpan*, (*sic*) which I am told means The Mirror of Tea. I do not know who was the author, or what his motives were, but the work itself was as gross a calumny as it is possible to conceive. The object was to exhibit as monsters of iniquity the tea-planters and those who are engaged in promoting emigration to the tea districts,—bodies of men as well conducted as any in the empire. These gentlemen, who are carrying on their business to the benefit of everybody concerned, and perhaps with a greater proportion of benefit to the labourers they employ than to any body else, have what is called a Mirror held up to them in which the gratification of vile passions, cruelty, avarice and lust, is represented as their ordinary occupation. I do not know that this play was ever acted, but it is written, and in all respects adapted, for the stage, and it might, for any power of prevention the Government have, be acted at any moment.

"Another case has happened more recently. A highly respectable Hindu gentleman, of good position in society, one of the legal advisers of Government, and one of the legislature (*sic*) of Bengal, gave an entertainment at his house which some of his caste-fellows disapproved of. What he did was perfectly lawful,

perfectly innocent, perfectly honourable, but some of his neighbours did not like it. So in order to punish him, they got up a play in which, in the coarsest way, and under the thinnest disguise of name and place, the gentleman is represented as deliberately selling his own honour and that of his family in order to get promotion and money.

"Now men are free to choose their own company, and they have a right to withdraw from the society of any one who infringes any rule, however absurd, which they may lay down; but they have no right to spread falsehood and calumny for the purpose of inflicting pain upon him. Yet this play was publicly acted, an honourable gentleman was held up to the scorn of the ignorant multitude as one of the basest of mankind, and though the acts might be punishable when done, the Government had no direct legal power of stepping in to prevent it.

"It was on account of the defect in the law that His Excellency the Viceroy thought it right to issue an Ordinance giving power to the Government of Bengal to prohibit objectionable performances of this kind. And it is a Bill on the model of that Ordinance which I am now asking leave to introduce.

"Now in all times and countries, the drama has been found to be one of the strongest stimulants that can be applied to the passions of men—

"*' Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.'*

said an acute man of the world who knew human nature well. The same philosopher tells us that no feat seems to him to be too difficult for the dramatist, who can produce any effect and illusion that he pleases on the mind of the spectators :

"*' Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Excitat, et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.'*

Seeing is believing, says our proverb. Certain it is that we accept conduct and language on the stage which if we read the same things in a book, we should at once reject as false, absurd and incredible; so powerful is the effect produced by the actual living representation before our eyes. And in times of excitement no surer mode has been found of directing public feeling against an individual, a class, or a Government than to bring them on the stage in an odious light. It is doubtless for these reasons that the laws of civilized countries give to their Governments great controlling power over the stage. I will not trouble the Council with the laws of other countries, indeed I have not sufficiently studied them, but I will state briefly what is the law of England. By that law, it is not lawful for any person to have or to keep any house or other place of public resort for the public performance of stage-plays without the authority either of Royal Letters Patent or of the Lord Chamberlain's license, or of a license given by Justices of the Peace.

"Then there are rules requiring licensees to give bonds for good conduct, and there are powers given to the Lord Chamberlain and to the Justices to suspend licenses and to shut up theatres.

"The most stringent rule of all is the one which gives to the Lord Chamberlain complete control over the stage. First, it is required that a copy of every new play or alteration in a play shall, seven days before it is acted, be sent to the Lord Chamberlain, who has absolute discretion to allow or disallow its performance. Secondly, the Lord Chamberlain is empowered to forbid the acting of any play, even though already put upon the stage, 'whenever he shall be of opinion that it is fitting for the preservation of good manners, decorum, or of the public peace so to do.'

"The Council will see how very sweeping and overshadowing a law is thought necessary in England, in order to preserve a due control over this subject. We shall not propose to take such large powers as those which are vested in the Lord Chamberlain, but shall propose to take what will probably be quite effective in this country. If, however, my present motion is accepted, I will explain the precise nature of the Bill when I introduce it. The question now is, whether I have assigned to the Council sufficient reason for placing in the hands of Government a larger control over dramatic performances than Government now has. I trust they will be of opinion that I have done so."

The Motion was put and agreed to.

The Hon'ble Member in charge, it will be seen, had the candour to confess that he had not sufficiently studied the law on the subject, in countries other than England. We hope ere the Bill is passed into law, he will consider it his DUTY to do so. And we have no doubt that a succinct analysis of the law as it exists on the European and American Continents will be more welcome to the public at large than any amount of proverbs and classic quotations. Indeed we confess to be completely ignorant of the latter, a defect which, we believe, we have the consolation to share with some of the Hon'ble members of the Legislature itself and the immense mass of our countrymen. We may appeal to these Latin quotations, suffered to go forth without the trouble of reference or translation, as an index, small but unerring, to the spirit in which legislation is carried on in this country. The Hon'ble gentleman ought to have remembered that he was not in his place in the House of Commons (the excusable goal of every great Anglo-Indian's aspiration) but in the exalted seat of an *Indian* Legislator. As the speeches in Council are never translated into the vernacular languages of the country, the Hon'ble gentleman ought

to have known that while talking in English he was using a language which occupied the position of the Latin in England, and that to quote Horace in the Legislative Council of India would be as intelligible in this country as to quote a couple of texts from Confucius in Parliament from the original Chinese. We hope the nation will insist on the discharge of this duty, the more so as considering the dearth of books and information which we labor under in this country, the deficiency is not likely to be supplied by others. For our own part, we have an idea, not fished up from the inmost depths of imagination, but deduced from the tenor of several passages which we have come across in our limited reading, that the stage on the European Continent does or did enjoy a greater amount of liberty than it does in England.

"On the Continent it is found not only that music and dancing, and other popular festivities, are quite compatible with sobriety and general propriety of demeanour, but that the same holds good with those dramatic representations which are looked upon in this country, by many true friends of morality, with great alarm.

"Our continental friends believe that these different amusements are not only unobjectionable, but very beneficial; and that not merely in filling up vacant time which would otherwise offer temptation to drunkenness and immorality, but in their direct tendency to amend the heart, and in many cases to improve the mind. On the Continent, however, as is well known to those who have visited it, the best educated and most moral portions of society—those who truly constitute the upper classes—do not keep aloof from these popular amusements, but join heartily in them themselves; and by so doing give a character and tone to the proceedings which without their presence could scarcely be hoped for. Let but the educated and most moral absent themselves, and, as is too well proved by history, the services of religion itself may be disgraced by fierce intolerance, cruelty, levity, frivolity, and debauchery.

"A lady with whom I am acquainted, who has visited the Tyrol, says that in the neighbourhood of Innspruck the villagers often engage in short dramatic performances under a wide-spreading tree, with their neighbours, both rich and poor, young and old, assembled to witness them. She states that in these performances, which are conducted with perfect decorum, much talent is displayed; and that it is difficult to conceive a more pleasing sight than is thus afforded by these simple villagers at the end of their day's work.

"The successful efforts in this country in suppressing immorality and grossness of all kinds at dramatic performances, made by Mr. Macready and Mr. Phelps

(with very moderate support from the upper classes), afford good ground for believing that the number of persons disposed to abuse the privileges of a theatre is comparatively small; and that at no distant time the ennobling and truly edifying works of Shakespear and of our other great dramatists may be witnessed by people of all classes and all ages, without fear of counterbalancing injury.

"As respects any objectionable passages occuring in these plays, no really great drama is dependent on such matter for its effect, and the work of purification is easy. They are blemishes of the age to which they belong; and it is well that they should be removed. And with regard to new productions, as Scott, Edgeworth, and other modern authors have raised the province of fiction into one of high morality and instruction, combined with amusement, so the excellent Joanna Baillie, Sheridan, Knowles, and other fellow-labourers, have produced dramas worthy, no less in their moral tendency than in their general power, of the advanced age in which they have appeared.

"Instead, therefore, of the dangerous and probably vain attempt to suppress the cheap theatrical performances (for every observer of childhood must be convinced that the love of the drama is implanted in us by nature), let the educated classes join in well-directed efforts to cultivate and improve the popular taste, and to purify and reform the drama; and then, and probably not till then, will our stage cease to be disgraced by immoral representations, and become in all cases—what, even now, it is frequently—the powerful ally of virtue".*

We will not commit the outrage of alleging this as the object with which all mention of the laws of other countries has been passed over in silence, for the simple and sufficient reason that instances are by no means rare of Indian legislatures waiting on the progress of Parliamentary legislation as the shadow on the substance.

The Bill has been justified on the ground that it only gives to the executive the powers exercised in England by the Lord Chamberlain. Indeed, we have been assured that it is not proposed to take such large powers as those which are vested in the Lord Chamberlain, but only what will probably be quite effective in this country. In view of the possible contingency that the executive on being given an inch will find its way to usurp a yard of authority we may admit this statement to be true without weakening our case in the least. But in any other view of the matter we deny its correctness. We know there are people, but too ready to take statements

* Hill on Crime. pp. 76-78.

like these upon trust, whose reliance upon authority is the effect of their indolence to search out information for themselves;* and we feel sure that such statements considering the occasion and the source, have been taken as gospel-truth by many of our countrymen. We for one, have taken the trouble to go to the fountain-head and get the information at first hand. Ours has not been love's labor lost. We have come to the deliberate conclusion that the Bill under consideration seeks to empower the executive with greater powers than those possessed in England by the Lord Chamberlain.

The Lord Chamberlain of England, let us premise, is a high functionary, holding hereditary office, and as Sir James Graham puts it "responsible for the exercise of his duty in Parliament"† The office has been developed from that of the Master of Revels in olden times, and he is assisted in the discharge of his duties by his Deputy, the Examiner of Plays, who is a salaried officer. In the words of Lord Wharncliffe, "the Lord Chamberlain was a great officer of State," a Member of the House of Lords, "and always ready to defend any proceedings which might be deemed an abuse of his powers."‡

If we have been able rightly to comprehend the scope of the Act for Regulating Theatres,§ passed in 1843, the Lord Chamberlain's authority extended only to plays acted for hire in a place of public entertainment. His jurisdiction did not extend to private or amateur theatricals. Within these circumscribed limits the Lord Chamberlain had power to prohibit only those plays which were in his opinion opposed to the preservation of *good manners, decorum* or the *public peace*. We have taken the pains to refer to the debates in Parliament on the Theatres Regulation Bill, and found that it was admitted on all hands that the Lord Chamber-

* Janius Vol. I. p. 447.

† Hansard, Vol. 41, col. 233.

‡ Hansard, Vol. 41, col. 690.

§ Public General Statutes. 6 and 7. Victoria, 1843. pp. 580-585.

lain should have power to prohibit only those plays which were grossly obscene, or had a direct tendency to create a breach of the public peace. Here are a few extracts from Hansard :—

“ The Marquess of *Clanricarde* said, that his reason for acceding to the Bill, was, that he looked upon it as intended only as a measure of police, the object of which was to give the Lord Chamberlain the power of preventing performances calculated to offend *public decency and morals*. Beyond this, he conceived it was not intended that the Lord Chamberlain's power in the matter should extend. He did not apprehend that the Bill gave the Lord Chamberlain any authority, after he shall have licensed a theatre, to dictate to the manager what entertainments he shall provide for the public. The Province of the Lord Chamberlain would simply be, as he conceived the matter, *to take care that no conduct, no entertainments, offensive to public decency and morals, should be permitted*. As to the entertainments, in every other respect, he considered they would be *left entirely to the manager's discretion*, * * * *

Indeed, the Lord Chamberlain's office was an utterly unfit place for any such interferences to emanate from ; and, certainly, no man of respectability and station, and adequate means, would come forward to take the management of a theatre, if in his arrangements as to the performances, he was liable to be thwarted, not by the Government, not by the Lord Chamberlain, but by some underling at the Lord Chamberlain's office.”* Lord Campbell * * *

“ regarded it as giving the Lord Chamberlain power to give licenses, and to take care that *public decency and morals were not insulted* ; in other respects, he conceived the manager who had obtained a license *would not be interfered with*.”†

Lord Campbell “ was quite ready to invest the Lord Chamberlain with full powers to prevent any performances which were calculated to *offend public decency*, or to

* Hansard, Vol. 41, col. 586-589.

† Hansard, Vol. 41, col. 589.

peril the public peace; but beyond this he did not think that officer ought to interfere with a manager's arrangements."*

The Dramatic Performances Bill, on the contrary, seeks to invest local Governments with the power of prohibiting all plays &c., which might be, in their opinion, of a scandalous or defamatory nature, or likely to excite feelings of disaffection to the Government established by law in British India, or likely to deprave and corrupt persons present at such performance, or (as if to leave out any possible chance of escape) otherwise prejudicial to the interests of the public.

Then let us compare the penalties. The English Statute lays down † that every person who for hire shall act or present, or cause to be acted or presented, any new play until the same shall have been allowed by the Lord Chamberlain, or which shall have been disallowed or prohibited by him, shall for every such offence forfeit a sum not exceeding fifty pounds, and every license (in case there be any such) is to become absolutely void. The Indian Bill on the other hand proposes a penalty of three months' imprisonment and unlimited fine on all persons who take part in the performance, or in any manner assist in conducting such performance, or who as owners or occupiers permit any place to be used for such a performance, or who are present as SPECTATORS during the whole or any part of such performance. The statute lays down "that no person shall be liable to be prosecuted for any Offence against this Act unless such Prosecution shall be commenced within Six Calendar Months after the Offence committed."‡ The Bill to which we invite public attention makes no mention of *any* limitation of actions.

If our readers have followed us thus far in the comparison we have instituted, they cannot but have been struck with the sorry figure which the Dramatic Performances Bill cuts when placed side by side with the Act for regulating Theatres. In their details the measures

* Hansard, Vol. col. 689.

† Sec. 15.

‡ Sec. 22.

bear strong impress of their respective origins. For the Lord Chamberlain of England, assisted by his deputy, for the continuity of precedent and tradition in his office, for an independent Peer of the Realm responsible to Parliament for the due discharge of his functions, and bound to explain and answer any questions that might be asked in the House of Lords, there is to be set over us a machinery of moral censorship of which we know absolutely nothing! The Local Government or such person as it may specially or generally empower in that behalf is to sit in judgment over the national stage. Publicity and Responsibility are words unknown to this law. We say that the Bill provides not a single safe-guard against abuse of authority. Instead of restricting the prohibitory power to public obscenity and breach of the public peace, a paternal Government must needs interfere with even the private amusements of the people, must hasten to apply healing balm to the sore hearts of offended individuals, must judge for itself what is in any way or manner prejudicial to the interests of the public. Disgusted with the *peccadillos* of its naughty children, it arms itself with the power of summarily awarding sentences of imprisonment (with or without hard labor does not appear on the face of it), for three months, and an unlimited power to inflict fines—without giving the shadow of a trial to the limited pecuniary penalties which were found sufficient in the law and the country which are professed to be the models—and must in a similar manner extend the operation of the penalties to as large a number of classes as possible. After having done all this *pater familias* with a tranquil conscience and placid countenance sits down at his gate, lights the pipe of peace, and enlightens his gaping neighbours: “Good friends! my boys are very naughty, but I never chastise them more than my big brother John Bull; indeed, I am so soft-hearted that my brats do not get half the cudgelling which their cousins receive in the old country.” Hoary Grandpa! will it come like a revelation to you to hear that all the boys have not grown into the big boobies who are your

delight, and that some of them, thanks to the education which you so liberally provide, have had their eyes opened, have had sufficient interest and curiosity to seek out for themselves the information as to their cousins in the distant country.

There remain now only the powers of licensing theatres and of insisting on the previous inspection of plays, contemplated by Sec. 9 of the Bill.

As far as the Legislature is concerned, it is called upon to give to the executive these powers. Whether the executive mean to exercise the powers now or hereafter, is altogether besides the question. We say that the Bill *does* seek to place in the executive all the powers exercised by the Lord Chamberlain of England. We believe we have satisfactorily shown that these powers are sought to be conferred in an aggravated form. A discretionary power over the life, liberty, or fortune of the subject, is not to be entrusted to any man or set of men whatever, on the presumption that it will not be abused.* The power of licensing theatres, it is true, is exercised in London and some other places by the Lord Chamberlain, who, as we have already shown can be interrogated in Parliament on any alleged abuse of his powers. Beyond the limits of the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction the power is exercised by the local Justices of the Peace, subject to an appeal to the next General or Quarter Sessions of the Peace. Apart from the absence of such interrogatory or appellate checks in the proposed Bill, we are prepared to urge a higher reason against it. The original necessity for such licenses in England was to protect some itinerant players from the operation of the Vagrancy laws—to save them from being included in the category of rogues and vagabonds, sturdy beggars and vagrants. In process of time it was utilised to suppress riots and misbehaviours in play-houses. The following account of the O. P. (*old prices*) riots gives a graphic picture of the lengths to which

* Junius, I, p. 347.

civilized Anglo-Saxon audiences proceeded at the attempt to increase by a small sum the old prices :

On the first night of representation, which was Monday, the curtain drew up to a crowded theatre, and the audience seemed to be lost in admiration at the beauty of the decorations, until Kemble made his appearance on the stage in the character of Macbeth ; a faint attempt at applause, got up by his own friends, was in an instant drowned by an overpowering noise of groans, hisses, yells, and every species of vocal power that could be conjured up for the occasion, which drove him from the stage, after two or three vain attempts to proceed, and which was redoubled every time he made an attempt to return. Mrs. Siddons then came forward, but met with no better reception than her brother. The performance was, however, persevered in, but the uproar continued through the whole of the evening and was continued to a late hour. It was understood that Kemble had declared that he would not give in to the popular clamour, and had anticipated that if it was allowed to take its course, it would soon wear itself out. But the next night, and the nights following, it was continued with greater fury than ever, and to the voice were now added a multitude of cat-calls, horns, trumpets, rattles, and a variety of other instruments of discordant music. An attempt at intimidation served only to increase the exasperation of the audience. On Wednesday night, the manager came forward to address the audience, and attempted to make a justification of his conduct, which was not accepted ; on Friday he presented himself again, and proposed that the decision of the dispute should be put to a committee composed of the governor of the Bank of England, the attorney general, and a few other great names. On Saturday night this was agreed to, and the theatre was shut up till the decision was obtained, the obnoxious Catalani having, in the meantime, agreed to cancel her engagement.

On the following Wednesday the theatre was re-opened, but the report of the committee being of a very unsatisfactory kind, for it was believed that the whole was a mere trick to gain time, in hopes that the excitement would subside, the uproar became greater than ever. The manager, who was determined to vanquish the popular feeling, is said to have hired a great number of boxers, and on the Friday night following the various pugilistic contests in the pit gave it the appearance of a regular boxing-school. Bow-street officers were also called in, but they appear to have acted indiscreetly, and the only effect of this appeal to violence was to fill the police-offices with cases of assault and riot, the result of which added fuel to the flame, which it appeared totally impossible to extinguish.

The rioters, who appear to have been acting under the guidance of people of education and talent, did not restrict themselves to mere noise. They said it was John Bull against John Kemble, and they were determined that John Bull should have the mastery. As no expression of sentiments could be heard amid the uproar, they stuck up placards, and raised banners all over the house,

covered with proverbs, lampoons, and encouragements to persevere, written in large characters, and to these were soon added large painted caricatures. In the latter Kemble was figured hanging, or fixed in the pillory, or in some other ignominious position. The private boxes, and those who came to occupy them, were the especial objects of abuse, and the theatre was filled with placards inscribed, "No private boxes for intrigues!"—"No private boxes with sofas!"—"No crim. con. boxes!" These were mixed with numerous others, of the most licentious description, and large pictures of such a character that it was impossible for any respectable woman to remain in the theatre a moment. The consequence of this was, that very few attended except those who took part in the riot, and the part of the theatre which contributed most to the treasury was nearly empty. Songs were also made for the occasion; and the following parody on the national anthem was especially popular.

"God save great Johnny Bull,
 Long live our noble Bull,
 God save John Bull!
 Make him uproarious,
 With lungs like Boreas,
 Till he's victorious,
 God save John Bull!
 "O Johnny Bull, be true,
 Oppose the *prices new*,
 And make them fall!
 Curse Kemble's politics,
 Frustrate his knavish tricks,
 On thee our hopes we fix,
 Confound them all!
 "No *private boxes* let
 Intriguing ladies get,—
 Thy right, John Bull!
 From little *pigeon-holes*
 Defend us jolly souls,
 And we will sing, *by Godes!*
 God save John Bull!"

* * * * * *
 This profuse exhibition of placards was quite a novelty in theatrical rioting. One of the placards in the month of October was inscribed, "A row for our rights, to be continued for *forty* nights," but the uproar seemed likely to be carried on for ever. It soon took a form quite regular and systematic: the play was heard with few interruptions till half-price; the boxes, especially the private ones, were nearly empty, and even the pit was almost deserted. At half-price the rioters rushed in, the placards were raised, the uproar commenced, and all that passed on the stage afterwards was mere pantomime. At the conclusion, the audience rose and sang "God save the King!" had a dance in

the pit, gave three groans for John Kemble, then three cheers for John Bull, and so dispersed. Sometimes the uproar was continued in the streets, and in more, than one instance it was carried to Kemble's house, and he was himself mobbed and insulted. This was continued night after night, with scarcely any interruption not for weeks only, but for more than three months. During this period everything distinguished by the epithet O. P. became fashionable. There was an "O. P. dance." The most active agent of the managers against the rioters, and therefore, the most unpopular with them, was the boxkeeper, Mr Brandon. He had caused Clifford to be arrested on slight grounds, and the latter brought an action against him for damages, and obtained a verdict against him in the Court of Common Pleas on the 5th of December. Gillray on that day published a caricature entitled "Counsellor O. P.—defender of your theatrie liberties," in which Clifford is represented holding a torch behind him, and looking on while Covent Garden Theatre is in flames. The verdict against Brandon gave new courage to the opponents of the new prices; and finding it utterly impossible to appease them in any other way, Kemble at length gave up the contest. A public dinner of the more respectable of the O. P. agitators was held on the 14th of December at the Crown and Anchor, at which no less than five hundred persons are said to have attended, and Kemble came in person to make an apology for his conduct, and announce his willingness to accede to any compromise that should be agreeable to them. After dinner there was a crowded theatre, and, amid considerable uproar, a humble apology was accepted from the manager, and it was agreed that the private boxes should be reduced to the same number which existed in 1802; that the pit should be reduced to its original price of 8s. 6d., but that the price of admission to the boxes should remain at 7s.; that the obnoxious Mr. Brandon should be dismissed (at least he was compelled to resign his place); that all prosecutions and actions on both sides should be abandoned; and that Kemble should make a public apology for having introduced improper persons into the theatre. The last article referred to the boxers and police. After all these demands had been complied with, a large placard was unfurled, containing the words, "We are satisfied," and at the conclusion of the play the pit gave three cheers for Clifford. Thus ended this extraordinary contest. A theatrical reconciliation dinner was given on the 4th of January, 1810, at which both parties attended, and at which Clifford was placed in the chair.*

Our theatres, whatever might be their other faults, compare favourably with European exemplars on this point. The audiences of our theatres have not yet arrived at the refinement of "damning" plays. The

* *Wright's England under the House of Hanover, Vol. II. p. 349-355.* Compare also *Galf's Lives of the Players, Vol. II, pp. 277-283.* Also *Boaden's Memoirs of the Life of Kemble, Vol. II, pp. 487-516.*

picture of a whiskey-drunk Earl with his aristocratic friends engaged in a battle-royal with the actors who had the temerity to stand to their rights of property ; of a noble Marquis, enraged at the unavoidable absence of a favourite dancer, proposing to set the theatre on fire, and in the end partaking only in such slight mischief as smashing the whole furniture ; or of a patriotic audience, unmindful even of the Royal presence, shutting up the mouths of a French Company by cat-calls, a volley of pippins, and a direful discharge of rotten eggs, has not yet been inscribed on the blank page of our Dramatic History. We have not witnessed a play reduced into a dumb show and a Garrick sheltering himself in a corner of the stage to avoid a thorough pelting with missiles savoury or otherwise. We have no Nell Gwinnes, with their magazine of missiles, bitten or entire, the produce of the orchards of Seville, or of homelier growth ; no armads, celestial Hebes, serving nectar to the immortals, and dividing with the actresses the Empire of Hearts.

Then as to the provision of the previous inspection of plays. The sentence of Schlegel proclaims the inutility of such a precaution, as far as the true interests of morality are concerned. The only result will be the capricious amputation or slaughter of plays. There are peculiar difficulties in the way of such a censorship in the present circumstances of the country. Even its warmest admirers and most zealous supporters have stumbled at this point. The very speech of the Member-in-charge furnishes an instance as to the utter absurdity of a Government like ours attempting to control and supervise the vernacular dramatic literature. We use the singular number advisedly, for though there are many distinct vernacular languages on the Continent, only one, the Bengali, has a dramatic literature worth the name. The Hon'ble gentleman adduced as a collateral reason for the introduction of the measure under consideration, the fact of the publication of a Bengali drama, styled চাঁকরা-দর্পণ (*Chá-kara-darpana*). The work, as every Bengali school-boy knows, is a

mere copy of the *Nila-darpana*. The member in charge of the Bill did, however, not only ignore the existence and history of the *Nila darpana*, but made a positive outrageous blunder as regards the name of the book which he was seriously bringing forward as a justification for a radical change in the Law. The *Chá kar-darpana*, the Mirror of Tea-planters, is transmuted in the Legislative crucible into the *Chá kár darpana*, the Mirror of Tea. The Mirror of Tea-planters had attracted extraordinary attention. The whole of the work had been translated in the columns of a leading metropolitan daily which had chosen to take serious notice of the same, editorially. If even the name of such a work could be so seriously misconceived—in fact, converted from Bengali to Hindusthani—what is to be the fate of the dramatic literature of the country at the hand of irresponsible censors, moving in the dark, under the absolute control of the executive? The result may be better imagined than described. The argument so far as it pretends to be a justification of the Law is so far constructive that it could be seriously urged in an Indian Legislature only. We have therefore thought it unnecessary to notice it at length in a previous part of this article. But besides serving as an index, small but unerring, to the linguistic attainments of the confidential advisers of a Government which aspires to regulate the dramatic literature of the Continent, it may also be used to indicate the danger which impends on the liberty of the press, if these sophisms are allowed to pass by unchallenged.

Has the Government seriously pondered over the spirit which is sure to be infused into the whole of the dramatic literature and the theatrical profession at large, if they are thus placed at the absolute mercy of the executive? The result must be either weak and helpless emasculation or open hostility—results equally lamentable as far as the formation and healthy development of a national stage are concerned.

We have in a previous portion of this discourse made Mr. Hobhouse quote Chinese in the hypothetical case of his being promoted to the Lower House of Parliament.

The suggestion must have been made in an happy hour, for we find that his Bill—in one of its Draconic provisions—derives some support from an unknown though not unexpected quarter. The following extract from the Chinese Penal Code will no doubt be new to most of our readers :

SECTION CCCLXXXIV.—*Theatrical Representations.*

All musicians and stage players shall be precluded from representing in any of their performances, Emperors, Empresses, famous princes, ministers, and generals of former ages ; and shall be punished with 100 blows for every breach of this law. All officers of Government and private individuals likewise, who receive such comedians into their houses, and employ them to perform such prohibited entertainments, shall suffer the same punishment.

Nevertheless, by this law is not intended to prohibit the exhibition upon the stage of fictitious characters of just and upright men, of chaste wives, and pious obedient children, all which may tend to dispose the minds of the spectators to the practice of virtue.

The following note by the learned translator is instructive :

As the representations here described as prohibited, are in fact in China the favourite and most usual theatre exhibitions, this article of the laws must either be considered to have become obsolete, or to be enforced only so far as may be necessary to confine such exhibitions within the limits approved by government and which may not be always the same, at different times, and under different circumstances.

We have come to the end of our tale, but we cannot conclude without glancing at the support—whatever be its worth—which the Government received from a couple of journals. It is an evil measure that finds no supporters. It is a pitiable measure for which a great Government finds no better ones.

The palm must unquestionably be awarded to the *Pioneer*. It has a right of priority as having earned for itself an unenviable notoriety by its thick and thin support of all Governmental measures. It is supposed to be the exponent and organ of the ruling bureaucracy. Certainly by its utterances it hath never belied that character. The evil has attained such gigantic proportions that publicists have been compelled, with the greatest reluctance, to raise their voice against it, in

protest. As yet it shows no signs of reformation. Official favors and attentions are as frequent and borne as unblushingly, as ever they were before. Between ourselves personally and that journal there was no love to be lost. Witness the following passage in the Lucknow Address :

"If representations similar to the one whose propriety you are assembled to take into consideration, are found expedient and necessary in countries happy in the possession of legislatures representative in the largest sense of the word, how much more necessary and expedient must they be in a country where to all intents and purposes the legislature is only a branch of the executive, which last again consists essentially of persons who often, with the best of intentions and the purest of motives, labor under the insuperable difficulty of being aliens by birth, language, and religion. I cannot express my opinion of the august assemblies which are entrusted with the delicate task of manufacturing laws for the public weal, in language more concise than what I employed in addressing a public meeting of the inhabitants of Calcutta, on the 25th of March last, language of which I am not ashamed, despite the twittings

(3) Vide *Pioneer* for March 30. 1876.

(3) of a certain Journal having wide circulation in Upper India, to have merited the abuse of which is con-

sidered by some to be a certificate of character for any native movement, much in the same way as in Bengal, a wiggling by the High Court was the surest recommendation for an executive officer under the reign of Sir George Campbell—from whom may the Lord deliver all ill-starred subjects. With your permission, gentlemen,

(4) Supplement to the *Englishman*, March 27, 1876.

I will reproduce what I said on the occasion (4).

'The people have long looked with blank despair at the Legislative Mill, as it rolled, often to their detriment, often too fast for their information and comprehension, too often alas! with the approbation and sanction of their so-called representatives, of whom they could not too openly or too soon wash themselves

clean. For looking at the Legislatures which we have in our midst in this city (I do not pretend to any experience of Bombay or Madras), assemblies wherein the non-official members are in such minority, and the official element so compact and unanimous, that their highest functions would be merely deliberative, there is not at the present moment (barring a single brilliant exception too well known to require specific mention) *one* member who had the shadow of a right and at the same time the capacity, and the training to represent fully and properly any important class of the people of this country. I mean to convey no personal reflection on the honorable gentlemen, or to impugn the private virtues which they possess, but I base this assertion on 'their public acts as recorded in public documents.' I will concede that there are gentlemen, who have a competent right to represent the upper classes, but I mean them no reproach when I say, that they often lack the education (in the highest sense of the word) to do so. Indeed, they do sometimes try to the extent of their lights to discharge what they conceive to be their duty. A legislature for one hundred and sixty millions of subjects of varying degrees of civilization and multifarious shades of religion and morals demands a wider and a freer *personnel*. Half-a-dozen gentlemen or less, however worthy, cannot possibly represent such a large constituency—even if they were elected—much less when they are mere nominees of the executive."

There was nothing strange therefore in the following delivery :

The ease with which natives can adopt our political customs is often conspicuous. It was not till after long practice that we ourselves developed the stereotyped public meeting, with the stereotyped resolutions and speeches. But our native fellow-countrymen have taken to it as if to the manner born. They convene their meetings with all the solemnity of town clerks and aldermen. They devise resolutions in the same stately language that is affected by churchwardens and town criers ; and they pass their resolutions with the decision of the British rate-payer. At times they delight in a small uproar ; even as the wilder spirits of a country town. A stormy meeting, for a change, has a good deal of piquancy about it ; but, as a rule, they seldom cast aside the orthodox solemnity. Bengalis perhaps have made most way in adopting the custom ; though in Luck-

now the other day a native meeting was held, and the report of the proceedings would read respectably in our English country newspapers. The Dramatic Performances Bill was the *causa belli*; Pandit Sri Kishen, pleader, took the chair, and Pandit Prannath Saraswati, M. A., read a paper wherein he detailed the objections to the Bill. Then other pundits and baboos proposed and carried resolutions, that in the opinion of this meeting this Bill is calculated to endanger the liberty of the subject, and to deal a blow at the rising dramatic literature of the country. It interferes too with the innocent amusements of the people,—and more to the same effect. Everything was done according to precedent; and the managers of the meeting may at any rate be congratulated on their successful imitation of the fussy souls at home who are meeting about the Royal Titles Bill, and who are talking a good deal more nonsense, by the bye, than the baboos and pundits talked at Lucknow.*

Or either in this :

Some of our contemporaries are disquieting themselves much with apprehensions of an invasion of their liberties and privileges. The air is darkened for them with bills, and rumours of bills, to gag their mouths, and put a bridle in their jaws. But we make bold to say that not one sensible person throughout India has been alarmed by this press law in the air, or believes that legislation of a repressive character will be directed against any but the most licentious of the native papers. And surely no one would go so far as to say that, considering the conditions under which India is held and governed, no sort of control should be exercised in such matters. The fact is that, at the birth of liberalism, freedom for the expression of opinion within decent limits, whether in literature or conversation, was the first necessity; and so liberty of the press became one of the shibboleths of the day. In course of time belief in the dogma to some extent superseded the recognition of the underlying principle, as was illustrated by the outcry raised in the crisis of 1857, when Lord Canning refused to recognize its spurious sanctity. But in the absence of opposition to popular wishes which marks the present day, when the voice of the people is not only the voice of the deity, but often the only voice that can get itself heard at all, we had come to believe that this idol of the forum at least had disappeared. If any one now seriously thinks that a bill, designed most probably to check obscenity, and to stop the dissemination of treasonable falsehoods among the most ignorant of our fellow-subjects, can possibly lead to the suppression of honest opinion, or to the deportation of editors from the Apollo Bunder, we can only regard him as the simple victim of an anachronistic superstition.†

Such has always been the language of the Charmer when nations had to be wheedled out of their liberties.

* Pioneer. Monday. May, 8. 1876.

† Pioneer. Monday. May, 15. 1876.

Trust us with the power, do you believe *us* to be capable of abusing it? That has been always the plaintive appeal of found-out Despotism. The people, we hope, have too much discernment to suffer their rulers to take advantage of private failings, to establish a precedent by which the public liberty is affected, and which may be hereafter, used with equal ease and satisfaction to ruin the best men in the kingdom.*

But there was to be accorded the heartiest support to the measure from a seemingly independent quarter. The ghost of the Puritan was abroad not

In midnight's silent solemn hour,

but in the broad bustling glare of noon. The *Indian Mirror* throughout supported the Dramatic Performances Bill and its predecessor the Ordinance. It sang jubilees of triumph on the issue of the Ordinance, delighted on the arrest of the actors of the Great National Theatre, bewailed their escape on public grounds, seconded the qualified support of the Member for the British Indian Association and villified to its heart's content all who had the temerity to raise their voice against the measure.

This seems to be the fittest opportunity of mentioning the Resolution in approval of the Ordinance said to have been passed by the Indian Reform Association. The text of the Resolution, as far as we are aware, has not yet seen the light, and our only authority is an announcement in the *Indian Mirror*. One would have thought that it should have proceeded from the Society for the Suppression of Obscenity, which was born not very long ago amidst such a flourish of trumpets. Either the Indian prototype of the Society for the Suppression of Vice has ceased to exist, or the moving spirit being the same, it was indifferent through which medium it manifested itself. "Holy zeal to oppress a sinner" could no further go.

Actors have never been a moral race. Nor have they been held as a class in very high social estimation. Julius Cæsar "when dictator, by an imperial request, com-

† Junius. vol. 1. p. 144.

pelled Laberius, a Roman knight, to appear publicly in his own Mimes, although *the scenic employment* was branded with the loss of civil rights.* His re-investiture with the equestrian rank by the Dictator, "could not re-instate him in the opinion of his fellow-citizens.†" Shakespeare, surmises Schlegel, considered the profession of a player degrading "principally, perhaps, because of the *wild excesses* into which he was seduced by the example of his comrades."§ The Gallic Church in its usual spirit—and enraged at the successful representation of the *Widow of Malabar*—placed the seemingly insuperable bar of excommunication between the provincial actor and the country-maiden. If indeed Prosper d'Ussieux and Marianne Crussol were not separated by the priest's anathema—it was because they made the bridal train their winding sheet!¶ The Laws of the Chinese are not stricter :

SECTION CXIII.—*Marriage with Female Musicians and Comedians.*

If any officer or clerk of government, either in the civil or military department, marries, as his first or other wife, a female musician or comedian, he shall be punished with 60 blows, and the marriage being null and void, the female shall be sent back to her parents and rendered incapable of returning to her profession. The marriage-present shall be forfeited to government.

If the son or grand-son, being the heir of any officer of Government having hereditary rank, commits this offence, he shall suffer the same punishment, and whenever he succeeds to the inheritance, his parental honours shall descend to him under a reduction of one degree.

The following provisions of the same Code might as well be transcribed here :—

SECTION CCCLXXIV.—*Officers of Government frequenting the company of Prostitutes and Actresses.*

* Dramatic Art and Literature, p. 203.

† Dramatic Art and Literature, p. 204.

§ Dramatic Art and Literature, p. 352.

¶ Hook's French Stage, Vol. 1. p. 321-340.

Civil or military officers of government, and the sons of those who possess hereditary rank, when found guilty of frequenting the company of prostitutes and actresses, shall be punished with 60 blows.

All persons who are guilty of negotiating such criminal meetings and intercourse, shall suffer the punishment next in degree.

SECTION CCCLXXV.—*Strolling Players.*

All strolling players who are guilty of purchasing the sons or daughters of free persons, in order to educate them as actors or actresses; or who are guilty of marrying or adopting as children such free persons, shall, in each case, be punished with 100 blows.

All persons who knowingly sell free persons to such strolling players, and all females born of free parents, who voluntarily intermarry with them, shall be punishable in the manner aforesaid.

The person who negotiates the transaction, shall in each case suffer the punishment next in degree; the money paid, shall always be forfeited to government, and the females shall be sent back to their parents or families.

The most superficial readers of books like Fleury's *Memoirs* or Galt's *Lives of the Players* cannot fail to observe that French or English actors and actresses were in no sense of the word paragons of morality. There is no reason to suppose that there has been any marked improvement in recent times. The tendency of modern European civilization seems to be to gild, and not to eradicate social vices. Parisian morals pass muster throughout the Continent. Sovereigns, regnant and reversionary, lead the way. The aristocracy and plutocracy of the land are willing disciples. Nor, if the utterances of a person in the position of Mr. Lewis are to be considered authoritative, has Anglo-Indian Society escaped the infection. Of course players might be as much sinned against as sinning, but the fact remains. For pious journalists, therefore to raise a hue and cry against the morals of the stage is a little out of time and place. It may be a question whether it is not safer that vice should carry its name on its front, than that its power for mischief should be increased and intensified by being clothed in a garb of decorous gentility. Be that as it may, in a country where female emancipation is unknown, except amongst denationalized cliques, and where women of easy virtue have been from time immemorial the

caterers of public amusements, what is only a development of existing national institutions cannot be hooted down as a daring innovation of immorality.

We will conclude with reproducing a leading article on the Lucknow and Cawnpore Meetings which appeared in the leading Anglo-Indian Journal on this side of India.

We have before us abstracts of the proceedings of two public meetings against the Dramatic Performances Bill, which were lately held at Lucknow and Kanpur. The meetings appear to have been attended indiscriminately by all classes of the educated portion of the public, Muhammadans as well as Hindus, natives of the North-West Provinces, as well as Bengalis.

The Resolutions proposed and passed at both these meetings were :

"That in the opinion of this meeting the production of a single drama never enacted, and the representation of a single farce (condemned by the general sense of the community), in the Bengali language at Calcutta, does not justify the introduction of a stringent measure regulating the stage (indegeuous and exotic) throughout British India."

"That the Dramatic Performances Bill, now before the Imperial Legislature, is calculated to endanger the liberty of the subject, to deal a serious blow at the rising dramatic literature of the country, and to produce unnecessary and vexatious interference with the innocent amusements of the people, in so far as :

(a.) It makes no distinction between public and private, amateur and professional, theatres.

(b.) There is no adequate machinery to discharge the difficult task of conscientious censorship over a foreign stage.

(c.) The reasons for the prohibition of plays are so vague and wide, that they may be made to comprehend anything and everything.

(d.) That the penalties are too severe and all-embracing.

(e.) Summary trials by magistrates, unassisted by a jury, do not command the full confidence of the people, especially when the questions involved intimately concern the literature, manners, and feelings of the varied nationalities that exist in this country.

(f.) The eminently peaceful and decent character of Indian audiences renders it unnecessary to bestow on Local Governments the power of licensing theatres.

(g.) There is no limitation of actions."

"That this meeting disapproves of the large discretionary powers left in the hands of the local executive for enforcing the law and making rules of procedure, &c., thereby anticipating future legislation, and depriving the people of the opportunity of re-opening the question when the time arrives."

"That, in order to give effect to the hereinbefore Resolutions, the undermentioned gentlemen be requested to act as a Committee to prepare a memorial anent the aforesaid Bill, and to act as the medium of communication."

These Resolutions are marked by a praiseworthy moderation in both matter and style ; and though we differ largely from some of the views they embody, there can be no doubt that they hit serious blots in the Bill, the dangerous vagueness of which we have already pointed out, and they deserve to be carefully considered by the legislature.

It is to the important significance of these meetings, in their bearing on the political progress of the people of this country, however, and not to the merits of the question, that we wish at present to draw attention. In the first place we think, it is obvious from the miscellaneous character of the meetings, well as from their tone, that the movement is not a merely factious one. There is no particular sympathy between young Bengal and the natives of Lucknow and Kanhpur ; and the frothy, noisy agitation, which has of late years become so common in Calcutta and its neighbourhood, is foreign to the temper of the people of North-West. Then, again, the subject is scarcely one that the mere grievance-monger, or the political firebrand, would choose for the purposes of agitation. Such rustic performances as the "Jeth, jethini," analogous in some respects to the early Satyre of the Romans, and acted entirely by women to women, in which the variously village authorities were ruthlessly and coarsely clarified, have, indeed, served from time immemorial to keep alive among one-half of the population in the remotest rural districts some knowledge of the dramatic form. The rude *jatras* chaunted at religious festivals in great men's houses have always been a favourite form of entertainment among the Hindu population of the towns, though they are rather epic than dramatic in character. But barring such imperfect relics of a past, or dim adumbrations of a future, drama, and barring certain more ambitious efforts in the direction of opera at Lucknow, the theatre, in the proper sense of the term, had till lately, practically, no existence on this side of India. Even at present it is only the select few who can be supposed to take a deep interest in its prospects ; and, outside Calcutta, it has nowhere attained the dignity, or indignity, of a popular spectacle.

We may fairly, therefore, conclude that it is a sense of the importance of the principle involved, rather than a loving enthusiasm for the drama on the one hand, or mere factiousness on the other, that is at the bottom of the movement we are noticing. And, regarding it in this light, the movement strikes us as being a most encouraging symptom of progress. The advance from absolute apathy to a capacity for being agitated and agitating on subjects, such as taxation or conservancy, which affect the pockets or persons of those concerned, is an important one. But it marks a far greater step in advance when people come to be so far agitated by what must, to all intents and purposes, be abstract questions to them, as to hold meetings, and petition the legislature regarding them. — *The Englishman*, May 9, 1876.

NOTICES OF THE SMRITIS II.—(continued.)

VISHNU SAMHITA.

CHAPTER XXIII TO LXV.

WE need not give here the directions for the purification of various objects with which the twenty-third chapter begins, but an enumeration of those objects would give some idea of the progress civilization had made at the time. They comprise vessels or ornaments made from iron, stones—precious and otherwise—water-shells, horns, teeth, bones, wood, earthenware, gold, silver, pearls, copper, brass, zinc, bell-metal, and fruit-shells; clothes and carpets made of cotton, silk, goat's hair, bark, linen and deer's hair are mentioned. We have besides grains, products of the sugar-cane, sacrificial vessels and knives made of wood, salts, grass, wood, leaves, and balls of cow-dung used for purposes of fuel, and images of gods. The purificatory agents are fire, water, air, earth, fuller's earth, the soap-berry, *Bèl* fruit, white sesamum, lotus-seeds, acidulated water, ash, and cow-hair.

The hands of an artist are always pure, as are things exposed for sale in a shop, or edibles given through the hands of a Brahman, and all mines. A fair face is always pure, for the purposes of a kiss; nor are fruit, milk and meat to be repudiated, because they might have respectively come in contact with the mouth of bird, calf or hound. Flies, cats, cows, horses, elephants, water-drops, shadows, rays of light, dust, the earth, air and fire are never impure. Sweeping with a broom and plastering the ground with cow-dung and the like is the way to purify a house; that for a limited piece of ground consists in sweeping, plastering, saturating with water, digging, burning, or what is far better and easier, tenanting it with cows. *Books*,* the sage tells us, are purified by sprinkling water over them.

* In the printed text of Bhavanicharana Bandyopadhyaya, the Sutra प्रोक्षणेन च पुस्तकम् is not to be found. But the context makes it clear that something of the sort is requisite. The Sutra is given by Nanda Pandita.

Cows are pure, propitious and up-holders of the Universe ; it is they that spread the sacrifice and remove all sins. Their urine, dung, milk, the clarified butter, curds obtained from the last, and *góróchanda*, these six bovine productions are always propitious. Drops of water falling from a cow's horns have the power to purify man from every sin. By scratching her back every sin is removed, and giving her a morsel procures exaltation in heaven. In her urine dwells the Ganges, prosperity in the dust which she raises while walking, wealth in dried dung, and virtue in salutation ; therefore should she be always saluted. This chapter is more nauseating than the kindred lines in the Atri Samhitá, though the general idea is the same.

A Brahman, we are told in the twenty fourth Chapter, has four wives in the order of the classes, and a warrior, a merchant and a Sudra, three, two and one, respectively. This certainly makes it clear that our legislators never intended to give husbands the liberty of marrying *ad infinitum* any number of wives of the same class. In a marriage between persons of the same caste the hand is to be laid hold of. When unequal classes are joined in hymeneal bonds the *kshattriyá* girl takes an arrow in her hand, the *Vaisyá* a whip, and the *Sudrá* a corner of her husband's garment. Commenting on the first part of this passage, Nanda Pandita tells us, that inasmuch as Daksha has forbidden marriage with a female of higher class, a *Kshattriyá* can be married unequally only to a Brahman. He further tells us that the use of the word *kanyá* (virgin) imports that when a non-virgin widow is to be married thus unequally, the arrow is to be first grasped by her and then by the bridegroom.*

The qualifications of a bride are—that she should not be of the same *gôtra* or *pravara*, and be distant five generations from the mother's and seven from the father's side of

* कन्याग्रहणात् चतसृन्भूस्कारे बध्नुर्हीतस्य शरस्य वरेण गृह्यते ।

the intending bridegroom. She should not, moreover, be of low family (which it would be difficult to reconcile with a popular adage*) or sickly constitution. Those who have a surplus or deficit of limbs, too tawny a color, or too talkative a tongue, are also to be avoided. We have after this an enumeration of the eight forms of marriage with details about them in language much more laconic than *Manu's*. Giving away a girl in marriage of the *Brāhma* form one attains the *Brahma-lōka*; in that of the *Daiva* form, the heaven of Indra; in the *Arsha* form, the heaven of Vishnu; in the *Prājāpatya*, the *Devalōka*; and by giving away a girl in the *Gāndharba* form one attains the heaven of the *Gandharvas*. The father, grandfather, brother, kindred, mother's father and mother, these when not otherwise disqualified, are in order of priority the persons who have the power to give away the bride. If these do not give her away at the marriageable age, the girl is to select her own husband, for after that period she is her own mistress. Such a girl is called *Vrishakī*, and one marrying her without the consent of the lawful guardians is not blameable.

The prescribed duties of women are enumerated in the twenty-fifth chapter to be as follows:—Attending at sacrifices conjointly with her husband; honoring the mother-in-law, father-in-law, superiors, divinities and guests; perfection in the culinary art; economy; preservation of domestic utensils; distaste for magical incantations and charms; diligence in propitiatory rites and decorations; abstinence from decorative embellishments when the husband is abroad; not going to the residence of other people; keeping at a distance from doors and windows; dependence in every action; subjection to father, hus-

* स्त्रोरत्नं दुष्कुलादपि । The words of Vishnu are नाकुलीनाम् । Whilst the goal of a young man's ambition in this country is Government service and the current optimist cry is for agriculture, Nanda Pandita illustrates 'low family' by agriculturists and servants of the king, giving the following text as his authority. कुलान्यकुलतां यान्ति कष्टराजोपसेवया ।

band and son in childhood, youth and old age respectively; and when the husband is dead, a life of asceticism, or ascending the pile after him. Women have no distinct sacrifice, devotion or fast ordained for them; by serving their lords they are exalted in heaven. The woman, who, while her husband is living, observes a fast, diminishes his longevity and shall surely go to hell.

The twenty-sixth chapter treats of the precedence to be observed between co-wives of different castes, and concludes with a strong condemnation of the practice of Brahmans marrying Sudra women. Such a connection degrades them with their progeny to the position of Sudras, and can serve no other purpose save that of lust.

The next chapter dwells on the periods when the different *Samskâra's* or purificatory rites are to be performed; and details about the *Upanayana* of the three regenerate classes. The substance is the same as in *Manu*.

We cannot impress too strongly on the rising generation the feature of the *ancient regime*, with which the twenty-eighth chapter deals, namely, *Brahmacharya*. This institution secured to the regenerate classes education, continence up to the marriageable age, and immunity from early marriage. The education, moreover, was not of the day-school, but rather of the boarding-school character. In the eighth, eleventh and twelfth year from conception, a Brâhman, Kshattriya and Vaisya respectively were to be initiated into the performance of Vedic rites and ceremonies. From that time their *Brahmacharya* commenced. Living with their preceptor, and on alms of which in those pious days there was no lack, they were to abstain from dancing, singing, women, wine, meat, and unction; they were to kill no living creature and commit no indecency. Sleeping on the ground, after the preceptor had retired, they were to be awake and astir before he left his bed. They were to bathe and perform *Homa* twice a day. Various directions are given as to how they are to show respect to their preceptor which we need not give here in detail.

these heinous crimes should enter the fire ; for them there is no other remedy ordained in the Law.

Leading this course of life the *Brahmachári* is to master one, two or three of the Vedas, and then the Vedángas. He that without learning the Veda labors on any other becomes a Sudra with all his progeny. The Vedangas, we may here mention for the benefit of the general reader, comprise, Phonetics, Rituals, Grammar, Prosody, Astronomy, and the explanation of difficult or obscure words and phrases.

In the twenty-ninth chapter the terms *Acharya*, *Upādhyāya*, and *Ritwij*, are defined. No one should be initiated into, taught, or made to officiate at sacrifices without previous trial. Learning came in time of old, to the Bráhma-man, and said—"Preserve me, I am thy treasure ; give me not to the envious, dishonest and idle, thus will I be powerful. Bestow me on him whom thou knowest to be a *Brahmachári*, pure, diligent, intelligent and retentive of memory, who never injures thee, and who never says anything distasteful ; he alone is worthy of such treasure."

The next chapter begins with a specification of *anadhyāya*, or the periods and occasions when the Veda ought not to be studied. A pretty long list is given which leaves no doubt that the students of these Vedic schools were in no lack of vacations. The injunction that the eighth and fourteenth days of the lunar fortnight are *anadhyāya* compensates for the Christian Sabbath as far as school-boys are concerned. The student should not sleep after studying in the latter part of the night. By studying the Rik, Yajush, Sáman, and Atharvan Vedas, he propitiates ancestors with clarified butter, honey, milk, and meat respectively. By studying the Puránas, Itihása, and Dharma-shástras, they are propitiated with boiled rice. Learning confers no benefits in the other world if it is made the means of livelihood in this, as also when it is abused as a means of destroying the reputation of others.* A man from whom knowledge

* News to the writer.

worldly, religious or mystic has been acquired, should never be injured. Of the physical progenitor and the spiritual preceptor, the latter is the father* entitled to greater respect; for the Vedic birth lasts both in this world and the next. He who fills the ear with truth, thus conferring immortality, and freedom from pain, knowing his work, never injure *him*.

We are told in the thirty-first chapter that a man has pre-eminently three superiors: the mother, the father, and the gratuitous preceptor of the Veda. They are always to be diligently served and obeyed. What they desire and what is good for them, ought always to be performed. Nothing is to be done without their permission. These are the three Vedas, the three Gods, the three Worlds, and the three Fires. He that hath respected these three hath respected all duties, and of him who treateth this triad with irreverence all religious actions are fruitless. One enjoys this world by venerating a mother, the *Dēvalōka* by honoring a father, and the *Brahmalōka* by serving a preceptor.

Wealth, family, age, actions and learning, we learn from the next chapter, ought to command respect in the inverse order. Of a Brahman ten years of age and a Kshatriya a hundred years old, the former is to treat the latter as his son. Precedence among priests is by knowledge, among warriors by prowess, among merchants by wealth, and among Sudras alone by birth.

Man has three terrible enemies—the sage tells us in the next chapter—lust, anger and avarice; and a householder is specially obnoxious to these, on account of his connections. Mastered by these a man perpetrates the various forms of sins known as *Ati-pātaka*, *Mahā-pātaka*, *Anū-pātaka* and *Upa-pātaka*; as also those known as *Jāti-bhransakara*, *Sankarī-karana*, *Malābaha* and *Prakīrnaka*. These three—lust, anger and avarice—are destroyers of the soul and the gateways of hell.

We learn from the thirty-fourth that the category of *Ati-pātaka* comprises carnal connection with mother, daughter and daughter-in-law. Those who commit

* In the second birth of a Dwija (regenerate) the Gāyatri is the mother and the Achārya the father.

The next treats of the category of *Mahā-pātaka*, which comprises slaying a Brahman, drinking spirituous liquors, stealing a Brahman's gold, and having connection with a preceptor's wife, as also association with those who commit such crimes. The penance ordered for these crimes is either the *Asvamedha*, or a pilgrimage to all the shrines to be found on earth.

The category of *Anu-pātaka* is treated in the next chapter. This comprises slaying a *Kshattriya* or *Vaisya* engaged in sacrifice ; a woman in the period of menstruation, pregnant, or of the *Atri gotra*. Killing an unknown foetus, or a suppliant for protection, is equivalent to slaying a Brahman. Giving false evidence and killing a friend do not differ from drinking spirituous liquors. Stealing a Brahman's land, or a confidential deposit is the same as stealing priestly gold. After an enumeration of certain classes of women who occupy the same position as the better half of a preceptor we are told that the penance prescribed in these cases is the same as that ordained for the preceding category.

The thirty-seventh chapter gives us the category of *Upa-pātaka* comprising, among others, the following: Lying for one's own benefit ; wickedness towards the sovereign ; false accusation of a superior ; villification of the Veda ; abandonment of what has been learned, or of sacrificial fire, parents, wife and children ; partaking of forbidden food ; taking the property of others ; adultery ; officiating in sacrifice for forbidden persons ; bad livelihood ; accepting gifts from improper persons ; slaying a *Kshattriya*, *Vaisya*, *Sudra*, or cow ; selling forbidden things ; the manufacture of big machinery ; living on a wife's earnings ; cooking food for one's own self only ; studying heterodox *Shāstras* ; atheism ; and the profession of an actor. The penance ordained is a *Chāndráyana*, a *parāka*, or a bull-sacrifice.

We learn from the next that the *Jāti-bhramsa-kara's* are, causing pain to a Brahman ; smelling wine and other forbidden drinks ; cheating ; and carnal connection with man or beast. If these actions had been performed voluntarily the penance is a *Sántapana kricchra*, and, if otherwise, a *Prájapatya*.

The slaughter of animals wild or domestic, we learn from the thirty-ninth chapter, constitutes *sankarī-karana*, and can be atoned for, by performing the penance of *Kricchrāti-kricchra*, or that of subsisting for a month on barley-water.

Accepting gifts from bad men; trade; usury; lying; and serving a Sudra make up the category of *Apātrī-karana* treated in the next chapter, and the penance there laid down is either *tapta-kricchra*, *sīta-kricchra*, or a *mahā-sāntapana*. This finishes the fortieth.

The *Malāvahas*, according to the next, are slaughtering the animals living in air or water, as well as worms and insects; and partaking of intoxicating substances. The penance ordained being *tapta-kricchra* or *kricchrāti-kricchra*.

Whatever has not been enumerated above falls under *prakīrnaka*, and the penance in such cases is to be ascertained with the help of Brahmans who will take into consideration all the circumstances of each particular case. This ends the forty-second chapter.

The forty-third opens with an enumeration of the Hells, and we find that the sage has named twenty-two. Sinners with crimes unatoned take, after death, the road to Yama's abode and undergo various tortures. Dragged hither and thither by the dread emissaries of Yama; devoured by dogs, jackals and other carnivora like crows, herons and cranes, as well as fire-mouthed serpents and scorpions; consumed by fire, pierced with thorns, divided by saws, and oppressed with thirst; pained with hunger and fainting at every step on account of the stench proceeding from decomposing animal matter; casting wistful eyes at the food and drink of others but unceremoniously expelled from the same by attendants whose frightful visages resemble those of the crow, heron and the crane; here boiled in oil, and there belaboured with clubs, or roasted on iron spits; compelled to feed on putrifying filth; imprisoned in horrible darkness and eaten up by worms with mouths of fire; here they suffer extreme cold and there on putrid ground, they devour each

spirits and in another impaled with arrows ; compelled to travel on thorns, encircled in the folds of serpents, tortured on machines, and dragged on their knees. Thus, undergoing various tortures they are born as brutes.

The next two chapters enumerate in detail the different births which are entailed as the result of various crimes.

P. N. PANDIT.

BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW,

CHAPTER XXXI.

EVIDENCE OF MATERNAL AFFECTION, WHICH THREATENS TO END IN A DIVORCE. EXISTENCE OF RUMOURS PREJUDICIAL TO A WOMAN'S REPUTATION IS NO PROOF OF HER GUILT. BHOOBONESHOREE'S EFFORTS IN BRINGING ABOUT A RECONCILIATION, THOUGH SUCCESSFUL WITH THE HUSBAND, FAIL WITH THE WIFE. THE WIFE CONDESCENDS TO PARDON HER LORD WITHOUT FURTHER VIOLENCE TO HIS PERSON. BHOOBONESHOREE PLAYS THE "BETTER MOTHER." STRANGE WAY OF EVINCING MATERNAL GRATITUDE. FEMALE ARTS OF THROWING DUST INTO A HUSBAND'S EYES. A HUSBAND SHOULD BE WARE HOW HE PRAISES ANY OTHER WOMAN BEFORE A JEALOUS WIFE.

AFTER what had occurred, (continued Preonath,) one would suppose that Bhooboneshoree would not again take charge of Jogen for the night. But on the day the events mentioned in the last Chapter took place, she waited upon Mukhoda in the evening as usual to learn her pleasure on the subject, and was drily told she need not trouble herself with Jogen any more. At midnight, she was, however, disturbed in her sleep by Mukhoda's husband, who invited her to his chamber. There she was horror-struck to see Jogen bleeding from her mouth and nose.

"Cousin! behold what the monster has done!" exclaimed Ram pointing to Mukhoda. "The poor child awoke dreaming that her mother holding her by the feet, threw her into the mouth of her bridegroom, wide-opened to swallow her up. She cried and wanted to be conveyed to your room, and for this the monster has nearly murdered her!"

"What! Art thou not satisfied with making only myself unhappy?" exclaimed Bhooboneshoree, casting her eyes towards heaven. "Why doom to wretchedness every one I call mine?" Then suddenly biting her

tongue, as if she meant to restrain herself and recant, she changed her voice. "Pardon, Great Father! this sacriligious language. It is presumption to scan thy ways. Thou only knowest what is good for me or mine. All that runs counter to my wishes may have been ordained for my good. Oh, teach me resignation to thy will!"

As she took up the child in her arms, Ram said, "Cousin! I make over the child to you. Rear it up as your own, I leave this polluted woman, never to see her face any more. Her reputation, you know, is gone, and I have the finger of scorn pointed at me, wherever I shew my face. I have borne all this, partly because her grandfather maintains me. But better beg from door to door than live with a polluted woman. May not my Jogen tread in her foot-steps but imitate your illustrious example!"

At this Mukhoda tore her hair and struck her head, as if bent on committing suicide. Ram, however, made a motion towards the door, when Bhoobonèshoree caught hold of her hand.

"Cousin!" said she, "you judge your wife very uncharitably. How do you call her so? You accuse her lightly, without proofs. If some people are pleased to circulate rumours against her reputation, you should not divorce her without satisfying yourself whether those rumours have any foundation. Neither laws divine nor human would justify your taking such a step. You wish your daughter to imitate my example. But if the mere existence of rumours prejudicial to a woman's reputation were to be taken as proofs against her character, I would hardly fare better than your spouse. For you are no doubt aware that sometime ago, your wife herself gave out reports to my disadvantage."

"Angel of a lady!" exclaimed Ram, "a woman that can pick holes in your pure and spotless character, must have something wrong in her very constitution. To my mind it is a conclusive proof of my wife's inability to appreciate female virtue and excellence."

"Oh, I see!" said Bhooboneshoree smiling, "I have made a conquest in a quarter where I least expected it. No wonder then that you are blind to my failings. But you seem to forget that not only your wife, but some of my other cousins similarly found fault with me. You do not of course presume to insinuate any thing against the other ladies, merely because they spoke against your *inamorata*. But take another instance. You know how Kusam has narrowly escaped being murdered. Remember how appearances were against her, and yet, after all, she was as spotless and pure as any woman could be. Her husband could plead those appearances in justification of his conduct. But in your case, you can plead none."

Ram scratched his head, being evidently at a loss what to say, though still highly indignant at his wife's cruel treatment of his daughter.

"My cousin's conduct tonight rather tends to shew that she is fond of her child, and jealous of her partiality to me. For this she is no more to blame, than she would be, were she to chastise her husband similarly," continued Bhooboneshoree laughing, "for his open partiality for me. But," said she, changing her tone, "what does this child on my lap say on the subject. Though still bleeding from her mother's blows, methinks she powerfully pleads her cause. She seems to say, 'papa! do not leave me so. By casting a stain on my birth, you destroy my happiness for ever, ruin my future prospects, and render my life a burden.' I see you weep. Indeed the tears of this angel will melt a stone. Again, behold that babe lying in your bed. It cannot speak, but is far more eloquent in its silence. If it could stand, it would take hold of your hands and ask you to raise its dear mother from the ground."

Ram stood irresolute. But the fairy who had possessed him, was not disposed to let him off so easily.

"Nay," said she, "are you not touched to see that face swollen with self-inflicted blows which you have kissed so often in a transport of joy. Can you, unmoved, see wallowing on the bare floor that person whose contact

used to make you happy? Behold those arms lying motionless with pain, which have grown old in your service! Does it not grieve you to see those eyes drowned in bitter tears whose very sight was wont to make your heart leap with joy? Love and gratitude must be strangers to the human heart if it can so easily cast off what has been a source of so much happiness to it!"

Ram advanced and caught hold of his wife's hand, but Mukhoda could not be so easily appeased. She struck her forehead on the door-post, and threatened to kill herself for the insult she had received.

"You have too deeply injured your wife," said Bhooboneshoree to Ram, "to be so easily pardoned. As the presence of a stranger may interfere with the promotion of amicable relations, I must depart."

With Jogen in her arms, Bhooboneshoree left the room, in spite of Ram's solicitations to stay another minute. It was not long before peace was established between the married couple. Ram, as might be easily imagined, was not only an uxorious husband, but stood in mortal dread of his wife. What he had just said, was in a fit of exasperation brought on by his wife's assault upon himself when attempting to defend his child. After Bhooboneshoree had departed, he did not find much difficulty in prevailing on Mukhoda to retire to bed without doing further violence to his or her own person.

The couple could not know how Bhooboneshoree passed the night. With her person and clothes all besmeared with blood, she sat with Jogen in her lap,—now examining the upper lip, then the under-lip in order to ascertain the position and nature of the injuries she had received. If the child started, she would press her to her bosom, kiss her cheeks, and rock her to sleep. She would now bring the light close, and opening her nostrils, try to perceive if any injury had been inflicted on that organ. Then she would thrust her finger into her mouth in order to discover if blood had flowed from

way till the approach of dawn, when having washed herself and Jogen of all traces of blood, she carried the latter back to her mother.

If Bhooboneshoree thought that Mukhoda felt any thing like gratitude towards her, she was greatly mistaken. Hardly had she turned her back upon her, than Mukhoda exclaimed weeping :—

“ My poor darling ! how sad must be your lot ! what have you done to deserve this cruel treatment ! The woman, whom you call your better mother, has bewitched you. So you are not to blame ; but I am apt to forget this when I am angry. That witch has eaten her own child, and must now eat mine. Witches, they say, eat their own offspring, and then drink other children’s blood, causing them to sicken and die. My poor Jogen is becoming lean day by day, I hope that witch is not drinking her blood ! ”

Then hearing Ram grind his teeth in suppressed rage, she dropt more tears, and went on—“ I must only weep, for I have even lost my husband’s love. The whole day, I pant for a sight of his beloved face ; I now stare through this hole, now peep through that in order to behold the idol of my heart. For this my cousins call me shameless, but what can I do, when my heart is not my own ? I curse the sun for not going down sooner that I may clasp my beloved to my heart. During even his temporary absence from home, I lose my appetite, being unable to taste anything that is not shared by him. I shut myself in my room, and weep away my time. My jovial mother cracks jokes at my swollen eyes. I bear with them, for I cannot deny it when my own organs of sight bear witness against me. Annually I perform the Savitri Vow, and worship the foot of my husband. Still I cannot secure my husband’s love. He madly falls in love with a pretty face, who laughs at his affection.”

Mukhoda seemed to forget that adulteresses themselves profess great attachment for their husbands, and practise most of the arts detailed by her in order to throw dust into the eyes of their lords.

“My precious jewel!” continued Mukhoda, addressing the sleeping girl, evidently thinking she had mollified her husband. “I see the marks of musquito bites over your lovely body. A stranger cannot supply a mother’s place, and take proper care of a child. Yet you would be leaving me, and prefer your better mother. “*Better mother*” indeed! Poor child! you were left out of the curtain all night, while she herself slept within. There is no gratitude in this world. I entrust her with the charge of my precious treasure, and she throws it at the foot of the bed. Really, the poor thing is bewitched; else why should it love to suffer so much at her hands? Ah! here is a large swelling caused by a vermin. Her bed is full of them: yet the child would prefer to sleep there.”

Ram, however meek, felt it impossible to bear all this.

“Don’t you be prating in that way. Bhooboneshoree is a pattern of cleanliness, and a god would forsake the heavens if he could find a place in her bed. *Your* bed is full of vermins, as the swellings over my whole body shew. Bhooboneshoree does not know how to take care of a child, indeed, and must needs take a lesson from you! All the boys and girls in this house are mad after her, and call her by the endearing name of “better mother” for the kindness and affection with which she treats them. Now you accuse her of spoiling Jogen with over-indulgence, then of neglecting her,—just as you find it your interest to express your grudge against that angelic lady.”

Before Ram could proceed further, Mukhoda furiously struck her hand against her head, saying “O God! am I doomed to see all this! My husband prefers the bed of my cousin! O shame! shame! Where shall I hide my face? not only my child, but my husband is bewitched. Had it not been for these two dear pledges of his affection, I would have at once put an end to my wretched existence. There is already a young gentleman converted into a lunatic by that witch’s charms, while Dwarik and Chunder have nearly gone mad after

her. May heaven preserve my dear husband's reason ! I wonder when he too is going to offer her his adoration, and kiss the dust off her feet."

Ram did not take any offence at this outburst, but only laughed. He was indeed extremely timid and good-natured, and could bear any amount of petulence and ill-humour from his wife, which even her jovial mother could not stand. It was fortunate that Mukhoda had got such a husband. For in spite of her professions of unbounded attachment, any other husband would have got rid of her by this time.

Mukhoda's cries and piteous lamentations having roused Jogen from sleep, the shameless child again wanted to go to her better mother. Ram could not help laughing, and taking hold of the girl's hand he raised her from her mother's lap, and conducted her out of the room. Mukhoda knew where he was leading Jogen, but surprized at the new spirit he had displayed since last night, did not remonstrate.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BHOOBONESHOREE'S MORNING OCCUPATION. HER FLIRTATIONS WITH THE GOD OF SLEEP MAKE HER NEGLECT HER DUTIES TOWARDS HER PUPILS. POWER TO DISCLOSE A SCANDAL MAKES A MAN TO BE A FAVORITE WITH THE LADIES. A HUSBAND'S CONDUCT AT THE PROSPECT OF AN EQUAL STRUGGLE WITH HIS "BETTER HALF." A TIMID HUSBAND MEETS WITH NO SYMPATHY FROM OTHER LADIES. THE GODS TREMBLE FOR THE SAFETY OF THE SKY WHEN STORMED BY THE LADIES. A DROWNING HUSBAND CATCHES AT A STRAW, WHICH CARRIES HIM SAFE TO A FORTIFIED CASTLE, WHERE HE IS ENABLED TO DEFEY THE ASSAULTS OF HIS WIFE, AND THOUGH SUSPECTING TREACHERY WITHIN THE WALLS IS VALIANT ENOUGH TO THROW OPEN THE GATES. A HUSBAND SUSPECTING HIS WIFE, IS NATURALLY ANXIOUS TO MAKE OTHERS BELIEVE HER TO BE ALL RIGHT.

RAM, (continued Preonath,) led the girl to the place where the other children had assembled around my charmer. Radhica having announced to them that their 'better mother' was at last going to leave them for her father's house, they had caught hold of the different parts of Bhooboneshoree's body and garments, and were imploring her to inform them if the news was true. As some were giving anticipation of the event, though

insisting at the same time that it could not be true; Bhooboneshoree was throwing out suggestions broadcast and laughing at her own ingenuity. The children having never found any reason to doubt her veracity, readily believed what she said, and called them liars that contradicted her statement. This was not the first time they thought that such rumours had been invented to frighten them. So banishing all anxiety for the future, they formed themselves into different parties, and, as usual, began to read or play under her direction and guidance. She however proved a very bad instructor this morning; for the God of Sleep, to make amends for the preceding night's fast, was kissing her eyes most greedily in spite of her efforts to keep him off, and it was not till 'mama!' sounded twice or thrice in her ear that she could satisfy the children's inquiries. The young ladies were anxious to know the cause, but she laughed as often as the question was repeated.

At this moment Ram arrived with Jogen. The latter ran up to Bhooboneshoree, and imprinted a fond kiss on her closed eyes. She started, and seeing Ram stand before her as if in profound contemplation of her face, said, "Cousin, why do you bring this girl again to me?"

"I assure you, sister," replied Ram, "if my child again bleeds from her mouth, I will bite off the nose of your cousin, however I may displease you thereby,"—and he opened and shut his mouth to shew how the operation was to be performed.

The ladies laughed, and became the more anxious to learn the events of the preceding night. They all approached Ram, and asked him to come and sit among them. Shoshee Mukhee regretted she had had no opportunity of cracking jokes with him for nearly a year. Chitra complained he had studiously avoided her for the last three months. Kadumbinee said her beauty had no attractions for him. Radhica sighed her pretty eyes and wit had lost their charm on him.

So in a moment Ram became a general favorite with the ladies, for no other quality than that he had some scandal or other to disclose. He was willing to satisfy

their curiosity ; for what man could resist so many charms strewn around him ? Nor was he the less anxious to make known the valor he had displayed the previous night. But he was evidently afraid of some one and repeatedly turned behind.

"Mukhoda is not here," swore Shukhoda by her eyes, though she forgot to satisfy those organs first on the point. Shosheemukhee swore by touching his person she had with her own eyes seen her go out.

But still Ram seemed to hesitate. The ladies encouraged him by the promise of excellent *páns* steeped in rose water. Ram breathed hard, and looked behind, ready to fly in case of necessity. Thereupon Shosheemukhee asked banteringly with what face he had threatened to bite off Mukhoda's nose. This last insult was too much for his brave spirit. He rallied his broken courage, and after coughing once or twice, commenced his narrative, when a little child came running from behind. Ram's feet, acting independently of his volition, at once carried him into the midst of the ladies. The latter shrieked ; Bhooboneshoree started in her sleep ; the affrighted children ran away in different directions ; while the culprit, not knowing what to say, scratched his head. This was followed by a tremendous burst of laughter. Ram in excuse pleaded that the child having run furiously, he had tried to avoid a violent collision, not for his own but for the child's sake. But as Ram still continued to shake from head to foot, the ladies sent peals after peals of laughter to the sky, which made the God of Sleep leave Bhooboneshoree in order to protect his abode from coming down. Finding his legs not subservient to his volition, Ram thought it advisable to sit down in order, as he said, to afford some rest to his weary feet. This occasioned fresh merriment. Bhooboneshoree, not knowing what all this meant, successively looked at the face of each lady for explanation, but they were in too merry a mood to be able to utter any thing intelligible.

To divert the laugh, Ram said that as it was growing late, he must go to wash his hands and face. But his

tormentors would not so easily let him depart. He asked them why they did not ask Bhooboneshoree who knew every thing. They replied that when he, a man, was so much afraid to speak out, how could a gentle lady dare to do it.

"Why, I am not at all afraid," said Ram, and unconsciously looked behind.

As a general tittering went round, he made one last effort, and raising his finger, described a large circle on his forehead. At the same time he drew up his figure to its utmost height, and holding his underlip tightly between his teeth, nodded his head, as if to say that *he* had achieved the feat.

"Fie, cousin!" cried Bhooboneshoree, "you should rather be ashamed of such an achievement."

"Do you see," said Ram, turning to the other ladies, "it is for fear of offending my beautiful and virtuous cousin that I have been so silent regarding the events of last night. I don't care any body else,"—and pretending to kill an ant which, he said, was biting his ankle, he stooped and looked through his legs, as he heard some one's steps behind.

The ladies scolded Bhooboneshoree, but she laughed only in return, while Ram flatly refused to give out the secret unless her consent was previously obtained. At this moment Bhooboneshoree was summoned to her grandfather's side, much to the disappointment of the children and joy of the ladies.

As soon as Bhooboneshoree's back was turned, the other ladies proceeded to put Ram to tortures. To give him greater courage, they carried him to a distant room, and shut the door, two ladies being posted outside as sentinels to give notice of the approach of danger. There was at first some difficulty in selecting these guards, as no one would consent to remain outside while the most interesting history was being recited within. To get out of the dilemma, Shoshêemukhee proposed that Ram should stand near the door and recite his narrative, so that ladies both within and without might hear him.

After these preliminaries, Ram commenced his narrative. He however continued to urge that all those precautions were not necessary, he being valiant enough to recite the whole in his wife's presence. But when he came to the middle of the narrative, a sound of footsteps made him halt. The ladies outside assured him that the sound proceeded from the boys in another room. He evidently suspected treachery, though he said he was not at all afraid. He coughed twice or thrice in order, as he said, to clear his voice, and then declared he had forgotten the rest. The ladies roared with laughter, and offered to open the door in order to satisfy him that Mukhoda was not there.

"Oh ! I do not care," muttered Ram, "whether she is there or not. Still it would be better to see if my beautiful and virtuous cousin has returned."

The door was opened, and after he had satisfied himself that his "beautiful and virtuous cousin" had not returned, he went on with his narrative, and brought it to a close, though often interrupted by the ladies who cross-examined him at every step. He expatiated on those parts wherein Bhooboneshoree had proved his wife's chastity by what he termed incontestable arguments, and did not forget to add some of his own. He loved particularly to dwell on the difficulty his fair and eloquent cousin had experienced in inducing him not to desert his partner.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FALSE EXPECTATIONS RAISED BY A FORGED LETTER. A BIG LADY PLAYS THE CHILD. A HINDU WIDOW'S FAST IN HONOR OF HER HUSBAND'S MEMORY. BHOOBONESHOREE'S MODE OF MOURNING. HER PHILOSOPHY AND PENTENCE FALSIFIED IN PRACTICE. HER DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE incidents mentioned in the preceding Chapter occurred, (said Preonath,) on the 22nd Aghran, the day previous to Merno's expected arrival. Merno had really no intention to come so early before the marriage, and leave her husband so long in the exclusive possession of a rival wife. In reply to her father's letter of invitation, she had written to him to say that she could not expect to be at his house before the 28th, but Dwarik had intercepted the letter and altered the date to 23rd with a view to turn the event to his own use. When forging the previous note in which he had made Merno announce her determination to free her daughter by force of arms, Dwarik had expected that such an announcement would induce the old man to send Bhooboneshoree to her father's, and thus enable him to carry her away. This object having been frustrated by the old man's sudden resolution to celebrate Jogen's marriage, Dwarik had hit upon the above plan to accomplish the same end.

So on the morning of the 23rd, Bhooboneshoree, being misled by the forged letter, stood on the roof of the third story of the house ; and thence surveyed the country around to catch a glimpse of her mother previous to her actual arrival at the house. Though no vehicle could be seen for miles around, still she lingered minute after minute, hour after hour, in the vain hope of seeing her mother's Palkee approach the house. It was now bathing time, and, as usual, she had to take the children to the tank. When immersed in the water, she thought she heard the voice of bearers singing in a loud chorus. Her companions did not hear it, but this she attributed to the imperfection of their organs of hearing. Then hastily arranging her wet dress around her person in the best way she could, she ran away, without caring whether she got a fall on the ground rendered slippery by the water trickling from her cloth. In less than two minutes

she was on the top of the three-storied house, almost gasping and exhausted with her unwonted exertion. Leaning on the wall, she surveyed a wide expanse of country extending on every side to the utmost bounds of the horizon ; but there were no bearers, no Palkee, no mother. She therefore returned to the tank, dispirited and dejected, amidst the hearty laugh of her cousins. Again when at dinner, hearing some one in the outer courtyard speak of bearers, she immediately left her food in spite of her aunt's remonstrances, and ascended her usual post of observation ; but though she constantly rubbed her eyes to sharpen her sight, she was obliged to return disappointed as before. The ladies asked among themselves if she had really passed the age of childhood.

A widow lady in our country, as you are aware, Doctor, takes only one meal a day, and, on the 11th day after the new as well as the full moon, is expected to fast so as not to drink even a drop of water during the 24 hours. Though this total abstinence is observed especially in some of the western districts, and not in the part of the country where Bhooboneshoree was born and bred, she was obliged to conform to it when in the house of her grandfather where the leading ladies came from Nuddea and the 24-Pergunnahs. Such a custom was no doubt "more honored in the breach than in the observance." But Bhooboneshoree did not like to shew her moral courage in breaking through a fast, which she regarded as a mode of expressing her grief at her husband's death. True, she had adopted a peculiar way of mourning of her own. For she had not only renounced those articles of food of which her husband was particularly fond when alive, but in commemoration of the day of his death, she religiously abstained every Friday from food, as well as from every pleasure and amusement, gave alms to the poor, and passed away her time in contemplation and prayer. Yet she did not like on the eleventh day of the moon to do any thing which might be construed into showing disrespect for her husband's memory.

The next day was the eleventh of the moon, and as no Hindu, after the age of childhood, can properly

return to an unfinished meal, Bhooboneshoree would be obliged to fast for two consecutive days in pursuit of the idle pleasure of seeing her mother's Palkee a minute or two before her (supposed) arrival at the house. Her aunts, after reviewing the consequences of her conduct, severely taxed her for her childishness, which, they said, was unbecoming in a grown-up lady. She penitently asked pardon for what she had done, laying it all to the account of a weak intellect.

Hardly had the words escaped her lips, when some children came running to her out of breath, and said hurriedly, "Mama! grandmother is coming at last. Her Palkee is in sight. Come and see. The Palkee is passing the mangoe-tope. It must now be at the gate. Come, and see, dear mother! do not delay!" and observing she would not stir, they caught hold of her neck, hands, arms, feet and waist, and wanted to drag her to the top of the house.

Still she refused to move; but there was, notwithstanding, such an appealing and beseeching look in her face, that her aunts commanded her to go and see. She walked slowly as long as she encountered the eyes of the elderly ladies, but when they were out of sight, she ascended the stairs with a degree of agility which left the children far behind. But all her trouble was in vain, for instead of her mother, she saw Monomohini's husband jump out of the Palkee before it touched the ground.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BHOOBONESHOREE AVOIDS THE YOUNG MEN, BUT IS PURSUED BY THEM UP TO THE LION'S DEN.—THEY SUDDENLY GROW ANXIOUS TO BE WISE, BUT INSTEAD OF LEARNING WISDOM, THEY LEARN TO LOVE. INEQUALITY IN AGE IS NO BAR TO CONJUGAL HAPPINESS. EFFECTS OF ENGLISH EDUCATION ON NATIVES. STORIES OF SATI AND RATI. AN EDUCATED NATIVE'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH HINDU LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE. HIS MANNERS, REFORMATION, IDEAS, &c. THE OLD MAN PLAYS MUSIC TO UNWILLING EARS.

BY this time, (continued Preonath), the house of Bhoo-boneshoree's grandfather was filled with guests invited to witness Jogen's marriage. Most of these were young men, being husbands of Bhoo-boneshoree's cousins. Some were personally acquainted with her; others were not strangers to her fame. They were all anxious to meet and to have a *teté a teté* with her, but she studiously avoided an encounter. When she happened to come across their path, she would smile courteously and, after exchanging a word or two, would retire on one pretence or another. That she might not be disturbed, she preferred sitting with her aunts, where the young men could not properly approach. But even there she was not safe; for if they ventured to intrude, her aunts would as usual run away,—an example which she could not properly follow. She chose therefore to pass her time almost wholly in her grandfather's room, which was generally avoided by the young men as a lion's den. For like most people of his generation, the octogenarian would spare no man, old or young, and compliment him with his choice epithets, often not knowing that these wounded others' feelings. Indeed, abuse was a necessary part of his speech, and he would employ it in expressing anger as well as affection. But it was not till this time that the young men discovered that it proceeded more from his mouth than from his heart, and that his disposition was naturally very affectionate.

He must, they said, be an extraordinary man who was the architect of his immense fortune, who ruled a large family with so much wisdom, and whose age did not seem much to impair either his bodily or mental faculties. They were of opinion that they could derive great ins-

great respect and attachment ; and that the neglect they had hitherto shown could only be expiated by attending on him night and day.

They therefore waited upon him in a body, paid him almost divine honors, and expressed their anxiety to obtain instruction from him in the arts of life. In the first place, they asked him to relate the stories of his boyhood. The conduct of Dwarik had much reconciled the old man to the present generation, and being highly flattered with their compliments and proposal, he launched forth into his stories. He made his narrative more interesting by interspersing it with scandals connected with the ancestors of his listeners. But the young men were highly delighted for all that. They even forgot themselves so far that they laughed when he wept, and wept when he laughed. This is not surprising when it is remembered that they were more intent on the present than on the past, looked more at the lovely rose blooming before him than heard what he related about beauties long since past and gone. This did not escape Bhooboneshoree's notice, who observing how she was gazed at, affected to be busy with her needle, though she plied it with surer effect on her finger than on the coat she was sewing. As long as the story continued, she did not stir from the place for fear of offending the old man, but when it was brought to a close, she stepped out of the room without being observed by him.

In the evening when she returned, the old man affectionately taxed her for leaving the room unasked.

"O ! Grandfather ! you were so much engaged with those young men that I thought you would not miss me."

"Not miss you, my child ! There is not a moment on which I do not miss you, for every thing seems to go wrong in my room when deprived of your watchful care and supervision."

The old man then proceeded to show how he was neglected by the whole household, no one excepting herself paying the least attention to his comforts. Before

he had exhausted the catalogue of his complaints, his supper was announced. While she was serving the food, the young men flocked from every direction, and gradually filled the room. On pretence of showing respect to the octogenarian, they became almost offensive in their attentions to his lovely grand-daughter. They quarrelled among themselves as to who should pour water to wash her hands, or present the towel for wiping them dry. They smoothed the seat, she was going to occupy, and cleared the place where her skirts were to fall. They fought over the casket containing the *pán* as to who should have the credit of handing it over to her. When she wanted to pound the stuff for the benefit of the old man's toothless gums, they took forcible possession of the pestle and mortar, saying that her hand was too soft for the operation. They took upon themselves to serve the pipe and satisfy the old man's fondness for smoking, alleging that her fingers were too beautiful to touch the nasty tobacco mixture, and too delicate for the fire.

As the old man, reclining on a huge bolster, proceeded to send volume after volume of smoke from his *hobble-bobble*, and to move the *pán* with his tongue from one side of his mouth to the other, occasionally varying the agreeable operation with mumbling a word or two, the young men began to discuss the events of the day, and thereby sought an excuse for staying in spite of the hint they had received for taking leave of him. One said he had been informed that Jogendra Mohini's intended husband was very much advanced in years. The old man refused to believe this, because the match-maker had assured him the bridegroom was not more than 30. This led to a discussion about unequal marriages. The old man contended that inequality in age had nothing to do with conjugal happiness, and in proof of his position, appealed to Sati's devotion to Siva, and said that the God of Love himself had for his wife a woman old enough to be his grandmother. The young men having been brought up in the English colleges, did not quite understand the former allusion. As for the

latter, their grandfather, they said, was wrong, and had evidently forgotten his classical studies.

"Cupid"—several voices cried out at once, "is it?"

The old man stared at them with amazement, while a smile rippled the fair cheeks of Bhooboneshoree, as she observed that her grandfather had alluded to Hindu and not to Greek Mythology.

"Is there a God of Love in Hindu Mythology?" asked Nobin in astonishment.

As Bhooboneshoree nodded in sign of assent, "why shouldn't we have one?" said Rakhal.

"But it must be all borrowed from the Greeks," sagely remarked Gopal.

"Has he got a bow and arrows, pray?" asked Nobin. This was followed by a second nod from Bhooboneshoree.

"There! you see," triumphantly observed Gopal, "it is all borrowed from the Greeks. The Hindoos have nothing original in their mythology, literature or science. Alexander, you know, invaded India, and there was a Greek kingdom in Bactria. This furnished the Brahmans with opportunities of enriching their Sastras. I can prove to demonstration that whatever is good in Hindu mathematics and astronomy, was all borrowed from the Greeks. What a pity the present Hindoos are so exclusive, and have managed to keep themselves so much aloof from their Mahomedan and English conquerors for the last 600 years. If we have made any improvement, it is only during the last ten or twelve years."

Nobin who was vastly amused at the information that the Hindoos had a God of Love, interrupted his merriment by asking if the God was blind. Bhooboneshoree shook her head. Gopal who was enjoying his triumph, did not perceive what Bhooboneshoree did, but concluding that she must have answered the question in the affirmative, cried with an air of exultation.

"Of course he is blind. After what I told you, you need not have asked that question."

Then perceiving that he was wrong in his assumption, he continued. "Not blind? how absurd! The Hindu has no idea of Love or of Beauty either."

Undeterred by the general laugh which his remark had elicited, Gopal went on to pour forth his antiquarian lore.

"I tell you, the whole Ramayan is a copy of the Iliad, Ráma being no other than Menelaus; Sitá no other than Helen; Ravana no other than Paris, Indrajit no other than Hector, and so on. The story of S'iva and Sati has been borrowed from the Hebrew Mythology. Who do you think is Mahádeva? He is the first male or *Adim*, that is our old friend Adam. Here the derivation is as plain as possible. You may ask me how is Durga derived from Eve. Durga is known as S'iva after her husband's name. Drop the "S" as superfluous,—you have hardly to change the *i* into *e* (both being pronounced alike) and *a* into *e* (neither being pronounced), and we have got *Eve*. You know I am considered an authority in philology. We, philologists, have often to substitute, not only one letter for another in order to solve a difficulty, but sometimes to change one word for another which to a layman does not seem to have the least affinity to it. By a similar process I could prove to you that the story of S'iva and Satí, as well as that of the God of Love have been borrowed from the Greek and the Hebrew Mythology."

The young men were no strangers to Bhooboneshoree's fame as a narrator, and were besides extremely anxious to hear her talk. They, therefore, earnestly entreated her to relate the story. The old man who had been dozing during the preceding discussion, now awoke and joined with them in the entreaty. Thus urged she was unable to refuse. But before she could shake off her nervousness, the young men quarrelled as to who should occupy seats near her, Gopal himself who said he had read the story in Lempriere, being as clamorous as the rest. The old man adjudged them precedence according to their age, but every one called himself older than the rest,—an exception to the common human weakness which makes us represent ourselves younger than we actually are. The old man thereupon cunningly proposed to give them precedence according to the ages of their

wives, regarding which there could be no dispute. At the same time he recommended the fair narrator to speak loud enough to be heard by all.

"Grandfather," said Bhooboneshoree, "you make so many preparations to hear a story which may be found even in so common a work as the *Annadā Mangal* of Báhrat Chandra, that I feel myself extremely awkward to relate it."

The young men generally assured her they considered it a horrid infliction to read Bengali books.

"Anuda Moongor" ! exclaimed Nobin, trying to give the words an anglicised pronunciation. "Is there any work in Bengali bearing that name ? How funny ! Again, who is Bárat Chandra ? Is he a historian or a biographer ?"

"To be sure," said Gopal, "Bharat Chandra is a writer on Hindu Mythology."

Bhooboneshoree said he was a poet.

"Is there really a Bengali poet ?" asked Nobin. "Never thought of it ! Has Bárat written a tragedy, a comedy, or an epic. No, it can not be. He must be a ballad writer. The Bengali language does not admit of good versification, there being no proper accentuation, nor are the words divided into syllables. Suppose I translate the couplet,

Achilles' wrath to Greece, the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly Goddess, sing !

How exquisitely ludicrous would it look in Bengali !" Here the speaker was seized with such a fit of laughter, that he was unable to proceed further with his illustration.

Being again urged to relate the story, Bhooboneshoree commenced with hesitation. This, however, wore off as she proceeded. She described Satí as young and beautiful, and devoted to a husband who was extremely old, filthy in his habits, eccentric in his manners, unfaithful to his marriage-bed, and begged for his bread from door to door. Unable to brook a slight shown to such a husband by his exclusion from her father's invitation, she vainly solicits the former's permission to pay a visit

to the latter's house. She then appears before him in various terrific shapes, and at last obtains his consent, her sense of duty to her lord not allowing her to go without it. Regardless of consequences, without fear or shame, she confronts her royal father in open court, but is personally insulted. Undeterred by so forbidding a reception, she manfully pleads the cause of her divine husband, but is only answered by greater indignities and reproaches heaped upon him. She curses her father for abusing her lord, curses her ear for hearing it, and curses her body to which that ear belongs. Her soul refuses to inhabit a body inherited from a parent so accursed, and amidst universal alarm, she is stretched a corpse. While her cause is being terribly avenged by her husband, who arrived with his troop of demons to her dying call upon him, she honors with her presence the womb of another queen, and in due time is ushered into the world. When quite a child she renounces the luxuries of her father's royal house, and retiring to a secluded spot, raises up her prayers to be united again to her beloved lord. Her husband tries her virtue by assuming various shapes, and asking her to accept the hand of a beautiful young prince in preference to an old eccentric beggar. But she remains faithful to the last. The Gods sit in council, and send Nárada, the sage, to negotiate the marriage. When everything is settled, the God of Love bends his flowery bow, and sends his arrow right into the heart of the bridegroom, who is intent on other and holier thoughts. The latter wakes, disturbed in his devotional contemplation, and, from his open eyes, darts an angry flame which consumes the God of Love. His wife Rati goes distracted, and erecting a funeral pile, sets fire to it. The pile blazes. The flame ascends the sky. The beautiful victim of Love goes round and round, and casting her eyes towards heaven, prays for reunion with the idol of her heart in a happier state of existence. She completes the seventh round, and just as raising her hands on high, she is about to plunge into the fire, heaven itself is melted and an unearthly voice reaches her ear. It commands her to

desist from suicide, and patiently wait for her husband's birth in the house of Krishna. Millions and millions of years pass away, and at last when the birth so predicted takes place, she assumes the garb of a menial and enters the service of the lady who bore her husband in her womb. She cheerfully submits to the degrading offices to which she is condemned, and at last flies from the house with her infant lord in her arms. The infant grows into a boy, the boy develops into a man,—surprised to see no change in his mother to whom youth appears eternal. But lo! she is no longer his mother, but reveals herself as his lost wife.

The above story was recited amidst profound silence, broken only by the old man's sobs and the young men's sighs. The thrilling interest of the narrative; the fair narrator's melodious voice and power of description; her own condition so much in unison with that of the heroines she described; the sympathy she felt for their suffering; and her own feelings which broke forth in spite of her struggles—electrified the audience on the spot. The silence continued for several minutes, even after the narrative had been brought to a close. The young men then proceeded to extol the narrative as well as the narrator. They praised both the matter and manner of treating the subject.

"I could scarcely believe," said Nobin, "that such affecting stories existed in the Bengali language, or that it was capable of expressing such beautiful ideas. I must thoroughly master the language, so as to be able to understand the book. Pray madam, what is the name of the book and who is the author."

Bhooboneshoree replied she had taken the story, not from one but from several works, such as, Kalidass's *Kumar Sambhava*, Kavi Kankan's *Chandí*, Bharat Chandra's *Annada Mangal*, &c. Nobin bringing out his pocket-book, began to take notes in English from memory and to make his own comments as follows:—

I. *Koomar* by *Kallydass*. I have met with this man's name somewhere. It must be in Mill or Elphinstone. He must be the man that has written the Sanskrit poem, called the *Surja Sidhanta*.

II. *Kunkun* by *Sambhu Kobi*. Kabi is of course a licentious song. Here it stands for the author of a licentious song.

III. *Chundee*.—No body need tell me what Chundee is. During the Doorga Poojah, the Chundee is read aloud by the priests for several days together.

IV. *Anada Moongar*, by Bharat Chandra, the ballad maker whom our antiquarian friend mistook for a writer on mythology. An antiquarian indeed! To take the Hindoo God of Love to be blind! A philologist to boot! To change S'iva into Eve! Probably he will next tell us that Aunda Mongor is no other than Mongo Park. Ha! ha! ha! "But I must now thank the lady for the nice story with which she has favoured us this evening."

Then looking at the fingers and nails of his left hand, he said in English :—"My dear lady! or I may call you 'angel of a lady' for you are no doubt an angel in human shape or rather a human creature in angelic shape! Vouchsafe to accept our thanks for the honor you have done us, and the agreeable treat you have given us this evening."

Having delivered the above with the affected tone and air of an Englishman, Nobin desired Gopal to translate it for Bhooboneshoree's benefit. Gopal was highly incensed at his trying to ridicule his pretensions as an antiquarian and philologist, and said he would not translate the effusions of a fool who preferred English to his mother tongue, when speaking to a native lady, though that lady was not a perfect stranger to the former language. Gopal pondered for a time to see if he could render his speech into Bengali, and at last declared that there were no corresponding Bengali terms for "lady," "angel," "vouchsafe," "thanks," "honor," and "treat."

"Sister!" exclaimed Rakhal, "I must own that had I been in your place, I could have hardly done better justice to the story. This you must admit is no small compliment to you who have not had the benefit of high English education as I have."

Then hearing a tittering around, he continued :—
 “some of my cousins perhaps, consider me proud, just as my fellow Amlahs in the judge’s court, out of envy at my influence with the Judge, call me haughty and overbearing. - But why should I not be proud? I was senior scholarshipholder in the Hindu College, carried off prizes and medals without number, and in the year I left it, was the third in the general list of scholars of all the colleges in Bengal. I am as good as an M.A. of Oxford. I can write and speak as choice English as any Englishman. Mr. Egerton in his report to the Sudder Court, dated the 10th June 1854, said ‘Rakhal is a very clever young man. He is one of the best educated natives I have ever come across.’ Mr. Loftus in his minute of the 17th August 1854 (in which my name occurs immediately after that of the Serishtadar, but above the Head Clerk) wrote: ‘*Babu Rakhal Chunder* is highly educated and deserves a better berth than the post of Translator.’ Mr. Fleury when recommending me on the 3rd April 1855, for the appointment of a Deputy Magistrate (which I shortly expect to obtain) remarked :—‘The *Babu* is a first-rate English scholar, and writes and talks very fluently in that language. He would do credit to the post.’ Mr. Ogilvy in his report, dated 7th May 1855, remarked :—‘My Translator’s services can not well be spared. I have a high opinion of his abilities and attainments.’ Mr. Ford having placed my name even over that of the Serishtadar remarked——”

Here fortunately for the audience, but unfortunately for Rakhal, whose memory was so overloaded with the contents of official reports that he found relief in discharging them at the head of every friend and acquaintance he met with,—he was abruptly interrupted by Jonardun.

“You need not read your testimonials, Rakhal. If you shew them to me, and I find you deserving, I will give you a good appointment.” Here a long rambling conversation ensued, the promising patron playing the great man to the best of his manners, and the expectant

protege showing off his parts to the best of his education. At the end of it the old man was heard to snore very vigorously. Not only his nose emitted music, but his lips, opening and closing with a sudden jerk in the act of respiration, joined in producing harmony. Unwilling to disturb his slumber, Bhooboneshoree silently rose to depart, and the young men were obliged to follow her example.

CHAPTER XXXV.

EFFECTS OF BHOOBONESHOREE'S FAST. SHEWS HOW HINDU LADIES VIEW THE SIGHT OF A WIDOW SAVING HER LIFE BY DRINKING WATER ON THE ELEVENTH DAY OF THE MOON. DINO MAKES HIS WIFE A WIDOW BEFORE HIS DEATH TO THE MUTUAL SATISFACTION OF BOTH. RETROSPECT OF BHOOBONESHOREE'S CONDUCT IN ATTEMPTING TO REFORM HER UNCLE AND TO AVERT HER AUNT'S JEALOUSY. HER REWARD. RECEIPT OF ANOTHER FORGED LETTER WITH FALSE FEAR, &c. BHOOBONESHOREE'S ELOPEMENT.

THE next morning was passed by Bhooboneshoree in great anxiety owing to non-receipt of news regarding her mother's movements. This, it must be remembered, was the eleventh day of the moon, on which she was prohibited taking even a drop of water. As she had fasted the previous day, and had to exert herself a good deal in entertaining the young men with her stories, she found herself extremely weak in the afternoon. She tried to keep up her spirits by joining in the plays and amusements of the children, but at last nature asserted its supremacy. The colour forsook her cheeks; her lips became pale; her smile, instead of diffusing joy inspired pity; her eyes sunk in their sockets; her feet refused to sustain her weight; her head reeled; and at last she fell into a swoon. Her aunt Bindoo and Lukshmi, who were ready almost to lay down their lives if they could thereby restore the smile to her cheeks, would not, however, dare to pour a drop of water into her dying lips, but taking her motionless body into their laps, indulged themselves in uncontrollable grief. The other women sat with their hands raised to their cheeks, as if there was no remedy for the evil which they deplored. Their

cries and groans at last attracted Dinoo to the spot. He damned the fair sex and condemned their superstitious beliefs and observances as preposterous, especially at a time when a most beautiful and lovely girl was at the point of death. "Had Heaven," he said, "observed the fading of such a tender and lovely rose, it would have sprinkled rain to restore it to its pristine beauty." Then snatching her head into his lap, he proceeded to feed her with cocoanut water and kernel, to the great horror of the ladies who stared at each other as if the end of the world was come, and the last incarnation of Vishnu had arrived in the person of Dinoo to root out the glorious Hindu religion from the face of the earth.

Dinoo repeatedly declared that he never felt more pleasure in his life than he did that moment, but whether his extraordinary happiness arose from the act of feeding his niece or from holding her lovely person in his arms, he did not explain. Bhooboneshoree did not, however, allow Dinoo to enjoy the happiness long. For as soon as she awoke to consciousness, she withdrew her head from his lap, and refused to take the drink offered her. This was of course attributed by Dinoo to the wretched coyness of the sex. Offended at being thus relieved of his burden, he made a motion to leave the room. But his fair niece caught hold of his hand, and implored him to stay. Dinoo again presented some cocoanut water to her lips, and this time she did take it, though she was evidently afraid of doing so on account of the ladies who were still sighing with all their might in the cause of religion.

"Oh what more shall we see!" cried Kadumbinee, whose overcharged stomach refused to contain her feelings any longer. This was followed by a simultaneous burst of louder sighs from the whole group.

"Ah! sister," said Mukhoda, "the sooner we die, the better!"—and her feelings having spread down to her legs, she sat down.

"Even the very sight is sinful!" cried Chittra, and the ladies with one consent, turned their faces from

the horrid spectacle of a young widow allaying her thirst, instead of retiring to an early grave.

When Dinoo made a motion to bring more food, Bhooboneshoree caught hold of his hand and kept it in her own. At this stage Dinoo's wife Rie observed that if a widow were to die for want of drink on the eleventh day of the moon, a drop of water was not even to be laid over her ear, lest that organ absorb it in the system.

"You mina, you witch," cried Dinoo in a rage, "may you this night become a widow that I may have the pleasure of seeing how you die by starvation! I will not allow you a single drop of water for days and days, and you shall fast and fast and fast, till you can fast no more."

Dinoo forgot in his rage that if his wife were become a widow, he probably could not survive to witness the misery of her widowhood. But whether his threat conveyed any meaning or not, his wife took it very ill. She first pouted her lips, then rubbed her eyes, and at last with one tremendous effort, burst into tears.

"Nothing," said she, "could give me more happiness than to become a widow! Why, dancing girls have already made me a widow, and the sooner my husband's wish is realized, the better will it be for all the parties concerned."

It is necessary to observe that Rie already regarded Bhooboneshoree with jealousy. Since the day Dinoo had openly expressed his wish to kiss his lovely niece, and to see her dance, Rie regarded her as if she was one of the dancing girls that had alienated her husband's affection from her. Often in Bhooboneshoree's hearing she would say with many a sigh:—

"I cannot dance as others do. Nor would I, perhaps, look beautiful if I were to dance. We, poor ladies, have been bred up in the way of our good ancestors, and have no ambition to become Christians. Let modern ladies present their cheeks to be kissed by their uncles. We, wretched homely women, love to reserve them for our

husbands. We may cry whole days in vain for an ornament. But there are some lucky ladies whom every man would like to present splendid bracelets and earrings in the newest fashion. For without these, they can not possibly do justice to the dancing. I wish I had a tall figure that I might look majestic with a magnificent necklace hanging on my breast. Suppose I wore such a necklace; have I any hope of being worshipped? Perhaps my feet are too small and my fingers too plump to entice young men to adore me."

Thus this spiteful lady went on, raking up all the compliments which her husband had ever paid to his fair niece's beauty. The allusions were too broad to be intelligible even to the simple-minded Bhooboneshoree. In spite of this, however, the latter tried very hard to bring about a better understanding between her uncle and aunt. As soon as her grandfather retired to sleep, she would every night wait upon Dinoo and thereby detain him from the society of his bottle and dancing girls. Dinoo considered her company and conversation so enchanting that at last he impatiently waited for her visit, and grew quite cross if she discontinued it. But she, like a wayward girl, began, on the contrary, to call less frequently than before. When Dinoo remonstrated, she smiled and said that she could not continue her visits unless her aunt accompanied her. Dinoo very reluctantly submitted to this tyranny, and sometimes even went on his knees before his offended wife to prevail over her to come to his room. If Dinoo expressed any wish to make a present to Bhooboneshoree, the latter asked some ornament which, when received, was made over to Rie. She commenced to vary the time of her visit, now paying it in the evening, and now in the morning. This had the effect of confining Dinoo in his wife's room for the night. As his niece was rather nice about her olfactory nerves and often refused to sit near him, whether his breath smelt of brandy or champagne, he gradually left off drinking except when in a party of pleasure, on which occasion the attractions of wine he said were almost as irresistible as the company of his lovely niece.

Had Rie cooperated with Bhooboneshoree, Dinoo's reclamation would perhaps have been complete. But Rie was so envious, and so jealous of her benefactress that she rather contracted than promoted her efforts. She attributed Dinoo's reformation to herself and often declared that had it not been for Bhooboneshoree's pernicious influence, she would have thoroughly reclaimed her husband long before. She could not tamely bear to see the almost servile attentions which Dinoo, forgetting or inverting their respective relationship, showed to his lovely niece. She had moreover found by experience that the more she inveighed against Bhooboneshoree, the latter tried the more to mollify her by making Dinoo embellish her person with ornament after ornament. She preferred, therefore, to keep up so beneficial an exercise of her tongue and spirits, though the benefits so conferred served, of course, only to aggravate her jealousy. To the outside world, Dinoo now appeared the model of a husband: the heap of his wife's ornament was thought to have expiated the multitude of his crimes, and his occasional irregularities were excused as naturally arising from the heat of male blood in his veins. The vanity of Rie rose in proportion. Her beauty and accomplishments which having slumbered so long, had now achieved such wonders toward their decline, could not, in her opinion, be inferior to those of Bhooboneshoree, though the perverse taste of her husband still preferred the latter to all the world. Poor Rie had no reason to repent of her sad mistakes till Bhooboneshoree went to her father's, when Dinoo plunged into excesses which astounded his former associates.

Now to return from this digression. The present occasion furnished Rie with fresh weapons against Bhooboneshoree. "We," said she, "are naturally shy to touch the person of our male relations. But there are women so fond of their uncle's lap, that they would feign a swoon in order to slip into it. (Here she shut her eyes, clenched her teeth and let fall her hands to shew how a swoon might be feigned.) We are shy to eat any thing,

or even to open our jaws in the presence of men. But some ladies are so vain of their small teeth and pretty mouth that they would expose them to view, if offered a bit of food, for the shew, and would swallow the hand that presented it."

No wonder, Dinoo found it impossible to thrust more than a few drops of liquid food into her mouth. This served merely to quench her thirst, but not to reinvigorate her exhausted frame. To add to her misfortune, her grandfather came in, to hand over to her a letter, announcing that her mother was lying dangerously ill, and wanted her to attend her on her death-bed. Had Dwarik been aware of her present condition, he would have spared this infliction at such a moment. For the letter was, as you might conjecture, a forgery, the news having been invented by the fertile brain of Dwarik, who had left the house two days before on pretence of having urgent business elsewhere. He had well calculated that such a piece of news would induce the old man to send Bhooboneshoree by hired bearers and servants sent over with the letter by Dwarik as if from her mother, the men having instructions to carry their charge to a retired place within his father's estates where he might make the attempt on her honor without fear of molestation. The story was implicitly believed in, accounting as it did for Merno's non-arrival on the preceding day. The strange faces of the bearers and servants did not excite suspicion, the urgency of the occasion it was thought, not having left any choice in the matter. The principal servant was of course examined on the subject of Merno's supposed illness, but he acted his part so well, and affected so much grief that it was generally understood that Merno was more ill than the fellow was willing to admit.

The condition of Bhooboneshoree's mind may be more easily conceived than described. It was thought cruel to break the news to her in her present state of total prostration from the effects of two days' fast. But as it was of the utmost importance that she should see her mother, if possible, before she expired, her personal comfort was of no consideration at this juncture. So

her things were hastily packed up, and just as evening closed, she set out for her father's, little knowing where she was really going to be conveyed, and what strange disasters fortune had in store for her.

THE TROJANS' CURSE

I

RAISE, raise the wail for Ilium lost !

By craft at last laid low ;
Ulysses, with his hidden spears,
Has dealt the fatal blow.

II

In vain Achilles fought and slew,
In vain brave Ajax bled ;
The Argive spear, the Trojan sword,
They raised but heaps of dead.

III.

Leartes' son, in crooked wiles
By artful Pallas taught,
At last before the open gates
The wooden fabric brought ;

IV

A horse, with golden trappings dress'd,
Which secret arms enwomb'd ;
The treacherous bait we heedless drew
Within the city doom'd.

V

Fraught with the slaughter of our race
By Pallas' shrine it stood ;
And when the gloom of midnight came
What deeds were done of blood !

The Trojans' Curse.

VI

Oh grief to Phrygians, serf and lord,
How bright the fires arose !
And how in sleep were warriors slain
By fierce, relentless foes !

VII

Oh wicked monster, lawless man,
Thy fiendish plot sped well ;
But dying curse of Trojans slain
Will haunt thy soul in hell !

VIII

Thou know'st not now what ills await
For thee on sea and shore ;
For ten more years thou yet must toil
Before thy griefs be o'er.

IX

Alone must cross Charyhdis' strait,
The savage Cyclops brave,
A refuge find in Circe's isle
When shipwreck'd on the wave.

X

In living form thou must descend
To Pluto's dismal shore ;
Then meet an angry, traitor band
At thy own palace door.

XI

Such are the ills the gods reserve
Oh, impious man, for thee !
And if thou findest rest at last,
Not long that rest shall be.

XII

For bloody man a bloody death ;
Such is the fearful doom !
A son will speed the forceful spear
That shrouds thy soul in gloom.

S.

THE TEARS OF ANDROMACHE.

I

" THEY tell me 'tis my wedding day ;
" The crowning woe is come !
" Achilles' son to be my mate,
" And love to feign where I must hate
" Such is the captive's doom !

II

" And I to him must lonely go,
" Leaving my son behind—
" Astyanax his father's pride,
" Who ne'er has left his mother's side—
" Much, much misgives my mind !

III

" What heartless fiend this scheme devised ?
" Perdition be his fate !
" The cowards fear that manly grown
" My son may fight for Troy o'erthrown ;
" What ills for him await ?

IV

" In vain, thou cling'st so fast to me,
" Sweet burden of my arms !
" I cannot save thy infant life,
" No force to shield hath Hector's wife
" From all their threaten'd harms.

The Tears of Andromache.

V

"Oh dearly prized! thy hapless doom

"I fain desire to know;

"Their vengeful hate unsated still,

"The darkest fears my bosom fill;

"What god will ward the blow?

VI

"Speak Talthybins, tell me what

"The assembled Greeks decree:

"Behold his likeness to his sire;

"Oh, will they grant my fond desire

"And spare the boy to me?"

VII

"No lady, no! his father's worth

"The Greeks remember well;

"Ulysses' voice his life demands,

"And with him shunt the Grecian bands,

"The news I loathed to tell."

VIII

"A child like this do warriors fear!

"Alas, my fair-hair'd boy!

"Even Hector's name's a curse to thee,

"Oh who will hearken then to me

"And save a widow's joy?

IX

"What wounds will smite thy tender limbs?

"What blow release thy breath?

"Thy body nurtured so with care,

"Since evil men refuse to spare,

"Soft be the clasp of death!

X

" Now lead me to my captor's ship,
" And hide me in its hold;
" A pleasant wedding this for me :
" May brides of Greece as happy be
" For ages yet untold !"

S.

HALF-HOURS WITH NATURE; OR, EXPLORATIONS FOR THE TRUTH.

I.—INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE author of these pages has often been asked to vindicate his religion. If he is not a Christian, nor a Mahomedan, nor a Buddha, nor a Hindu, what is he? And to this challenge he is anxious to give a distinct reply.

His case, he believes, is not singular. There are many people in the world who do not believe in any revelation beyond (1) the revelation of God in the visible creation, and (2) the revelation of His moral nature in our consciences. All other revelations appear to them to be, not impossible, but unnecessary. The revelations that speak with an assumption of authority as : "Thus saith the Lord !" seem to them to be intrinsically less persuasive than the revelations which simply indicate what God has done, and how His acts are to be understood. The pages of Nature tell us directly of God, of a moral law and a life to come ; and reason and conscience instruct us how to work out that moral law for our well-being both here and hereafter. What more then do we want? It is certainly simpler to believe directly from what we see that God is good and powerful, than indirectly that He is so because

it is so stated in some particular book which, on the force of contested evidence, professes to have come down from Him. The method observed in the latter is doubtless both short and easy, but for that very reason more repulsive than inviting. "This has been so ordered;" "this other thing is forbidden;" "if you do what you are told to do you go to Heaven"; "if you do not do what you are told to do you go to Hell:" such are the blunt dogmas enunciated by all book-religions in common. But the voice of Nature is more reasonable and less peremptory; it imparts instruction with gentleness and kindness, and deals out no threats but what its teachings may seem to imply. True religion is God's affair, much more so than ours; and He is sure to lead us right in His own way in the end. But the absolute truth cannot yet be known to us, notwithstanding the dictatorial tone arrogated by this and that particular religion. The light of Nature is therefore our best guide under the circumstances. We feel certain that we shall be judged by it, each according to the beam that lightens his path; and the necessity for accepting any other guide is not equally self-evident.

It is for these reasons that we do not seek, ask for, or accept any revealed religion whatever. The book of Nature we hold to be enough for all purposes; and, as it is open to all, and can be understood by all, we do not want any other, either to take its place or to confirm its reading. The being and general attributes of God can, in fact, only be demonstrated from Nature, since revelation to be trustworthy must come from God after His attributes have been proved. A revelation makes nothing true; it professes only to be an attestation of the truth. The truth must have independent rank and place; no attestation of it can constitute a truth. What was not true before cannot be made true by any revelation; what was contradictory to reason before cannot be made reasonable by it. If the mind refuse the proofs offered by Nature then and then only could the testimony of other revelations be required—that is, if they could in such case carry any weight. We hold that our

position is not so bad as that ; that the revelation of Nature is the best and fullest of all revelations ; that it can be read by all and be misread by none. Science may understand it better than unaided human reason ; but it is sufficiently clear even to unaided reason for all the edification we actually stand in need of. Of this book, says Volney : " It is primitive, immediate, universal, invariable, evident, reasonable, just, and of itself sufficient." Locke also says : " There is a law of nature as intelligible to a rational creature as the positive law of commonwealths." Why then should we need another ? The proof of revealed religions is limited to revelations to particular persons, at particular times and places ; the proof of natural religion is available to every one, and at all hours. The former we receive mainly by faith ; the latter by reason alone. " The first principle of religion," says Bacon, " is right reason." Reason is, in fact, the only faculty by which we can judge of anything whatever, not excepting religion. Are we wrong then when we accept that as our guide in preference to faith, which we may or may not command ?

The really sound Christian does not consider Christianity to be distinct from natural religion, but only its explanatory and confirmatory supplement ; and this sentiment is largely shared in by most of the other religionists also. But those who are not born Christians, Bráhmans, or Mahomedans, may well doubt the necessity of any such supplement. God has given his works and the means of studying them to all ; and, if the proofs in them be obvious, why should we ask for more ? All other revelations prove themselves by miracles. We do not say that miracles are impossible ; we cannot say so, for almost everything we see around us is miraculous. But we do object to miracles here and there exclusively when there was apparently no need for them : for the especial miracles of Christianity, for instance, there could have been none. There is nothing in the whole scheme of Christ that is not contained in the facts and laws of Nature. It has only gathered to itself the general truths that were believed in from the

dawn of being. Not a rag even of its decorations is absolutely new, except it be those particular dogmas which have made it unacceptable by ordinary minds. Why should we go out of our way then, to believe that this religion was especially announced to the Jews for the salvation of mankind, when the law of salvation is more forcibly inculcated to all of us—to Jew and Gentile, the Englishman and the Hindu—in every page of Nature before us?

Nature demonstrates her own principles, and the demonstration is very clear. It is so clear, that we doubt exceedingly if Atheism has ever really existed, except as a whetstone for the sharpening of arguments. We know that some contend even now that there is no God; but when we come to discuss with them we find that they only object to the name, and accept the idea easily enough when we call it Cause, Nature, Mind, Law, or Providence. They admit, in fact, almost all the main conceptions of religion, not excluding Duty, Right and Wrong, and Futurity; and are set down as non-believers merely because they entertain a string of dogmas peculiar to themselves and broadly distinguished from those of Christianity. One great stumbling block with them, for instance, is: "Is it He or It?" We for our part see nothing in the difficulty implied in the question except a distinction without a difference; for what is the difference between he, she, or it, when we make use of any of those expressions in speaking of the Infinite Mind? It is hardly right to say of such crotchets that they are atheistic. Of the small minority of thinkers, namely, those who think deepest on the subject, the religion must be self-formed, and therefore tinged by idiosyncrasies peculiar to each. But these are just the men whose beliefs are the staunchest, as being based on reason and common sense. Socrates' account of his wisdom was that he knew only that he knew nothing: Simonides' conclusion was therefore right that man by wisdom knew not God. But surely Socrates knew God as well as any Christian has ever done. What little we do know of God we know only by wisdom or reason,

that is, by looking about us. We look about us indeed with different eyes, and natural religion comes thus to be diversified in a thousand different ways and by a thousand different influences. The human mind is necessarily an essential factor in the case, and differences in knowledge and wishes cannot but produce varying results in different minds. But the truth intrinsically is the same. Whether we call him He or It, First Cause or Force, it is still the "Father of all" whom we revere and adore. We cannot afford to give up that idea any more than we can afford to give up the air we breathe, or the water we drink. The man of the woods talks of his God in language which the philosopher admires; and if the philosopher chooses to speak of the same being as "It" instead of "He," he can surely be permitted to do so unblamed, so long as that does not in any way depreciate his estimation of the truth. The epochs of thought are changing generation by generation, and that accounts fully for all little differences of this nature. But in point of fact the actual difference between the belief of the philosopher and of the savage is not really very considerable.

It has been argued by some that the whole system of natural religion, in its simplicity could never have been reasoned out by man clear of the grossest mistakes and superstitions. But it is sheer nonsense to talk thus when we know very well that there were just as good believers of God before Christianity and Mahomedanism were known as there have been since. Christianity and all so-called revelations are only digests of the laws which were known, understood, and acted upon in previous ages. Light and knowledge in whatever manner afforded are equally from God. Religion is only the process by which we think ourselves up logically and consecutively into the region of the universal; and there is quite as much of it indicated in the pages of the Veds and the Zendávestá, of Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, and Plato, as in the Gospels, the Old Testament, and the Korán. In the pages of the former will, in fact, be found *all* that is true, just, pure, and lovely in any of the latter: and.

if there be traces of superstition too in some of them they are only the corruptions of age, such as, the Vatican, would have foisted into the Gospels if they had existed in manuscript to this day. They are all of them religious codes of equal authority with the Gospels, and, barring their corruptions, worthy of belief where their confirmatory evidence may seem necessary. Reject the superstitions, which are admittedly false, and one is as good as another.

We hold, however, that the evidence of none of these revelations is necessary to understand the ways of God.

We stand by *our book*, that book only, and none other; namely, the book of Nature, which demonstrates every thing that we want to know of God—to as wide an extent as any revelation has ever attempted it. A grain of sand, a blade of grass, has as many proofs for minds not devoid of reason as all the books we have named can afford. We allow no sanctity to any book whatever; we hold that there can be no sanctity or authority in them. All the religions expounded by them are, we find, mere constructions only, constructions out of the same materials in every case, namely, those culled from the pages of Nature. The historical forms given to them severally are equally unimportant, whether they take the shape of superstitious falsehoods or of pleasing parables and legends. Neither parable nor superstition is religion. One way read better than the other, but they are both mere decorations, to suit different tastes as they have varied in different ages and countries. This, we say, is all the difference between Bráhmaism, Buddhism, Christianity, and Mahomedanism. That Christianity is the religion of the cleverest races of the earth is only because it is, or seems to be, the best of the compendiums of nature-worship extant. But the underlying current in all the compendiums is the same; and in every case the truth is borrowed truth, borrowed from the pages of Nature, which alone are absolutely true.

This is our vindication of the faith in us, which we shall now proceed to propound.

II.—THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE DEITY.

Is there a God? This is the very first question to answer, and Nature answers it boldly and unhesitatingly, by pointing out a stupendous unity regulated by an intelligent order of development. The unity presumes an architect and a single architect; the order of development an invisible orderer: and no deduction can be more logical. A mathematical proof of the Deity may not be possible, for the simple reason that He cannot be brought before the senses; but we have abundant proofs around us for knowing Him and His ways. Neither one nor the other can be demonstrated, for demonstration is based on sensual evidence, which is not obtainable in this matter either from nature or from local revelations; but they can be proved to conviction by observation, and proofs based on observation and inference are quite as undeniable as those of the senses. We believe daily in a thousand things of which we have, and can have, no demonstrative proof. Must we decline to do so in one particular case only?

God is not to be seen except through his works; but the footprints of the Deity in them are strongly marked. We cannot open our eyes in any direction but to read traces of Him. View the world as an astronomer, a geologist, or a botanist; as a zoologist, a metaphysician, or a doctor; as a traveller or a mariner, the mind contemplates on nothing that does not place God prominently before it. Not only are art and design perceptible at every step, but a vigilant and continuous government also; and the question constantly arises: Who is this Designer, this Artist, this Director? Our own faculties are so limited that we get bewildered in thinking of Him; and hence the anxiety to draw a veil as it were between us and the idea by the use of such indefinite expressions as Nature, Providence, Fixed Laws, and Fate. But call Him by what name you please you cannot deny the existence of a first intelligent cause that produces and directs; that keeps every thing in order and har-

monizes every element of discord around us : and what objection is there to call him God ?

God has revealed himself in all His works, and the revelation is so simple that the poorest intellect cannot miss it. The heavens with their sun, moon, and stars ; the earth with its trees, plants, birds, and animals ; our own bodies and minds, are all replete with lessons of art, order, and wisdom which are intelligible to every body ; and observation, knowledge, and science only confirm these simple readings. First read the universe with the naked eye,—the never-ceasing order, beauty, and regularity in the heavens, the infinity of objects, animate and inanimate, on the earth, the proportion, harmony, and mutual dependence of the several parts in both to each other,—and the conviction is irresistable that an ever present Mind, distinct from the system it has planned and finished, works it and pervades it, as its essence or life ; and all that science has discovered up to the present day only goes to confirm and intensify this belief. Design, purpose, relation of parts to a whole, of means to an end, these are all the discoveries made by science from day to day ; and they only come in as tributary witnesses of the truth which was already known, that there is a Designer and Contriver, a Protector or Governor, who directs every thing and rules over all.

Is the Universe without God ? The regions of immensity are above and around us,—not vacant, but chokeful of immense orbs, compared to which our earth is as a grain of sand. In the solar system there are some sixty planets and their satellites, and yet our sun is only one of the many shining lights that glisten above us. Even viewed by the naked eye we see a multitude of stars quite distinct from those that move round the sun. With the aid of glasses science has already counted more than twenty millions of them, but from sheer weakness is unable to count more. The milky way is a pathway crowded by them ; the nebulous clusters are so distant that the light from them reaches us in millions of years. Does this convey to us any idea of the magnitude of the universe ? The nearest fixed star (*a*

Centauri) is estimated to be about twenty millions of miles distant from us. Have we the power after this to conceive what immensity is? And yet all these revelations have reference to one firmament only. Science imagines the existence of innumerable other firmaments from which light does not reach us, and which are therefore not visible to us. How vast then is the universe which science has not explored? No human power or invention is capable of representing any correct idea of it. Science represents our conceptions by figures, but figures have limits. How can science then represent what has none? Science is ignorant; and we want wisdom, wisdom to grasp that idea the fulness of which we can scarcely even imagine. The story of St. Augustine and the boy is well known. The monk was pacing the seashore meditating on God, when he saw a little boy pouring seawater out of a cockle-shell into a hole in the sand. "What are you doing?" asked he of the child. "Oh, I am trying to empty the "ocean into this hole." "But that is not possible, boy; you are wasting your time unprofitably." "And so are you, sir," said the boy, "in endeavouring to compass the infinite within the limits of your brain." This is our great difficulty; we have not room enough in our minds to compass him: and to the lettered and unlettered the disadvantage is the same.

The general character of the solar system is now familiar to the common intelligence; but has our familiarity with it made it less astounding? In these days of Armstrong and Krüpper projectiles we are accustomed to startling velocities; but do they approach the velocity of the heavenly bodies? Jupiter, which is 1400 times larger than the earth, moves round the sun with a velocity of 29,000 miles an hour, the earth with a velocity of 68,000 miles, Mercury with a velocity of 107,000 miles, the comets inconceivably faster—some at the rate of 900,000 miles an hour. Can the mind grasp the ideas thus called forth? And yet what does science reveal but that, notwithstanding their vastness and their velocity, the heavenly orbs move through space, without the

slightest confusion and disorder. There is no jostling against each other, no collision. Can natural causes explain the phenomenon? It is easy to reply that this is the work of gravitation. But what is gravitation? Is it a thing by itself, or a name by which we generalize the phenomenon we see before us? Man codifies the acts of God into laws, and then thinks those laws to be distinct from Him! By seeing the same objects every day the mind gets accustomed to them, and attributes that to fixed laws which no fixed laws could have originated. Who or what gave birth to gravitation? Are we to regard it as a mere accident called forth into existence by chance, and perpetuated by it? Such a position would only plunge us into yet greater difficulties. Science tells us that our sun and the other suns that we call stars are revolving round a common centre, that the universe is one harmonious whole, without any appearance of disorder or disruption. Has the whole of this bewildering magnitude, every inch of which comprises more design and intelligence than man can fathom, and is regulated by a principle which he cannot explain, has this stupendous conception and this masterly execution of it no contriver but chance? Chance works in a slovenly manner, without order, arrangement, and contrivance. But what do we see in the universe, so far as we can see of it? A whole formed of parts dovetailed to each other; parts expressly chosen to form an appointed whole. The universe is in motion, eternally and restlessly. A degree more or less of this motion would put all nature out of joint. Shall we still attribute the origin and general concordance of the whole to chance? Then that Chance, so powerful, so intelligent, and so methodical, is God!

We speak of the universe as though our minds could embrace it. But no one can conceive it but the Infinite. Let us come back then to a more limited field of inquiry—to our own home, the earth, of which we ought to know more. Here also, even the unscientific eye observes the same clear marks of design and wisdom, the same coherent dependence of parts, the same constantly

subsisting relation between them in forming a whole, the same action and reaction between means and ends ; and science confirms fully and completely the conviction of the unlettered mind. We read the earth now with the aid of Geology, Chemistry, Botany, &c. Geology tells us that the earth has been formed by disruptive agencies and atmospheric, agneous, and organic influences into the appropriate abode for man it now is. This is absolutely telling us nothing but the way in which the creative and designing mind has moulded the agencies to such magnificent results. The evidence of Chemistry and Botany is precisely similar. They only explain the *modus operandi* whereby the earth fulfils the object today which she has done for ages, to suit the changing necessities of the hour. What does Chemistry teach more forcibly than this that the foulest refuse thrown out by man furnishes vegetation, plants, fruits, and flowers for his convenience and happiness ? But who does it ? Science only explains how it is done. Man discovers ; but what ? He discovers only what God has created. Man invents ; but what ? His invention only takes advantage of Nature's laws and provisions. What is the steam-engine and the electric telegraph—the noblest proofs of his greatness—but applications of God's laws and gifts ? He calls himself clever when he is able to use the means made available to him. But whence come those means ?

The earth deserves attention if only for the beauty it displays and the instruction it affords. The proofs of an intelligent First Cause are abundant in it, for everything we come across exhibits a design. There is no place for chance anywhere, or in anything whatever. If Geology is to be trusted not six thousand but perhaps sixty thousand years were necessary to create the rocks, hills, and mountains of the earth. Before those ages and ages there were other worlds, the worlds of vegetables and coals, which are separated from the present surface of the earth by layers of sand and clay ; and these again were preceded by anterior worlds, before the worlds of vegetables and coals were made. Here

we have the clearest proof of design and progression, none whatever of accident or chance. The ruggedness of the earth's surface, the existence of volcanic mountains, the disruption of strata, were all designed, for they all answer the purposes of a wise government and contribute to the production and renewal of the soil. Here is the very perfection of intelligence to conceive, the very perfection of wisdom to adopt, the very perfection of power to execute ; and the same lesson is constantly repeated in everything else around us.

It is the same lesson we read both in the vegetable and the animal world ; nay, in every variety of animals, birds, insects, and plants. Each presents a study in itself, and the mere mechanism of each affords abundant proofs of perfection of design ; a design which we can barely appreciate, but to which we cannot give effect ourselves, nor know of any power besides Omnipotence that can give effect to it. The animal machinery for instance is, we see, a most ingenious and intricate one, of which the directing power is mysterious, imparted mysteriously, and taken away mysteriously. The directing power is given before the machinery is thoroughly organised ; it is taken away when the machinery is still nearly perfect. Man has not been able to restore it to the dead machinery ; but God gives it to the machinery while it is inchoate. Take the machinery into parts and examine it more carefully. Observe only the construction of the human eye ; how infinitely nicer it is than the most finished telescope or camera obscura : and shall we say that the latter have designers and creators, the former none ? Observe the bones, the tendons, the veins, the arteries, the nerves, and the muscles of the human frame, and you find more art and better adjustment of proportions in them than in St. Peter's dome or the Táj Mehál ; more minutely beautiful mechanism than the best mortal artist can conceive : and shall we say that they have no architect because we cannot find Him ? Observe a bird's feather—the very commonest will answer our purpose as well as the rarest ; see how it is formed by the putting together of distinct parts, atoms,

and fibres, all of which together make up the beautiful whole. Is there no designer of it? Tear the feather into pieces: can you re-assort the fibres or atoms differently and produce the same or an equally good effect as before? One cannot well imagine a more insignificant thing than a gnat, and yet its anatomy examined through the microscope displays marvels as great as the planetary system. The smallest leaf, the smallest fibre of a leaf, contains within itself all the functions of composition and decomposition under the principle of life; each part of it exhibits proportion, order, and skill, and is precisely what it ought to be to answer the end held in view in its formation. A blade of grass shows as much skill and finish as the sun. Its fibres, its cells, its air-valves, its spiral tubes: can any chance produce them? A grain of sand is composed of thousands of silicious shells: how many of them then are comprised in the mountains of the earth? A drop of water has millions of lives in it: how many of them then are contained in the vast ocean? Can any man reason himself to the conclusion that all these innumerable wonders have been formed, exist, and are sustained without having any author or director?

We have not advanced a single evidence here which was not known before. The page of Nature is the same to-day as it was six thousand years ago, and there is absolutely no new evidence to adduce. But science is explaining day by day the mysteries of the evidences known to us, and that enables us the better to appreciate the greatness and beauty of the design about and around us. Every new discovery of science removes further and further the faintest possibility of chance having ever had any hand in the matter. The necessity of a creator and designer is enforced more and more strongly at every forward step that is taken. Of many parts of the arrangement the causes are yet unknown to us; but our ignorance furnishes us with no argument against intention and design. Science is explaining away these difficulties steadily; we see intention and design wherever the veil is lifted, however little the opening may be. We see one law or general principle

everywhere; while departing from it there are details under specific variations. The conception or plan is one; its execution is in parts, but all conforming to the one design. The resources available to the Artist, we see, are unlimitable; and the manner in which He utilizes them is, so far as we can understand it, perfect. We do not admit this in words merely, but in practice also. The efforts of human ingenuity have been confined to imitating the invention, ingenuity, and design we see around us. Notwithstanding that all our efforts are confined to mere imitation we are crossed at every step by difficulties which we cannot always easily get over; but in the design we imitate there are no difficulties at all.

We search for the Artist but do not find Him. The telescope does not discover Him, though it brings nigh to us the star the light from which takes millions of years to reach the earth; the microscope does not reveal Him, though it enables us to detect the existence of animal life in stones; the science of the chemist, which separates oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon from each other, does not separate Him from His works. Why is it so? or is it so really? The anatomist with scalpel in hand examines the human body, looking through the bones, brains, and blood, but sees no soul. Is there no soul in us? Let each man answer the question for himself, and then say if there is no God in the creation before him. Alas, we have no means, no knowledge for detecting the soul! But the very thought of the Deity is a proof of His existence. It is the testimony of that soul in us which the anatomist will never discover, that the universal frame has a mightier soul. We do not mean that God is nature and nature God, any more than we mean that the human soul and the human body are one. For the whole series of causes and effects around us we claim a First Cause; for all the various operations and forces which we are able to detect we want an Operator; for the entire chain of agencies and affinities which science has established we seek, not their Creator only, but their Preserver and Governor also, for we see them constantly reconstituted and modified. Newton's conclusion is that the universe is a machine, and that God is the great workman who has made it.

ble, that this beautiful system could have its origin in no other way than by the purpose and command of an intelligent and powerful being who governs it. To ask of the whence and how of that being is an inquiry foreign to man, and does not really arise. We call him First Cause, Soul, and Governor, and hold that the same necessity that proves His existence proves Him to be eternal and immutable. All things, causes, effects, ends, designs, uses, and laws confirm this conclusion at every point. What revelation other than that in the pages of Nature could establish this more forcibly ?

III.—THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE DEITY.

THE existence of God established we have next to determine if He has any attributes, and, if so, what they are. Our idea of God is wholly derived from two sources, namely, (1) from the outward manifestations of Him, and (2) from the inward teachings of conscience; and, we hold, that the first, or the outward manifestations, prove all His attributes both physical and moral; the proofs of His moral nature being yet further confirmed by the second. The attributes usually conceded to Him are: Omnipresence, Omnipotence, Omniscience, and the perfection of Wisdom, Goodness, Love, and Purity; and we are quite prepared to prove these by the every evidences which substantiate His existence. Contrivance implies a contriver,—contriver, adequate to the results attained in each case. Where the results prove greatness, the contriver must be great; where the results prove wisdom, the contriver must be wise; where the results prove beneficence, the contriver must be good. The existence of this Contriver from eternity is established by the very nature of the contrivance before us; His intelligence by the intelligence displayed in it; His goodness and justice because of such things being known to us. The real nature of God cannot but be incomprehensible to man; the finite intelligence can never transcend its own nature to comprehend the infinite; our knowledge of the infinite is merely negative, resulting from the addition of an indefinite number of finites. But the addition being indefinite, the idea attained is as positive and certain as human reason can ever expect to make it; and it is very clear that the assistance of no merely local revelation can in any way better it. We see parts only of God's works, it is parts only that we can conceive, and when we speak of the whole universe we only mean the sum-total of as many parts as it is possible for us to conjoin. Our conception of the Master of the Universe

must necessarily be similar ; our thoughts are not sufficiently expansive to allow of the full conception of His attributes : but the limit of the idea is that only of our faculties.

The vastness of the universe, and the skill and power by which it is sustained, baffle human thought to compass it. Of power therefore there are abundant proofs. But humanity has now correct idea of Omnipotence ; we cannot conceive it, and therefore can never prove it. What we can prove is only this : that He who has ordered the universe, He who is directing and controlling it, can, as a matter of course, do anything except what is contradictory to His own design, that is, what he can never wish to do. If He had worked with His own hands this would have been clearly manifest ; but, as He does not do so, we attempt to limit His potency by speaking of "general laws" and "laws of nature" as having created or as directing, the Government of the universe. But this does not circumscribe His power, for if anything can be clear it is this, that the laws act only as His agents ; that the maker of the laws is not subject to them. In point of fact we know very well that the departures from fixed laws are very frequent. Uniformity, order, and precision mark the general rule, but still are there constant departures from them, as if to prove the arbitrary and intelligent will that really directs and governs. Fitness and correspondences surround us ; but even the fitness and correspondences are infinitely varied, and are so full of especial ends and adaptations as to leave no doubt of the untrammelled authority of the First Cause. Both the laws themselves and the departures from them are therefore, our proofs of an over-ruling Omnipotence. What are the laws of Nature by which the orbs of heaven are sustained ? First, the projectile force that hurled them into space, and next, the force of gravitation that keeps them steady. You cannot call either, or both of them together, God, for you see that they were created to answer a particular end. What then are they but proofs of the power that summoned them into existence to give effect to His design ? So far as we can unders-

tand then, there can be no limitation to the power of the designer. He may not be able to make three one, or one three ; He may not be able to equalise the properties of circles and squares ; He can most assuredly do nothing that is not just, good, and wise : but these are the only limitations that limit Him, and they are limitations fixed by His own nature. To say that God cannot do these things does not qualify his Omnipotence in the least. It only imposes a moral duty on Him : and as the ideas of right and wrong emanate with him, we see no objection to say that He is subject to such duty.

The Omnipresence of God is proved in precisely the same manner as His Omnipotence. Wherever we see creation there the Creator must be present ; He who arranged all the parts of the universe must have been present at all places at one and the same time to arrange them ; He who communicates life everywhere, and directs every change that is going on around and about us at every instant of time, must be present now as before at every place. This is not mere supposition, but the evidence alike of lettered and unlettered intelligence. Science asserts that the planetary system must have been created or arranged and put into motion at once, because a permanently-balanced system of bodies and motions does not admit of being so balanced except from the commencement. He who balanced them must necessarily have been omnipresent from the outset. But it is not for once only that this omnipresence was required. Science tells us again that every part of the universe is changing, expanding, or being modified day by day ; that such change is a necessity, as its effect is restoration ; and that this renovation is perpetual. This, to some extent, comes within the cognizance of all of us, book-learned or otherwise. We often see clearly, within the range of our respective observations, that a constant formation, creation, and reproduction is taking place in different parts of the universe, and that each part of it is working itself out apparently in ignorance of what its neighbour is doing, without the general design being ever confounded or frustrated. The proof is irresistible

that the general designer and director of all is present, at each moment of time, at each distinct part of his works, to give effect to the renovations required, developing what requires to be developed, and winding up what requires to be terminated. This is Omnipresence ; and, not only God Himself, but even certain of His agents may be held to possess the quality, so far as human conception of the subject extends, as for instance gravitation, which is supposed to hold together the universal system.

In the same manner the Creator and Renovator of the different structures and forces in the Universe must be conversant of everything relating to those structures and forces. His design is in itself, in fact, the best proof of this knowledge. He designed because He knew ; He could not have designed if He had not known. We have only now learnt to calculate the speed of light, the cause of planetary motion, the course of the comet ; but the being that designed them must have known them from the commencement of His design. Till very recently our impression was that the earth was stationary, that the sun moved from east to west, that the moon was nearly equal to the sun in size, that the stars were bits of fire stuck up in the heavens to lighten the earth. Our knowledge therefore is merely nominal ; we know this only that we know nothing. We do not even now understand fully the design for the propagation of plants, trees, insects, birds, and animals ; but we see that they are all produced and propagated with an exactness of detail that we attribute to the laws of nature. Among the animals are those which prey on others and those which are preyed upon ; but the design is perfect in its measures for preventing the extinction of one, and the undue multiplication of the other. These are positive proofs of the constant knowledge of the designer throughout the limits of His design, and as this design extends everywhere so His knowledge must be unbounded. He perceives everything and provides for every contingency, and an universal perception is only another name for universal knowledge, at least so far as

physical nature is concerned. The same argument holds equally well as regards moral nature also. All moral powers and affections are from God ; He is the chief as well of intellectual and moral as of physical existences, and therefore must be absolutely all-knowing. As regards the past this is only a question of memory ; He created and would know, and, as there is nothing before us to impugn His perfectness, the inference is that He must continue to know. The Omniscience of the future seems more difficult to establish, but really is not so ; for, seeing that the whole design is His, the conclusion is inevitable that He knows His design fully. In morals there is this further difficulty involved that the foreknowledge of God conflicts with the freewill of man. But, if God knows His whole design with its results, He must know the moral future also, as all events—physical and moral—exist in Him. An intelligent God must know all ; the very first principle of existence is intelligence, and the author of it must be all-knowing. But God's foreknowledge does not necessarily influence man's choice. He who created the mind will know of course as much of it as of the body, and of both equally well forever ; but He only *knows*. He knows what will happen just as He knows what has happened ; but His knowledge does not necessarily direct our actions.

The contrivances of the Deity are vast and various. The inanimate earth, the animated world, the planetary system with all its contents, form together an enormous whole the bare conception of which staggers the human mind. But is it its vastness only that strikes us so forcibly ? What does astronomy, mathematics, geology, botany—all the sciences in fact—assert but that throughout the boundless universe wisdom and intelligence are as manifest as regularity and power. The study of the physical and moral causes demonstrates with equal force that they are both alike dependent on wise, regular, and salutary laws. Order universally proves wisdom, and the works of nature are everywhere orderly and well-regulated. We are averse to refer again and again to the heavenly orbs, of which we know so little ; but we know enough

of them now to appreciate the wisdom of the arrangements and rules by which they are governed. The solid and insensible earth, we see, is alive with motion, teeming with life. It was not created complete, is not complete yet, will perhaps never be complete. It is always changing, something or other is being always created. With what wisdom are these changes effected, with what facility are all difficulties in their way overcome and the perfection of results attained! Take up any thing of the earth, from a spire of grass to the bulkest animal frame, and the lesson is the same. The structure of the human body is the one that has been most carefully examined, and what is the result? The machine is so perfect that no improvement of it can be suggested, no defect of it rectified. The brain is an inexplicable mystery: it is a soft, spongy substance composed of tender threads interwoven. This is our seat of wisdom; no encyclopedia holds a larger assemblage of images and characters. Is not He who spun the threads wise? When they are deranged to any considerable extent can man restore them to order again? But beautiful as the mechanism of the brain is, what is it to the soul the nature of which is a mystery to us? The soul is to the body what light is to the material world; and is not the giver of it wise? It is a mystery which we cannot solve; but the intent of it is too obvious to be misread. Who is there that does not appreciate the surpassing wisdom of the design?

The tokens of the divine *character* in the external world are (1) the predominance of goodness over hurtfulness, (2) the predominance of happiness over misery, (3) the predominance of virtue over vice. The first is established by the profuse bounty with which the wants of all living things are supplied, which is too evident to be doubted. We cannot here refer to all the instances we see of it, but shall notice one only which will be understood by the humblest intellect. Water, we see, is a necessity to all of us, in all places; and how beautifully and profusely it is supplied! The air robs it from the ocean, and sends it on in clouds to the earth, to fall

and vapours and then melt themselves into rills. The quantity wanted for immediate distribution is thus measured out in drops, while the remainder is left on the declivity of the mountains to be distributed by rivers. But are not the clouds capricious? A single effect, a partial dearth in one place or a partial abundance in another, may be so characterized; but the general effects are always beneficial. They come when they are wanted, and where they are wanted; the relief afforded being generally sufficient. There are places where it does not rain; but there the rivers overflow their banks, or the night dews are so abundant that they saturate the ground. In this does not goodness predominate over hurtfulness? What is the extent of country that suffers, say, in the course of a twelve-month, from dearth of water; what the area so flooded that all vegetation on it is destroyed, as compared with the extent that blesses the equable dispensation of Providence?

Happiness predominates over misery, and that is a proof of God's love. The fact is best exhibited among the inferior creatures of the world. The insect riots through the short interval it lives; the birds sing among the branches and make love to each other; the fish sport in the great wide sea. Nor is man less susceptible of blessedness than they: in fact, he seems to be more susceptible of it, seeing that he can be blessed both physically and through the mind; and the efforts to make him happy are incessant. What has geology discovered but that all the changes which the earth has undergone have been for its improvement, to render it more fit for the habitation of man? Day and night come to him at their appointed hours to remind him alternately of labour and rest; and both labour and rest are but variations of blessedness as absolutely wanted as pleasure itself. The normal action of the senses is in fact nothing but enjoyment; it is only when they are over-indulged that they cloy. On the positive side, therefore, there is nothing but happiness: the constitution of animal life is enjoyment; pleasure is the normal expression of sensation, pain its liability only.

design is benevolent. The existence of pain and evil in the world will be separately accounted for; it is sufficient for our purpose here to note that that is no qualification of the love of God.

Creation is the manifestation of God's love; but not of his love only, but also of his purity. Is this assertion startling? It would be so if the common dogma were true that there is nothing in life but vice; that virtue does not exist but in name. We assert on the contrary that a large amount of virtue, in germs at least, exists in the world; that the normal character of the soul is virtuous, though it is of course liable to vice. Where is the mind so utterly hardened that does not *wish* to be holy, that does not *strive* to be holy, that ever gives up the struggle for improvement hopelessly? "Not yet" is indeed our frequent reply to calls for final purification; we wish to defer the task slothfully; but no one, not even the worst reprobate, says—"Never." This, we hold, to be a proof of God's holiness.

But the best proofs of God's character are the *internal* proofs. He who has given the sense of goodness to us, can he be wanting in goodness himself? He who has made us loving and kind, can he be wanting in love? He who has given us conscience, can he be aught but pure?

From the attributes we have conceded to him we gather that God is all-perfect; and this impression is confirmed by all we see around us. The moral perfections of God are reciprocally connected. If you allow one you concede all. Power first existed; further development must be taken as a proof of wisdom; further still, of goodness, justice, and mercy. They are only the gradual and successive developments of an eternal principle. We have reasoned ourselves to this admission in the first instance, and then confirmed the evidence of reason by the inborn promptings of the mind. The latter evidence is perhaps the best, and there is no doubt that the soul in us, which we do not understand, assures us unmistakably that the soul of the universe is all-perfect. The same saintly God is brighter and holier than he

appropriates to himself, and as we advance in civilisation we change the ideal according to our development. We cannot conceive perfection ; neither nature nor revelation has enabled us to do so. Revelation only repeats the words that nature puts into our mouths. But the demonstration is as conclusive as any moral demonstration can be that the fountain and root of all being, the fountain and root of all wisdom, the fountain and root of all goodness and love, must be all-perfect ; since the very existence of such a being establishes His completeness in all respects.

IV.—HUMAN LIFE.

WHAT IS LIFE ? Do we know anything about it ? If so, in what way ?

The universe is instinct with life. The earth, the water, and the air are full of animated beings,—both those we see with the naked eye, and those which the microscope reveals to us ; and it may be that not only the other planets and suns are so filled, but also the immensity that intervenes between them. This, if so now, most probably has been so from the commencement. What vast numbers of beings then have lived and died ! And yet has not the mystery of life been even passably explained. We know not how it is imparted to us, nor how it is recalled. No revelation has thrown any light on the subject, nor science penetrated the gloom that surrounds it. It is easy to say that life is the result of organization, and death the result of disorganization. Such explanations are unmeaning and enigmatical. They do not elucidate the why and wherefore, the whence and whither, of existence. What we want particularly to know is the purpose of life : it cannot be that it has none.

This is an inquiry in which our sole guides are reason, the feelings, and conscience. We do not know what conscience is, any more than we know what life is : but we feel that we have such a thing in us—an innate sense of good and evil which does not mislead us. We also feel that we have a power in us that enables us to distinguish right from wrong, truth from falsehood ; and this we call reason, which also is a steady guide. And these two, with the feelings of the mind, which are spontaneous, help us greatly to understand what we are in the world for, and to what end we are bound. No book-revelations, which are trustworthy so far only as they are reasonable, assist us in our inquiry to the same extent.

Who is the lord of this earth? Man apparently; for everything seems to have been given for his use, advantage, and enjoyment: and yet he feels that he sits with the sword of Damocles suspended over him. The beasts and birds are differently constituted, and appreciate fully the paradise given to them. Their wants are confined to physical food and physical pleasures, and these having been abundantly given are handsomely enjoyed. Their two most powerful instincts are hunger and lust, both of which are amply gratified. Who has ever seen an unhappy beast, bird, or insect, except under exceptional circumstances? Their position, unlike ours, seems to be one purely of comfort and pleasure. They have no morality or immorality to think of, no doubt or remorse to trouble them. If there be sufferings even among them for which we see no recompense—and doubtless thralldom to man is one of them—that is probably the condition of their existence, their discipline,—leading to some good not otherwise attainable. What we see plainly is that their general state on earth, unlike that of man, is one of happiness.

But why cannot man enjoy his position similarly? The natural world is surely as beautiful to him as to other animals. Sleep after labour is full of sweetness to him; food to the hungry full of enjoyment; soft odours, the warbling of birds, the moonlight, and the breeze of summer, exhilarating to all. Pleasure comes to man through all the senses—the eyes, the ears, the nose, the imagination; on land and water; from every direction above and around him. The savage has his wants supplied, and they are few. The civilised man has also his wants supplied, or at least many of them. For his personal convenience are given lands and livings, houses and gardens, silver and gold, meat and drink—sometimes in abundance, never very stintedly. But man feels that enjoyment is not the prime object of his existence; the sword hanging over him makes it impossible that it should be so. With all the good given to him he has less of enjoyment than the other animals; more of discomforts

one or the other, his life appears but a chaos of contradictions.

The position of man being so singular, we naturally conclude that his destiny must be different from that of the other animals. He stands in relief as it were to the rest of them. He alone can judge between right and wrong; he alone has ideas of moral good and moral evil; he alone has aspirations which the control of electricity and steam does not satisfy. He has mind besides instinct,—a mind made for progression. The beasts progress from birth to adult years; but not from generation to generation. The horse of to-day is the same as the horse that lived a thousand years ago; but the school-boy of to-day walks burdened with the discoveries of Copernicus and Newton, with the studies of Socrates and Bacon. He has been progressing from age to age! but whereto? The blessings of life are given to some of us, namely, good health, a cheerful disposition, and a mind at peace. Its evils are felt by many more, namely, pains and diseases, discontent of mind, and miseries arising from losses, crimes, and contentions. But neither one nor the other detains us in the race. We are hurried through our felicities when we would rather linger over them, and dragged through our trials when we would fain avoid being exposed to them. On! on! We try in vain to stay the speed of the fleeting hours; all our efforts are futile to break the strength of the current that whirls us forward. We are now surrounded by friends and relatives, anon left behind and solitary, then altogether deserted. What then is the purpose of this life? Whither are we bound?

The reading of the enigma by reason and conscience is that "Life is a school"—a school for moral and spiritual training, every event in which is a lesson for our purification, all the elements around us our teachers. We see about us nothing but a collection of inexorable elements and powers, all of which however have certain duties to perform to further our advancement. Riches and poverty, gaiety and sorrows, marriages and deaths, the ties of life bound or broken, are all

lessons, not thrown out at random to us, but designed and appointed for our benefit and salvation. As a rule, we all value riches, greatness, and power ; though intrinsically they can have no value whatever, being akin, at best, to the thirst of fever which the supply of water does not quench. They are of value only if they teach us humility, and make us useful members of society. As a rule, we are afraid of poverty, distempers, and afflictions ; but in truth they are more valuable to us than wealth and greatness, as restraining and subduing our passions, teaching us lessons of gentleness and patience, and training us for the most difficult problems of existence. Have you been prosperous in life, my millionaire friend ? What have you learnt from your prosperity ? If pride and self-sufficiency only, your schooling has not terminated : if moderation, temperance, and generosity, you have learnt well. Have you been miserable in life, poor man ? What have you learnt from misery ? If envy and hardness of heart only, the lesson has been to no purpose : if fortitude, trust in God, and self-reliance, you have learnt well. The greatest of lessons to acquire seem to be two only, namely, to suffer bravely and to wear humbly. The one we derive from one afflictions, the other from prosperity. If we fail to learn these, then is human life vain to us ; our trial still further deferred.

Life then, we understand, simply as the trial of the mind ; and it is the mind, we see, which gives its character to it. To the sorrowing man it seems gloomy, to the satiated man effete and tasteless, to the cheerful man cheerful, to the hopeful man hopeful, to the pure-minded man pure, to the joyful joyous, to the good good. It is the same creation upon which the eyes of all are fixed ; but the aspect it bears to them is different. The eye makes the beauty it looks upon, the ear its own melody, the heart what confers beauty and gladness to it. There are no blessings which the mind may not convert into the bitterest evils, no trials which it may not transform into the greatest blessings. Our trials are constant ; their purpose one. If we benefit by them then is not life

vain. The blight, the void, the blank in it, that we complain of, is all in ourselves. If we kindle the life in us and do our duty manfully, the darkest phase of life will not be utterly dark to us.

Man's position in life is work. All the other animals find their need provided for them, and have only to seek for the replenishment of their wants. Man alone must labour to get them satisfied. A nature with higher ends than indolent repose and irresponsible indulgence has been given to him, and work is its proper element: work, not simply to supply his natural but also his moral wants, so that he might acquire the virtues with which his welfare is wound up. Every now and then, every petty incident of life calls for an act of self-command, while every second event perhaps calls for the exercise of calmness, or candour, or modesty, or self-respect, or generosity. The mind must be well trained to meet these calls as they arise, however sudden may be the emergency. In our humanity there is a problem, the speculative solution of which is philosophy, its practical solution a good life. "Forward" is the watchword of existence, and growth of goodness and piety the end to be attained. God has given natural piety to all, just as he has given natural reason to all—possibly in greater or less degree. Man's business is the culture of the portion he has received. The seed is in us; the field is in our own hearts: on whom does it rest to cultivate it but ourselves?

Amusements and pleasures men seek for naturally in the world; and there is no reason why they should not. God has not given us a wish too much, or a passion too many; and it does seem that He intended that we should enjoy them, enjoy them well and thoroughly, provided the enjoyment be such as can be indulged in with windows open. But reason demands that the senses be not perpetually clamorous. Besides the gratification of our appetites there are apparently other and more important duties devolving on us. There is the mind to cultivate, the soul to train, the heart to purify: and these

pleasures, or even of our worldly avocations. Secular work is in most cases a necessity : God has not made us independent of it, and therefore we must work. But the beauty of God's contrivance is this, that the daily labour apportioned to us can always be blended with the higher objects of our existence, with the final end of our being. In the shop, the school, the office, in our own houses, in the midst of our enjoyments and pleasures, we have the same opportunities, the same advantages and disadvantages, the same temptations to work with, for improving our minds and purifying our nature as elsewhere, and there is no excuse therefore, for losing sight of the end while we are busy with the means.

Man works ; he amasses fortunes, or writes books, or sews cloths, or makes shoes : the work is all alike. But the work does not go with him when he departs from the world : what goes with him is the impress of the work on his mind. Riches, power, fame, enrich not the mind if they do not give it the development it requires. Our one great need is expansion—more, and yet more, day by day. “Give me riches, fame, and power,” say we. “But, no,” says God ; “you will not profit by them. Take what you call the evils of life ; they will sanctify, expand, and invigorate all that is estimable in you.” Gold and silver, like everything else, are but means to an end. The carpenter is not richer for his tools, nor the rich man for his money-bags. What proportion of men, real men of worth, have the rich turned out ? The true aristocrats of nature are not those who have silver and gold, but, physically, those who are healthy and strong, and, mentally, those who are wise and virtuous. All that we need seek for, therefore, is that which will best work out our destination. The guides are in us : we have intelligence to judge of intellectual things, conscience to judge of moral things, affections to judge of domestic relations and everything affectional, the soul for approaching nearer to God. What is wanted of us is action, the performance of our duties in our respective spheres without running counter to a provident God bent

What do the tattered rags of the beggar hide ? A human heart. And what the royal mantle of a prince ? A human heart only. The trials of both are absolutely the same. Good health to both is the effect of temperance, sobriety, and virtue ; a cheerful and contented mind the effect of goodness, kindness, and love ; peace, the attendant of charity and general good will. To both the evils of life are pains and diseases brought on by excesses and debaucheries ; discontent of mind caused by envy, pride, impatience, or misdirected ambition ; misery born of ill-nature, anger, malice, or strife. The scheme of Providence is to make both happy here and hereafter ; and, in the case of both, duty and happiness have been so interwoven that they cannot be true to the one without reaping the other.

A good life carries with it its own reward ; the mind has no happiness except through its own excellence. It is true that, like all animals, man also derives genial satisfaction in appeasing his hunger and thirst ; and that, unlike the other animals, the pleasure is greater to him when he can tickle his palate with dainty morsels and exquisite drink. But enjoyments of this sort are not filling, and those gifted with reason do not, as a rule, prize them very highly. Sensual gratifications, the brutes enjoy in greater degree than man ; wealth, the dog watches more vigilantly in his heap of bones ; cunning, the fox displays it in higher degree. Delights and pleasures of this kind are delights and pleasures only to those who have not been able to awaken their reason and conscience, and cannot last long. Pains, rottenness, and disease are the effects of lust and intemperance ; poverty and insolvency the consequence of pride, prodigality, and recklessness. The pleasures of the mind, on the contrary, grow and improve : parental, conjugal, and filial love increase in ardency by age ; justice, friendship, and humanity never cloy in their development ; purity of conscience is an unfailing source of felicity, and the best lifter-up of the head to all.

What disturbs our equanimity most in life are the apparent inequalities of the human lot ; though in reality

the inequalities are not so great as we fancy them to be. It is almost impossible for us correctly to find out who are the really happy, who the really miserable ; who the really good, and who the really wicked. How then can we determine if our positions in life are really unequal or not ? In point of fact things are far more impartially balanced than they appear ; absolute inequality is an exceptional case. As a rule, life is a system of checks and balances : no blessing comes without a drawback to it ; no calamity without a corresponding compensation. The great and most frequent mistake is that which appraises the highest as the happiest state. An inversion of reasoning would be more accurate : the happiest state, whichever it be, should be prized the highest ; and often a state of comparative poverty is found to be far happier than a state of comparative affluence. In reality our wants are not many. We suffer more from our desires than our actual necessities. But all our desires are not wholesome ; and very often our failures, which we count as disadvantages, are really of advantage to us, as leading to greater contentment and felicity.

"He that needs least," says Socrates, "is most like the gods who need nothing." Do we understand this ? "I was happy," you will hear many admit ; "I hope to be happy," is the aspiration of many more : but "I am happy" is the admission of none. Why is it so ? Simply, because we would fain have more than we actually stand in need of. It is man that makes his life unhappy : unhappy by its nature it is not. If the most miserable man will make an inventory of his blessings, and then an inventory of his wants, he will find that he has more of the former than of the latter. If we only knew how little others enjoy their seeming advantages, which make us so envious, there would be much less heartburning in the world than there actually is, and much greater content. The servant envies his master ; oftener the master has greater cause to envy his servant, at least in respect to particular advantages. Obscurity has no doubt its drawbacks ; but a great name has often many more, as every famous man has ordinarily many rivals.

and many enemies. Persons of birth, riches, power, and talents are not necessarily happier than humbler men ; there is no real reason to envy them : and when we do envy them we only create an anguish where there originally was none. The good in life in our portion we look upon as our due, and receive without acknowledgement. We only fire up when we receive evil, as if it was sent to us and us alone. Those who are able to receive both cheerfully, understand and appreciate human life best.

There has been at all times past, and there probably will be at all times to come, two sorts of men, broadly divided as the good and the bad, the godly and the ungodly. There grow tares in the field, as well as wheat, and they grow together up to the harvest—the harvest of death. We do not know if they are parted even after death ; it is possible that they are not. But this we know that none are so bad in life but that they have some good in them, and that, if they only attempt it, and if further time for such attempt be available to them, even the tares may become wheat before they are finally gathered. The capacity of becoming better is inherent in man. “I am,” “I ought,” “I can,” “I will,” are words which man alone can say, and the saying of which distinguishes him from the lower animals ; and, as God must love all his creatures, there can be no doubt that every endeavour man makes to improve himself is sure to be assisted by him. “Never despair” ought, therefore, to be our distinguishing motto in life. Why should the greatest sinner be utterly hopeless ?

We frequently hear it said that man is sinful by nature : but in fact he is not so. His constitution is apt for virtue ; sin is the depravation and abuse of it : nothing makes him miserable but the misuse of his advantages. Even when utterly depraved, man is never antagonistic to virtue. He does not hate justice as justice, truth as truth, benevolence as benevolence. He admires them while he violates them. He fires up when another's iniquity is referred to. God therefore did not

tional responsibility which He has not assigned to other creatures. Man alone of all His creatures on the earth can sin. The tiger slays ruthlessly, the serpent stings treacherously, the wrath of the bear is ungovernable; but they act upon their instincts and sin not. Man acts with reason and conscience to help him, and hence arises his peculiar responsibility. But He that has imposed the responsibility on us must, and does, help us to do justice to it. We have only to gird up our loins and "screw our courage" for success, however much the odds against us may be. There is darkness against the paths of all of us; difficulties insuperable to our own exertions; anxious and fearful troubles; pains, afflictions, and sorrows: but there is often, very often, at our greatest extremity, a direct intervention of Providence for our relief. Our greatest needs are not seldom met by means we never dream of; and from great crimes we are at times deterred by hindrances we never calculate. This establishes the government of God. He uses general laws where nothing more is required; but, where those laws fail to secure a particular end, he most certainly can and does interfere with them to ensure the specific purpose to be attained. The experience of that man must be very little indeed that has not discovered that very often thoughts come into our minds and incidents take place which cannot be purely "accidental;" and what are these but especial acts of grace?

This life then, with an ever-wakeful God superintending its working, is not a bad life for us after all. We understand it as the first opportunity given to us for the attainment of excellence; an opportunity variegated by a considerable share of happiness, though touched also with a shade, sometimes a deep shade, of misery. As a rule childhood is happy, youth is happy, labour, honest labour, is happy, rude health is happy, there is deep satisfaction in manhood, peace in old age. Each of the stages is indeed, also liable to misery; but misery apparently is not their normal condition. The eye opens on a world of beauty and loveliness; the ear hears tones and voices that fill the heart with rapture; the angel of

gladness is all around us. If the angel of affliction be there too turn not away from him, for without him the whole scheme of love would perhaps be frustrated.

With all its evils life is a blessing to all of us ; and the best proof of this is that no one wishes to die. It is not simply the dread of something after death that binds man to life, but an innate love for life itself. Misery makes a greater impression on us than happiness, because misery is not the normal condition of our existence ; our happy days pass unnoticed simply because they are so many ; we do not give sufficient attention to our blessings, which are constant, but run off to see the occasional ruins and wrecks about us ; the times of calamity are the milestones by which we count progress, but only because as a rule life is a good and gracious boon. It has good for the good, virtue for the faithful, victory for the valiant ; and we *feel* God, not only as the cause of these bounties, but as the dispenser of them. Why do we shudder at death ? Because life, we find, is not, with all its trials and misfortunes, altogether unpalatable to us, while of death we know very little indeed for certain. Reason tells us that death can be nothing more than liberation or relief ; but that very reason tells us that to live and endure adversity is more heroic than to seek relief in death.

Life is short, and we love it so that we are constantly complaining of its briefness. But, if Providence has made it short, let it pass away. It is after all but the traveller's passage, and demands no more than his passing thoughts and affections, not his ultimate attachment. Only be it passed in the ways of duty, in the exercise of wisdom and benevolence, with watchfulness : in a word, brief as it is, let it be well spent, so that the direct object of it may not be missed. If it carries us one step forward towards the end, then shall we not have borne its burdens and miseries in vain. It is not possible for God to fail in his intents in any respect ; and, if we do not find man in this life to be exactly what God wished him to be, it is only because God did not intend this

In the long run man will and must be exactly what God wished him to be. All he has to do here is not to thwart the consummation of that scheme by pulling against it. An unwilling horse necessarily makes his own journey long.

LINES ON THE F——R CASE.

I.

THE philosopher's stone, 'tis said, of old,
 Could change all baser metals into gold ;
 But such the pow'r of Saxon fists we know,
 Whene'er a *nigger* falls beneath their blow,
 The soundest organ that was ever seen
 Is changed *ek dum* into a ruptured spleen !

II.

The self-same spleen's a rather odd disease,
 Which none but the *post mortem* Sawbones sees :
 The live syce never needs the healing art,
 But hard he toils, and acts his humble part
 Till British valour knocks the fellow down,
 And then you hear his spleen's abnormal grown !

III.

O F———r ! what reflections queer were thine
 When worshipping at Jesus' holy shrine,
 While thy poor brother all in dust lay low,
 And Cain's brand burnèd upon thy throbbing brow ?
 Thy *brother* ! Tush ! K—w—oo was a clod,
 Fit victim for the altar of *thy God* !

IV.

Ye scribes with souls scarce raised above the dust,
Shameless betrayers of sacred trust,
Who preach all unabashed the monstrous creed,
That white hands sanctify the blackest deed !
Is life not life, whate'er the case 'tis in,
And God indiff'rent to a darkish skin ?

V.

Shame on your preachings, Antichrists at heart,
Unworthy sons of letters and of art,
In chorus yelling still in defence of wrong,
When the weak man is victim of the strong !
Be sure your words, as thus ye fret and rage,
Are writ in blood in Heav'n's recording page !

VI.

For thee, worthy son of a worthy sire !
Sweet master of the many-stringed lyre !
Though green the laurels which adorn thy brow,
Though bright the coronet which decks it now,
A brighter crown and fadeless glory wait
Thy burning words on poor K—w—oo's fate !

VII.

Too oft have British rowdies, devil-led,
The blood of unoffending Indians shed,
While Justice, of her sword and balance shorn,
Hath wept unvindicated—all forlorn.
But thou hast nobly reaffirmed her sway,—

VIII.

'Tis cowardice indeed the weak to smite,
 When blow for blow they may not dare requite;
 But arrogance of race aloud insists
 Or right divine to strike of Celtic fists;
 And Japheth's *rampant* children in this land,
 Hold killing's no crime at their brethren's hand.

IX.

O Friend of Truth! repress the wicked lie—
 The Godless creed of blind humanity!
 And hark! that peal of joy! with one acclaim
 All India blesses Lytton's honor'd name!
 Thus ever strive to shield the weak and low,
 And add fresh bright wreaths to thy laureled brow!

STANZAS TO LORD LYTTON'S INFANT SON.

I

CRADLED midst the deep, eternal snows,
 Smiling lies the happy new-born child,
 As though conscious of the summer glows,
 Which around it shine with grandeur wild.

II

Fitting nursery for the poet's heir!
 For each wondrous scene that meets its gaze—
 Nature's panorama bright and fair—
 Is enshrined in Vyasa's lofty lays.

III

For the regions round once owned the might
Of dread Mahadeo, Time's sovereign Lord,
From whose lips of old the sages bright
Reverent received the mystic Word.

IV

And the vales and glens still seem to ring
With sweet Uma's cheery laughter gay ;
And still back to Fancy's eye they bring
The grand pageants of her nuptial day.

V

Little stranger with the twinkling eyes !
Fledgeling that hast newly burst thy shell !
Say, art thou a cherub from the skies,
Come in sportive mood on earth to dwell ?

VI

There ! thou smilest ! wilt thou tell us why ?
Is it that bright angels from above
With their shining pinions hover by,
Breathing in thine ear kind words of love ?

VII

Loving eyes watch o'er thy cradle bed ;
Loving lips are fondly pressed to thine ;
Loving hands caress thy infant head,
And with fancied wreaths thy brow entwine !

VIII

O what joy thy winsome smiles inspire
In thy parents' breast, wee Paharee !
O what golden hopes like lambent fire,
Play around their heart at sight of thee !

IX

Even such the hopes and joys that fill
India's heart as she regardeth thee !
Oh ! be thine thy sires' rare gifts and skill,
Their high worth and warm humanity !

X

Tiny Hindu ! when to manhood grown,
Wilt thou love the land that gave thee birth ?
Wilt thou ever hesitate to own
India's classic soil thy mother earth ?

XI

Though, by fortune blest, thy father-land
Is more rich and great in mind and might,
Still this fallen clime hath mem'ries grand —
Lightning flashes midst impending night !

XIII

For earth's mightiest heroes trod these plains ;
Here civilization first began ;
Here Valmiki sang his heavenly strains ;
Manu gave the law to primal man !

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